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OF
SHAKESPEARE'S PLAYS

1774

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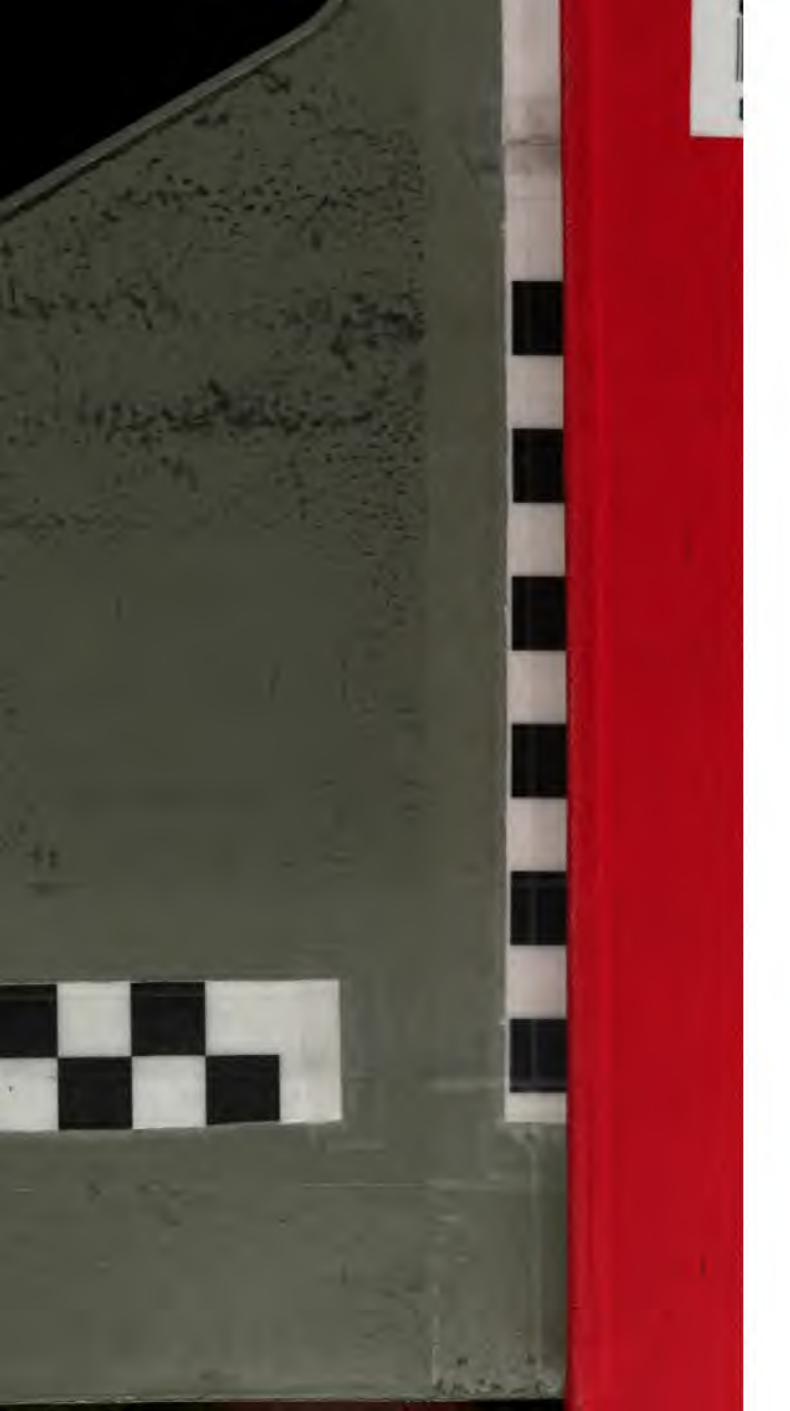

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TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

Act. V Scene IV

E. Edwards del. M. Dunn sculp.

Ruffian let go that rude uncivil Touch.

Publish'd according to Act of Parl. May 1. 1774. by J. Bell Strand.

THE

TWO GENTLEMEN

OF

V E R O N A,

A COMEDY, by SHAKESPEARE.

AN INTRODUCTION,

AND

NOTES CRITICAL and ILLUSTRATIVE,

ARE ADDED, BY THE

AUTHORS of the DRAMATIC CENSOR.

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THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

INTRODUCTION.

THIS piece is founded on an agreeable fable pleasantly handled; among Shakespeare's *irregular plays it holds an advantageous place, and is very alterable for the theatres, tho' not one of the characters is strongly marked except* Launce; *nor are the situations, as they stand, so interesting by far as might be wished: It is very far from a bad piece, and much less distant from merit; tolerable judgment and genius would make it a living entertainment.*

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

DUKE, *Vice-roy of* Milan:
THURIO, } *Gentlemen of his Court.*
EGLAMOUR, }
VALENTINE, } *Gentlemen of* Verona.
PROTHEUS, }
ANTONIO, Protheus's *Father:*
PANTHINO, *his Domeſtick.*
SPEED, *Page to* Valentine.
LAUNCE, *Servant to* Protheus.
Servant attending the Duke.
Hoſt, a Milaneſe.
Three Out-laws.

SILVIA, *Daughter to the* Duke.
JULIA, *a Lady of* Verona:
LUCETTA, *her Woman.*

Other Attendants, Out-laws, and Muſicians.

Scene *diſguis'd; in* Verona, Milan, *and the Frontiers of* Mantua.

THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

ACT I.

SCENE I. Verona. *A Street.*

Enter Valentine, *and* Protheus.

VALENTINE.

CEASE to perſuade, my loving *Protheus*;
Home-keeping youth have ever homely wits:
Wer't not, affection chains thy tender days
To the ſweet glances of thy honour'd love,
I rather would entreat thy company,
To ſee the wonders of the world abroad,
Than, living dully ſluggardiz'd at home,
Wear out thy youth in ſhapeleſs idleneſs.
But, ſince thou lov'ſt, love ſtill, and thrive therein;
Even as I would, when I to love begin.

Pro. Wilt thou be gone? ſweet *Valentine*, adieu!
Think on thy *Protheus*, when thou, haply, ſee'ſt
Some rare note-worthy object in thy travel:
Wiſh me partaker in thy happineſs,
When thou doſt meet good hap; and, in thy danger,

(If ever danger do environ thee)
Commend thy grievance to my holy prayers,
For I will be thy beads-man, *Valentine*.
Val. And on a love-book pray for my ſucceſs.
" *Pro.* Upon ſome book I love, I'll pray for thee.
" *Val.* That's on ſome ſhallow ſtory of deep love,
" How young *Leander* croſs'd the *Helleſpont*.
" *Pro.* That's a deep ſtory of a deeper love;
" For he was more than over ſhoes in love.
" *Val.* 'Tis true; for you are over boots in love,
" And yet you never ſwom the *Helleſpont*.
" *Pro.* Over the boots? nay, give me not the boots."
Val. No, I will not; for it boots thee not.
Pro. What?
Val. To be in love—where ſcorn is bought with groans;
Coy looks, with heart-ſore ſighs; one fading moment's mirth
With twenty watchful, weary, tedious nights:
If haply won, perhaps a hapleſs gain;
If loſt, why then a grievous labour won;
However, but a folly bought with wit,
Or elſe a wit by folly vanquiſhed *.
Pro. So, by your circumſtance, you call me fool.
Val. So, by your circumſtance, I fear you'll prove.
Pro. 'Tis love you cavil at; I am not love.
Val. Love is your maſter; for he maſters you:
And he that is ſo yoked by a fool,
Methinks, ſhould not be chronicl'd for wiſe.
Pro. Yet writers ſay, As in the ſweeteſt bud
The eating canker dwells; ſo eating love
Inhabits in the fineſt wits of all.
Val. And writers ſay, As the moſt forward bud
Is eaten by the canker ere it blow;
Even ſo by love the young and tender wit
Is turn'd to folly; blaſting in the bud,
Loſing his verdure even in the prime,
And all the fair effects of future hopes.
But wherefore waſte I time, to counſel thee
That art a votary to fond deſire?

* This ſhort ſpeech contains ſome very ſenſible and pertinent ſtrictures on the pains, caprices and precarioufneſs of love.

Once

Once more, adieu: my father at the road
Expects my coming, there to see me ship'd.
Pro. And thither will I bring thee, *Valentine.*
Val. Sweet *Protheus*, no; now let us take our leave:
At *Milan* let me hear from thee by letters,
Of thy success in love, and what news else
Betideth here in absence of thy friend.
And I likewise will visit thee with mine.
Pro. All happiness bechance to thee in *Milan!*
Val. As much to you at home! and so, farewel.
[*Exit* Valentine.
Pro. He after honour hunts, I after love:
He leaves his friends, to dignify them more;
I leave myself, my friends, and all for love.
Thou, *Julia*, thou hast metamorphos'd me;
Made me neglect my studies, lose my time,
War with good counsel, set the world at nought;
Made wit with musing weak, heart sick with thought.

Enter Speed, *bluntly.*

Spe. Sir *Protheus!* save you, sir; saw you my master?
Pro. But now he parted hence, to embark for *Milan.*
Spe. Twenty to one then, he is ship'd already;
And I have play'd the sheep, in losing him.
Pro. Indeed, a sheep doth very often stray,
An' if the shepherd be a while away.
" *Spe.* You conclude, that my master is a shepherd
then, and I a sheep?
" *Pro.* I do.
" *Spe.* Why then my horns are his horns, whether I
" wake or sleep.
" *Pro.* A silly answer, and fitting well a sheep.
" *Spe.* This proves me still a sheep.
" *Pro.* True; and thy master a shepherd.
" *Spe.* Nay, that I can deny by a circumstance.
" *Pro.* It shall go hard, but I'll prove it by another.
" *Spe.* The shepherd seeks the sheep, and not the
" sheep the shepherd; but I seek my master, and my
" master seeks not me: therefore I am no sheep.
" *Pro.* The sheep for fodder follows the shepherd, the
" shepherd for food follows not the sheep; thou for

" wages follow'ſt thy maſter, thy maſter for wages follows " not thee: therefore thou art a ſheep.

" *Spe.* Such another proof will make me cry, ba.

Pro. But doſt thou hear? gav'ſt thou my letter to *Julia?*

Spe. Ay, ſir: I, a loſt mutton, gave your letter to her, a lac'd mutton: and ſhe, a lac'd mutton, gave me, a loſt mutton, nothing for my labour.

" *Pro.* Here's too ſmall a paſture for ſuch ſtore of muttons.

" *Spe.* If the ground be overcharg'd, you were beſt " ſtick her.

" *Pro.* Nay, in that you're aſtray; 'twere beſt pound " you.

" *Spe.* Nay, ſir, leſs than a pound ſhall ſerve me for " carrying your letter.

" *Pro.* You miſtake; I mean the pound, a pinfold.

" *Spe.* From a pound to a pin? fold it over and over, " 'Tis threefold too little for carrying a letter to your " lover.

" *Pro.* But what ſaid ſhe? [Speed *nods.*] Did ſhe nod?

" *Spe.* I.

" *Pro.* Nod? I? why, that's noddy.

" *Spe.* You miſtook, ſir; I ſaid, ſhe did nod: and " you aſk me, if ſhe did nod: and I ſaid I.

" *Pro.* And that, ſet together, is—noddy.

" *Spe.* Now you have taken the pains to ſet it toge- " ther, take it for your pains.

" *Pro.* No, no, you ſhall have it for bearing the " letter.

" *Spe.* Well, I perceive, I muſt be fain to bear with " you.

" *Pro.* Why, ſir, how do you bear with me?

" *Spe.* Marry, ſir, the letter very orderly; having " nothing but the word, noddy, for my pains.

" *Pro.* Beſhrew me, but you have a quick wit.

" *Spe.* And yet it cannot overtake your ſlow purſe*.

Pro. Come, come, open the matter in brief; What ſaid ſhe?

* If ever this ſcene of egregious quibble had any brightneſs in it, the ruſt of time has deeply cankered it; wherefore we have curtailed the more freely, and we hope juſtifiably.

Spe. Open your purſe; that the money, and the matter, may be both at once deliver'd.

Pro. Well, ſir, here is for your pains: What ſaid ſhe?

Spe. Truly, ſir, I think you'll hardly win her.

Pro. Why, could'ſt thou perceive ſo much from her?

Spe. Sir, I could perceive nothing at all from her; no, not ſo much as a ducat for delivering your letter: And, being ſo hard to me that brought your mind, I fear ſhe'll prove as hard to you in telling your mind. Give her no token but ſtones *, for ſhe's as hard as ſteel.

Pro. What, ſaid ſhe nothing?

Spe. No, not ſo much as—*take this for thy pains.* To your bounty, I thank you, you have teſter'd me; in requital whereof, henceforth carry your letters yourſelf: and ſo, ſir, I'll commend you to my maſter. [*Exit.*

Pro. Go, go, begone, to ſave your ſhip from wreck;
Which cannot periſh, having thee aboard,
Being deſtin'd to a drier death on ſhore:—
I muſt go ſend ſome better meſſenger;
I fear, my *Julia* would not deign my lines,
Receiving them from ſuch a worthleſs poſt. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. *The ſame. Garden of* Julia's *houſe.*

Enter Julia, *and* Lucetta.

Jul. But ſay, *Lucetta*, (now we are alone)
Would'ſt thou then counſel me to fall in love?

Luc. Ay, madam, ſo you ſtumble not unheedfully.

Jul. Of all the fair reſort of gentlemen,
That every day with parle encounter me,
In thy opinion which is worthieſt love?

Luc. Pleaſe you repeat their names, I'll ſhew my mind,
According to my ſhallow ſimple ſkill.

Jul. What think'ſt thou of the fair ſir *Eglamour* †?

Luc. As of a knight well-ſpoken, neat, and fine;
But, were I you, he never ſhould be mine.

* *Flints* would have been a more conſonant word here.

† This part of the dialogue between *Julia* and *Lucetta*, is ſimilar to the firſt ſcene of *Portia* and *Neriſſa*, in the *Merchant of Venice*; ſave that here the confidante criticiſes the lovers; whereas the lady does it in the other piece.

Jul. What think'ſt thou of the rich *Mercatio?*
Luc. Well, of his wealth; but of himſelf, ſo, ſo.
Jul. What think'ſt thou of the gentle *Protheus?*
Luc. Lord, lord! to ſee what folly reigns in us!
Jul. How now? what means this paſſion at his name?
Luc. Pardon, dear madam; 'tis a paſſing ſhame,
That I, unworthy body as I am,
Should cenſure thus on lovely gentlemen.
Jul. Why not on *Protheus*, as of all the reſt?
Luc. Then thus—of many good I think him beſt.
Jul. Your reaſon?
Luc. I have no other but a woman's reaſon;
I think him ſo, becauſe I think him ſo.
Jul. And would'ſt thou have me caſt my love on him?
Luc. Ay, if you thought your love not caſt away.
Jul. Why, he of all the reſt hath never mov'd me.
Luc. Yet he of all the reſt, I think, beſt loves you.
Jul. His little ſpeaking ſhews his love but ſmall,
Luc. Fire, that is cloſeſt kept, burns moſt of all.
Jul. They do not love, that do not ſhew their love.
Luc. O, they love leaſt, that let men know their love.
Jul. I would, I knew his mind.
Luc. Peruſe this paper, madam.
Jul. To *Julia*,—Say, from whom?
Luc. That the contents will ſhew.
Jul. Say, ſay, who gave it thee? [*Protheus:*
Luc. Sir *Valentine*'s page; and ſent, I think, from
He would have giv'n it you, but I, being in the way,
Did in your name receive it; pardon the fault, I pray.
Jul. Now, by my modeſty, a goodly broker!
Dare you preſume to harbour wanton lines?
To whiſper and conſpire againſt my youth?
Now, truſt me, 'tis an office of great worth;
And you an officer fit for the place.
There, take the paper, ſee it be return'd;
Or elſe return no more into my ſight.
Luc. To plead for love deſerves more fee than hate.
Jul. Will you be gone?
Luc. "That you may ruminate." [*Exit.*

Jul. And yet I would I had o'er-look'd the letter*.
It were a ſhame, to call her back again,
And pray her to a fault for which I chid her.
What fool is ſhe, that knows I am a maid,
And would not force the letter to my view?
Since maids, in modeſty, ſay no, to that
Which they would have the profferer conſtrue, ay.
Fie, fie! how wayward is this fooliſh love;
That, like a teſty babe, will ſcratch the nurſe,
And preſently, all humbl'd, kiſs the rod!
How churliſhly I chid *Lucetta* hence,
When willingly I would have had her here!
How angerly I taught my brow to frown,
When inward joy enforc'd my heart to ſmile!
My penance is, to call *Lucetta* back,
And aſk remiſſion for my folly paſt†:—
What ho! *Lucetta!*

Re-enter Lucetta.

Luc. What would your ladyſhip?
Jul. Is it near dinner-time?
Luc. I would, it were;
That you might kill your ſtomach on your meat,
And not upon your maid.
Jul. What is't, that you
Took up ſo gingerly?
Luc. Nothing.
Jul. Why didſt thou ſtoop then?
Luc. To take a paper up, that I let fall.
Jul. And is that paper nothing?
Luc. Nothing concerning me.
Jul. Then let it lie for thoſe that it concerns.
Luc. Madam, it will not lie where it concerns,
Unleſs it have a falſe interpreter.

* This ticklish wavering of a young, a delicate mind, upon being firſt ſeriouſly addreſſed, is very natural; indeed, upon all occaſions our author appears minutely correct in mental operations, both philoſophically and practically.

† This ſpeech is a beautiful and delicate picture of a female in *Julia*'s ſituation; aſſimilating herſelf to a teſty babe is an admirable thought, containing a comprehenſive idea for conception to work upon.

" *Jul.* Some love of yours hath writ to you in rhyme.
" *Luc.* That I might ſing it, madam, to a tune:
" Give me a note; your ladyſhip can ſet.
" *Jul.* As little by ſuch toys as may be poſſible:
" Beſt ſing it to the tune of, *Light o' love.*
" *Luc.* It is too heavy for ſo light a tune.
" *Jul.* Heavy? belike, it hath ſome burden then.
" *Luc.* Ay; and melodious were it, would you ſing it.
" *Jul.* And why not you?
" *Luc.* I cannot reach ſo high.
" *Jul.* Let's ſee your ſong: Why, how now, minion?
" *Luc.* Keep tune there ſtill, ſo you will ſing it out:
" And yet, methinks, I do not like this tune.
" *Jul.* You do not?
" *Luc.* No, madam, it is too ſharp.
" *Jul.* You, minion, are too ſaucy.
" *Luc.* Nay, now you are two flat,
" And mar the concord with too harſh a deſcant:
" There wanteth but a mean to fill your ſong.
" *Jul.* The mean is drown'd with your unruly baſe.
" *Luc.* Indeed, I bid the baſe for *Protheus* *.
Jul. This babble ſhall not henceforth trouble me.—
Here is a coil with proteſtation!—
[*Looking over the Letter; tears, and throws it away.*
Go, get you gone; and let the papers lye:
You would be fing'ring them, to anger me.
Luc. She makes it ſtrange; but ſhe would be beſt pleas'd,
To be ſo anger'd with another letter †. [*Exit.*
Jul. Nay, would I were ſo anger'd with the ſame!
O hateful hands, to tear ſuch loving words!
Injurious waſps; to feed on ſuch ſweet honey,
And kill the bees, that yield it, with your ſtings!
I'll kiſs each ſeveral paper for amends.
[*Picking up the pieces.*
Look, here is writ—*kind* Julia,—Unkind *Julia!*
As in revenge of thy ingratitude,
I throw thy name againſt the bruizing ſtones,

* Though a good deal of chat between females upon little matters is natural enough, yet we think reduction would make this part of the ſcene better.

† This point of diſcernment is well thrown in, to diſtinguiſh the knowing confidante, from the undeſigning young lady.

Trampling

Trampling contemptuouſly on thy diſdain.
And here is writ—*love-wounded* Protheus:—
Poor wounded name! my boſom, as a bed,
Shall lodge thee, 'till thy wound be throughly heal'd;
And thus I ſearch it with a ſovereign kiſs.
" But twice or thrice, was *Protheus* written down:
" Be calm, good wind, blow not a word away,
" 'Till I have found each letter in the letter,
" Except mine own name; that ſome whirlwind bear
" Unto a ragged, fearful, hanging rock,
" And throw it thence into the raging ſea.
Lo, here in one line is his name twice writ,—
Poor forlorn Protheus, *paſſionate* Protheus,
To the ſweet Julia;—that I'll tear away;
And yet I will not, ſith ſo prettily
He couples it to his complaining names:
Thus will I fold them one upon another;
Now kiſs, embrace, contend, do what you will.

Re-enter Lucetta.

Luc. Madam,
Dinner is ready, and your father ſtays.
Jul. Well, let us go.
Luc. What, ſhall theſe papers lie like tell-tales here?
Jul. If you reſpect them, beſt to take them up.
Luc. Nay, I was taken up for laying them down:
Yet here they ſhall not lie, for catching cold.
Jul. I ſee, you have a month's mind to them.
Luc. Ay, madam, you may ſay what ſights you ſee;
I ſee things too, although you judge I wink.
Jul. Come, come, will't pleaſe you go? [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The ſame. A Room in* Antonio's *Houſe.*

Enter Antonio, *and* Panthino.

Ant. Tell me, *Panthino*, what ſad talk was that,
Wherewith my brother held you in the cloiſter?
Pan. 'Twas of his nephew *Protheus*, your ſon.
Ant. Why, what of him?
Pan. He wonder'd, that your lordſhip
Would ſuffer him to ſpend his youth at home;
While other men, of ſlender reputation,

Put

Put forth their ſons to ſeek preferment out:
Some to the wars, to try their fortune there;
Some to diſcover iſlands far away;
Some to the ſtudious univerſities.
For any, or for all theſe exerciſes,
He ſaid, that *Proteus*, your ſon, was meet;
And did requeſt me, to importune § you
To let him ſpend his time no more at home;
Which would be great impeachment to his age,
In having known no travel in his youth.

Ant. Nor need'ſt thou much importune me to that
Whereon this month I have been hammering.
I have conſider'd well his loſs of time;
And how he cannot be a perfect man,
Not being try'd and tutor'd in the world:
Experience is by induſtry atchiev'd,
And perfected by the ſwift courſe of time;
Then, tell me, whither were I beſt to ſend him?

Pan. I think, your lordſhip is not ignorant,
How his companion, youthful *Valentine*,
Attends the emperor in his royal court.

Ant. I know it well.

Pan. 'Twere good, I think, your lordſhip ſent him thither:
There ſhall he practiſe tilts and tournaments,
Hear ſweet diſcourſe, converſe with noblemen;
And be in eye of every exerciſe,
Worthy his youth and nobleneſs of blood.

Ant. I like thy counſel; well haſt thou adviſ'd:
And, that thou may'ſt perceive how well I like it,
The execution of it ſhall make known;
Even with the ſpeedieſt expedition
I will diſpatch him to the emperor's court.

Pan. To-morrow, may it pleaſe you, don *Alphonſo*,
With other gentlemen of good eſteem,
Are journeying to ſalute the emperor,
And to commend their ſervice to his will.

§ *Shakeſpeare*, according to the flow of his verſification, accents the word importune wrong, by fixing ſtreſs upon the ſecond inſtead of the laſt ſyllable; this treſpaſs, however exceptionable, is, in ſo great and warm a writer, very pardonable.

Ant. Good company; with them ſhall *Protheus* go:
And, in good time, now will we break with him.

Enter Protheus, *at a diſtance, reading.*

Pro. Sweet love! ſweet lines! ſweet life! ſweet *Julia!*
Here is her hand, the agent of her heart;
Here is her oath for love, her honour's pawn:
O, that our fathers would applaud our loves,
To ſeal our happineſs with their conſents!
O heavenly *Julia!*

Ant. How now? what letter are you reading there?

Pro. May't pleaſe your lordſhip, 'tis a word or two
Of commendations ſent from *Valentine*;
Deliver'd by a friend that came from him.

Ant. Lend me the letter; let me ſee what news.

Pro. There is no news, my lord; but that he writes
How happily he lives, how well belov'd,
And daily graced by the emperor;
Wiſhing me with him, partner of his fortune.

Ant. And how ſtand you affected to his wiſh?

Pro. As one relying on your lordſhip's will,
And not depending on his friendly wiſh.

Ant. My will is ſomething ſorted with his wiſh:
Muſe not that I thus ſuddenly proceed;
For what I will, I will, and there's an end.
I am reſolv'd, that thou ſhalt ſpend ſome time
With *Valentine* in the emperor's court;
What maintenance he from his friends receives,
Like exhibition thou ſhalt have from me.
To-morrow be in readineſs to go:
Excuſe it not, for I am peremptory.

Pro. My lord, I cannot be ſo ſoon provided;
Pleaſe you, deliberate a day or two.

Ant. Look, what thou want'ſt, ſhall be ſent after thee:
No more of ſtay; to-morrow thou muſt go.—
Come on, *Panthino*; you ſhall be employ'd
To haſten on his expedition.

[*Exeunt* Antonio, *and* Panthino.

Pro. Thus have I ſhun'd the fire, for fear of burning,
And drench'd me in the ſea, where I am drown'd:
I fear'd to ſhew my father *Julia*'s letter,

Leſt

Leſt he ſhould take exceptions to my love;
And with the vantage of mine own excuſe
Hath he excepted moſt againſt my love.
" O, how this ſpring of love reſembleth
" The uncertain glory of an *April* day;
" Which now ſhews all the beauty of the ſun,
" And by and by a cloud takes all away!

Re-enter Panthino.

Pan. Sir *Protheus*, your father calls for you;
He is in haſte, therefore, I pray you go.
Pro. Why, this it is! my heart accords thereto;
And yet a thouſand times it anſwers, no. [*Exeunt**.

ACT II.

SCENE I. Milan. *A Room in the Duke's Palace.*

Enter Valentine, Speed *following*.

SPEED.

SIR, your glove.
Val. Not mine; my gloves are on.
Spe. Why, this may be yours; for this is but one.
Val. Ha! let me ſee: ay, give it me, it's mine:—
Sweet ornament, that decks a thing divine!
Ah *Silvia! Silvia!*
Spe. Madam *Silvia!* madam *Silvia!*
Val. How now, ſirrah?
Spe. She is not within hearing, ſir.
Val. Why, ſir, who bad you call her?
Spe. Your worſhip, ſir; or elſe I miſtook.
Val. Well, you'll ſtill be too forward.
Spe. And yet I was laſt chidden for being too ſlow.

* This act, with the ſlight omiſſions we have marked, would perform well, and be of an agreeable length. *Valentine* and *Protheus* ſhould be pleaſing figures, with an eaſy flow of expreſſion; and *Julia* ſhould by amiable appearance as well as tender utterance, claim our favour.

Val. Go to, ſir: tell me, do you know madam *Silvia?*

Spe. She that your worſhip loves?

Val. Why, how know you that I am in love?

Spe. Marry, by theſe ſpecial marks; Firſt, you have learn'd, like ſir *Proteus*, to wreath your arms like a male-content; to reliſh a love-ſong, like a *robin*-red-breaſt; to walk alone, like one that had the peſtilence; to ſigh, like a ſchool-boy that had loſt his *A B C*; to weep, like a young wench that had bury'd her grandame; to faſt, like one that takes diet; to watch, like one that fears robbing; to ſpeak puling, like a beggar at hollowmaſs: You were wont, when you laugh'd, to crow like a cock; when you walk'd, to walk like one of the lions; when you faſted, it was preſently after dinner; when you look'd ſadly, it was for want of money: and now you are metamorphos'd with a miſtreſs; that, when I look on you, I can hardly think you my maſter *.

" *Val.* Are all theſe things perceiv'd in me?

" *Spe.* They are all perceiv'd without you.

" *Val.* Without me? they cannot.

" *Spe.* Without you? nay, that's certain; for, with-
" out you were ſo ſimple, none elſe would: but you are
" ſo without theſe follies, that theſe follies are within
" you, and ſhine through you like the water in an urinal:
" that not an eye, that ſees you, but is a phyſician to
" comment on your malady.

Val. But, tell me, doſt thou know my lady *Silvia?*

Spe. She that you gaze on ſo, as ſhe ſits at ſupper?

Val. Haſt thou obſerv'd that? even ſhe I mean.

Spe. Why, ſir, I know her not.

Val. Doſt thou know her by my gazing on her, and yet know'ſt her not?

" *Spe.* Is ſhe not hard-favour'd, ſir?

" *Val.* Not ſo fair, boy, as well-favour'd.

" *Spe.* Sir, I know that well enough.

" *Val.* What doſt thou know?

" *Spe.* That ſhe is not ſo fair, as (of you) well favour'd.

* There is a great ſhare of humourous and picturesque fancy in this ſpeech: *Speed*, well ſupported, muſt produce a laughable effect, and ſhould manifeſt a quaint ſhrewdneſs of expreſſion, and ſtiff archneſs of features, ſuch as are neceſſary to equip *Touchſtone*, in, *As you like it*.

" *Val.* I mean that her beauty is exquiſite, but her " favour infinite.

" *Spe.* That's becauſe the one is painted, and the " other out of all count.

" *Val.* How painted? and how out of count?

" *Spe.* Marry, ſir, ſo painted, to make her fair, that " no man counts of her beauty.

" *Val.* How eſteem'ſt thou me? I account of her beauty.

" *Spe.* You never ſaw her ſince ſhe was deform'd.

" *Val.* How long hath ſhe been deform'd?

" *Spe.* Ever ſince you lov'd her.

Val. I have lov'd her ever ſince I ſaw her; and ſtill I ſee her beautiful.

Spe. If you love her, you cannot ſee her.

Val. Why?

Spe. Becauſe love is blind. O, that you had mine eyes; or your own eyes had the lights they were wont to have, when you chid at ſir *Protheus* for going ungarter'd!

Val. What ſhould I ſee then?

Spe. Your own preſent folly, and her paſſing deformity: for he, being in love, could not ſee to garter his hoſe; and you, being in love, cannot ſee to put on your hoſe.

Val. Belike, boy, then you are in love; for laſt morning you could not ſee to wipe my ſhoes.

Spe. True, ſir; I was in love with my bed: I thank you, you ſwing'd me for my love; which makes me the bolder to chide you for yours.

" *Val.* In concluſion, I ſtand affected to her. [ceaſe.

" *Spe.* I would you were ſet, ſo your affection would

" *Val.* Laſt night ſhe enjoin'd me to write ſome lines " to one ſhe loves.

" *Spe.* And have you?

" *Val.* I have.

" *Spe.* Are they not lamely writ?

" *Val.* No, boy; but as well as I can do them:—

" Peace, here ſhe comes.

Enter Silvia.

Spe. O excellent motion! O exceeding puppet! now will he interpret to her.

Val. Madam and miſtreſs, a thouſand good-morrows.

Spe. O, 'give ye good even! here's a million of manners.

Sil. Sir *Valentine* and ſervant, to you two thouſand.

Spe. He ſhould give her intereſt; and ſhe gives it him.

Val. As you enjoin'd me, I have writ your letters
Unto the ſecret nameleſs friend of yours;
Which I was much unwilling to proceed in,
But for my duty to your ladyſhip. [*Gives the Letter.*

Sil. I thank you, gentle ſervant: 'tis very clerkly done.

Val. Now truſt me, madam, it came hardly off;
For, being ignorant to whom it goes,
I writ at random, very doubtfully.

Sil. Perchance, you think too much of ſo much pains.

Val. No, madam; ſo it ſtead you, I will write,
Pleaſe you command, a thouſand times as much.
And yet——

Sil. A pretty period! Well, I gueſs the ſequel;
And yet I will not name it:—and yet I care not:—
And yet take this again:—and yet I thank you;
Meaning henceforth to trouble you no more.

Spe. And yet you will; and yet another yet.

Val. What means your ladyſhip? do you not like it?

Sil. Yes, yes; the lines are very quaintly writ:
But, ſince unwillingly, take them again;
Nay, take them.

Val. Madam, they are for you.

Sil. Ay, ay; you writ them, ſir, at my requeſt;
But I will none of them; they are for you:
I would have had them writ more movingly.

Val. Pleaſe you, I'll write your ladyſhip another.

Sil. And, when it's writ, for my ſake read it over:
And, if it pleaſe you, ſo; if not, why, ſo.

Val. If it pleaſe me, madam? what then?

Sil. Why, if it pleaſe you, take it for your labour;
And ſo, good morrow, ſervant. [*Exit* Silvia.

Spe. O jeſt unſeen, inſcrutable, inviſible,
As a noſe on a man's face, or a weather-cock on a ſteeple!
My maſter ſues to her; and ſhe hath taught her ſuitor,
He being her pupil to become her tutor.
O excellent device! was there ever heard a better?

That

That my maſter being ſcribe, to himſelf ſhould write the letter?

Val. How now, ſir? what are you reaſoning with yourſelf?

Spe. Nay, I was riming; 'tis you that have the reaſon.

Val. To do what?

Spe. To be a ſpokeſman from madam *Silvia*.

Val. To whom?

Spe. To yourſelf: why, ſhe wooes you by a figure.

Val. What figure?

Spe. By a letter, I ſhould ſay.

Val. Why, ſhe hath not writ to me.

Spe. What need ſhe, when ſhe hath made you write to yourſelf? Why, do you not perceive the jeſt?

Val. No, believe me.

Spe. No believing you indeed, ſir: But did you perceive her earneſt?

Val. She gave me none, except an angry word.

Spe. Why, ſhe hath given you a letter *.

Val. That's the letter I writ to her friend.

Spe. And that letter hath ſhe deliver'd, and there an end.

Val. I would it were no worſe.

Spe. I'll warrant you 'tis as well:

'For often have you writ to her; and ſhe, in modeſty,
'Or elſe for want of idle time, could not again reply;
'Or fearing elſe ſome meſſenger that might her mind diſcover,
'Herſelf hath taught her love himſelf to write unto her lover.—'

All this I ſpeak in print, for in print I found it.—
Why muſe you, ſir? 'tis dinner-time.

Val. I have din'd.

Spe. Ay, but hearken, ſir; though the cameleon love can feed on the air, I am one that am nouriſh'd by my victuals, and would fain have meat: O, be not like your miſtreſs; be moved, be moved. [*Exeunt.*

* There is an uncommon, but no unnatural idea, in *Silvia*'s device, of getting her lover to write for her to himſelf, and *Speed* archly inſinuates an explanation.

SCENE II. Verona. *Room in* Julia's *Houſe.*

Enter Protheus, *and* Julia.

Pro. Have patience, gentle *Julia* *.
Jul. I muſt, where is no remedy.
Pro. When poſſibly I can, I will return.
Jul. If you turn not, you will return the ſooner.
Keep this remembrance for thy *Julia*'s ſake.
[*giving a ring.*
Pro. Why, then we'll make exchange; here take you this.
Jul. And ſeal the bargain with a holy kiſs.
Pro. Here is my hand for my true conſtancy:
And when that hour o'er-ſlips me in the day,
Wherein I ſigh not, *Julia*, for thy ſake,
The next enſuing hour ſome foul miſchance
Torment me for my love's forgetfulneſs!
My father ſtays my coming; anſwer not;
The tide is now: nay, not thy tide of tears;
That tide will ſtay me longer than I ſhould.
Julia, farewel.—What, gone without a word?
[*Exit* Julia.
Ay, ſo true love ſhould do: it cannot ſpeak;
For truth hath better deeds than words to grace it.

Enter Panthino.

Pan. Sir *Protheus*, you are ſtay'd for.
Pro. Go, I come:—
Alas, this parting ſtrikes poor lovers dumb. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The ſame. A Street.*

Enter Launce, *with a Dog in a String.*

Lau. Nay, 'twill be this hour ere I have done weeping; all the kind of the *Launces* have this very fault: I have receiv'd my proportion, like the prodigious ſon, and am going with ſir *Protheus* to the imperial's court. I think, *Crab* my dog be the ſoureſt-natur'd dog that lives:

* This little ſcene has the complexion of *Romeo* and *Juliet* parting in the garden, after the former has killed *Mercutio*; we have as much of the pathos here as could be expected; but we have had no clear idea how *Protheus* and *Julia* have made their intimacy ſo perfect.

my mother weeping, my father wailing, my ſiſter crying, our maid howling, our cat wringing her hands, and all our houſe in a great perplexity, yet did not this cruel-hearted cur ſhed one tear: he is a ſtone, a very pibble-ſtone, and has no more pity in him than a dog; a *Jew* would have wept to have ſeen our parting; why, my grandame, having no eyes, look you, wept herſelf blind at my parting. Nay, I'll ſhow you the manner of it: This ſhoe is my father;—no, this left ſhoe is my father;—no, no, this left ſhoe is my mother;—nay, that cannot be ſo neither;—yes, it is ſo, it is ſo; it hath the worſer ſole: This ſhoe, with the hole in it, is my mother; and this, my father: A vengeance on't! there 'tis: now, ſir, this ſtaff is my ſiſter; for, look you, ſhe is as white as a lilly, and as ſmall as a wand: this hat is *Nan* our maid: I am the dog;—no, the dog is himſelf, and I am the dog,—O, the dog is me, and I am myſelf; ay, ſo, ſo: Now come I to my father, *Father, your bleſſing*; now ſhould not the ſhoe ſpeak a word for weeping; now ſhould I kiſs my father; well, he weeps on: now come I to my mother;—O, that ſhe could ſpeak now, like a wode woman!—well, I kiſs her;—why, there 'tis; here's my mother's breath up and down: now come I to my ſiſter; mark the moan ſhe makes: now the dog all this while ſheds not a tear, nor ſpeaks a word; but ſee how I lay the duſt with my tears *.

Enter Panthino.

Pan. Launce! away, away, aboard; thy maſter is ſhip'd, and thou art to poſt after with oars: What's the matter? why weep'ſt thou, man? Away, aſs; you'll loſe the tide, if you tarry any longer.

Lau. It is no matter, if the ty'd were loſt; for it is the unkindeſt ty'd that ever any man ty'd.

Pan. What's the unkindeſt tide?

Lau. Why, he that's ty'd here; *Crab*, my dog.

* *Launce*'s ſoliloquy has throughout a great ſhare of pleaſantry, but cannot be ſucceſsfully delivered, or agreeably read, without clear conception and ſound judgment.—The animadverſions on his dog are admirable.

Pan. Tut, man! I mean, thou'lt loſe the flood; and, in loſing the flood, loſe thy voyage; and, in loſing thy voyage, loſe thy maſter; and, in loſing thy maſter, loſe thy ſervice; and, in loſing thy ſervice,—Why doſt thou ſtop my mouth?

Lan. For fear thou ſhould'ſt loſe thy tongue.

" *Pan.* Where ſhould I loſe my tongue?

" *Lan.* In thy tale.

" *Pan.* In thy tail?

" *Lan.* Loſe the tide, and the voyage, and the maſter, " and the ſervice?—Why, man, if the river were dry, " I am able to fill it with my tears; if the wind were " down, I could drive the boat with my ſighs.

Pan. Come, come away, man; I was ſent to call thee.

Lan. Sir, call me what thou dar'ſt.

Pan. Wilt thou go?

Lan. Well, I will go. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. Milan. *A Room in the* Duke's *Palace.*

Enter Silvia, Valentine, Thurio, *and* Speed.

" *Sil.* Servant,—

" *Val.* Miſtreſs? [*they converſe apart.*

" *Spe.* Maſter, ſir *Thurio* frowns on you.

" *Val.* Ay, boy, it's for love.

" *Spe.* Not of you.

" *Val.* Of my miſtreſs then.

" *Spe.* 'Twere good you knock'd him.

" *Sil.* Servant, you are ſad.

" *Val.* Indeed, madam, I ſeem ſo.

" *Thu.* Seem you that you are not?

" *Val.* Haply, I do.

" *Thu.* So do counterfeits.

" *Val.* So do you.

" *Thu.* What ſeem I, that I am not?

" *Val.* Wiſe.

" *Thu.* What inſtance of the contrary?

" *Val.* Your folly.

" *Thu.* And how quote you my folly?

" *Val.* I quote it in your jerkin.

" *Thu.* My jerkin is a doublet.

" *Val.* Well then, I'll double your folly.

" *Thu.* How?
" *Sil.* What, angry, ſir *Thurio*? do you change colour?
" *Val.* Give him leave, madam; he is a kind of ca-
" meleon.
" *Thu.* That hath more mind to feed on your blood,
" than live in your air.
" *Val.* You have ſaid, ſir.
" *Thu.* Ay, ſir, and done too, for this time. [gin.
" *Val.* I know it well, ſir; you always end ere you be-
" *Sil.* A fine volley of words, gentlemen, and quick-
" ly ſhot off.
" *Val.* 'Tis indeed, madam; we thank the giver.
" *Sil.* Who is that, ſervant?
" *Val.* Yourſelf, ſweet lady; for you gave the fire:
" ſir *Thurio* borrows his wit from your ladyſhip's looks,
" and ſpends what he borrows kindly in your company.
" *Thu.* Sir, if you ſpend word for word with me, I
" ſhall make your wit bankrupt.
" *Val.* I know it well, ſir: you have an exchequer of
" words, and, I think, no other treaſure to give your
" followers; for it appears by their bare liveries, that
" they live by your bare words.
" *Sil.* No more, gentlemen, no more; here comes
" my father.

Enter Duke, *attended* *.

Duk. Now, daughter *Silvia*? you are hard beſet.—
Sir *Valentine*, your father's in good health:
What ſay you to a letter from your friends,
Of much good news?
Val. My lord, I will be thankful
To any happy meſſenger from thence.
Duk. Know you don *Antonio*, your countryman?
Val. Ay, my good lord, I know the gentleman
To be of worth, and worthy eſtimation,
And not without deſert ſo well reputed.
Duk. Hath he not a ſon?
Val. Ay, my good lord; a ſon, that well deſerves
The honour and regard of ſuch a father.

* We could wiſh the ſcene to begin here with the *Duke* meeting his daughter, &c. as what precedes is exceedingly childiſh.

Duke. You know him well?

Val. I knew him as myſelf; for from our infancy
We have convers'd, and ſpent our hours together:
And though myſelf have been an idle truant,
Omitting the ſweet benefit of time
To cloath mine age with angel-like perfection,
Yet hath Sir *Protheus* (for that's his name)
Made uſe and fair advantage of his days;
His years but young, but his experience old;
His head unmellow'd, but his judgment ripe;
And, in a word, (for far behind his worth
Come all the praiſes that I now beſtow)
He is compleat in feature, and in mind,
With all good grace to grace a gentleman *.

Duke. Beſhrew me, ſir, but, if he make this good,
He is as worthy for an empreſs' love
As meet to be an emperor's counſellor.
Well, ſir; this gentleman is come to me,
With commendation from great potentates,
And here he means to ſpend his time a while:
I think, 'tis no unwelcome news to you.

Val. Should I have wiſh'd a thing, it had been he.

Duke. Welcome him then according to his worth;
Silvia, I ſpeak to you,—and you, Sir *Thurio*;—
For *Valentine*, I need not cite him to it:
I'll ſend him hither to you preſently. [*Exit.*

Val. This is the gentleman, I told your ladyſhip,
Had come along with me, but that his miſtreſs
Did hold his eyes lock'd in her cryſtal looks.

Sil. Belike, that now ſhe hath enfranchis'd them
Upon ſome other pawn for fealty.

Val. Nay, ſure, I think, ſhe holds them priſoners ſtill.

Sil. Nay, then he ſhould be blind: And, being blind,
How could he ſee his way to ſeek out you?

Val. Why, lady, love hath twenty pair of eyes.

Thu. They ſay that love hath not an eye at all.

* *Protheus*'s character is here amiably and powerfully delineated; we are frequently led to wonder how *Shakeſpeare* could delineate ſo many ſimilar perſonages with ſuch abundant variety of colouring and preſervation.

Val. To ſee ſuch lovers, *Thurio*, as yourſelf;
Upon a homely object love can wink.
Sil. Have done, have done; here comes the gentleman.

Enter Protheus.

Val. Welcome, dear *Protheus!*—Miſtreſs, I beſeech you,
Confirm his welcome with ſome ſpecial favour.
Sil. His worth is warrant for his welcome hither;
If this be he you oft have wiſh'd to hear from.
Val. Miſtreſs, it is: ſweet lady, entertain him
To be my fellow-ſervant to your ladyſhip.
Sil. Too low a miſtreſs for ſo high a ſervant.
Pro. Not ſo, ſweet lady; but too mean a ſervant
To have a look of ſuch a worthy miſtreſs.
Val. Leave off diſcourſe of diſability:—
Sweet lady, entertain him for your ſervant.
Pro. My duty will I boaſt of, nothing elſe.
Sil. And duty never yet did want his meed:
Servant, you are welcome to a worthleſs miſtreſs.
Pro. I'll die on him that ſays ſo, but yourſelf.
Sil. That you are welcome, Sir?
Pro. That you are worthleſs.

Enter an Attendant.

Att. Madam, my lord your father would ſpeak with you.
Sil. I wait upon his pleaſure—Come, ſir *Thurio*,
Go you with me:—Once more, new ſervant, welcome:
I'll leave you to confer of home affairs;
When you have done, we look to hear from you.
Pro. We'll both attend upon your ladyſhip.
[*Exeunt* Silvia, Thurio, Speed, *and Att.*
Val. Now, tell me, how do all from whence you came?
Pro. Your friends are well, and have them much commended.
Val. And how do yours?
Pro. I left them all in health.
Val. How does your lady? and how thrives your love?
Pro. My tales of love were wont to weary you;
I know, you joy not in a love-diſcourſe.
Val. Ay, *Protheus*, but that life is alter'd now:
I have done penance for contemning love;
"Whoſe high imperious thoughts have puniſh'd me

" With bitter faſts, with penitential groans,
" With nightly tears, and daily heart-ſore ſighs;
" For, in revenge of my contempt of love,
" Love hath chac'd ſleep from my enthralled eyes,
" And made them watchers of mine own heart's ſorrow.
O gentle *Protheus*, love's a mighty lord;
And hath ſo humbl'd me, as, I confeſs,
There is no woe to his correction;
Nor, to his ſervice, no ſuch joy on earth!
Now, no diſcourſe, except it be of love;
Now can I break my faſt, dine, ſup, and ſleep,
Upon the very naked name of love.

Pro. Enough; I read your fortune in your eye:
Was this the idol that you worſhip ſo?

Val. Even ſhe; and is ſhe not a heavenly ſaint

Pro. No; but ſhe is an earthly paragon.

Val. Call her divine.

Pro. I will not flatter her.

Val. O, flatter me; for love delights in praiſe.

Pro. When I was ſick you gave me bitter pills;
And I muſt miniſter the like to you.

Val. Then ſpeak the truth by her; if not divine,
Yet let her be a principality,
Sovereign to all the creatures on the earth.

Pro. Except my miſtreſs.

Val. Sweet, except not any;
Except thou wilt except againſt my love.

Pro. Have I not reaſon to prefer mine own?

Val. And I will help thee to prefer her too:
She ſhall be dignify'd with this high honour,—
To bear my lady's train; leſt the baſe earth
Should from her veſture chance to ſteal a kiſs,
And, of ſo great a favour growing proud,
Diſdain to root the ſummer-ſwelling flower,
And make rough winter everlaſtingly.

Pro. Why, *Valentine*, what bragadiſm * is this?

Val. Pardon me, *Protheus:* all I can is nothing
To her whoſe worth makes other worthies nothing;
She is alone—

* Bragadiſm, a coined word of extraordinary fabrication; but we have Braggado, and Braggadocio, to countenance it.

Pro. Why, then let her alone.

Val. Not for the world: why, man, ſhe is mine own;
And I as rich in having ſuch a jewel,
As twenty ſeas, if all their ſand were pearl,
The water nectar, and the rocks pure gold.
Forgive me, that I do not dream on thee,
Becauſe thou ſee'ſt me doat upon my love.
My fooliſh rival, that her father likes,
Only for his poſſeſſions are ſo huge,
Is gone with her along; and I muſt after;
For love, thou know'ſt, is full of jealouſy.

Pro. But ſhe loves you?

Val. Ay, and we are betroth'd;
Nay, more, my *Protheus*, our marriage hour,
With all the cunning manner of our flight,
Determin'd of: how I muſt climb her window;
The ladder made of cords; and all the means
Plotted and 'greed on, for my happineſs.
Good *Protheus*, go with me to my chamber,
In theſe affairs to aid me with thy counſel.

Pro. Go on before; I ſhall enquire you forth:
I muſt unto the road, to diſembarque
Some neceſſaries that I needs muſt uſe,
And then I'll preſently attend on you.

Val. Will you make haſte?

Pro. I will.— [*Exit* Valentine.

Even as one heat another heat expels,
Or as one nail by ſtrength drives out another,
So the remembrance of my former love
Is by a newer object quite forgotten.
Is it mine own, or *Valentine*'s praiſe,
Her true perfection, or my falſe tranſgreſſion,
That makes me, reaſonleſs, to reaſon thus?
She's fair; and ſo is *Julia* that I love;—
That I did love; for now my love is thaw'd,
Which, like a waxen image 'gainſt a fire,
Bears no impreſſion of the thing it was.
Methinks, my zeal to *Valentine* is cold,
And that I love him not as I was wont:
O, but I love his lady too too much;
And that's the reaſon I love him ſo little.

How

How ſhall I doat on her with more advice,
That thus without advice begin to love her?
'Tis but her picture I have yet beheld,
And that hath dazzl'd ſo my reaſon's light;
But when I look on her perfections,
There is no reaſon but I ſhall be blind.
If I can check my erring love, I will;
If not, to compaſs her I'll uſe my ſkill *. [*Exit.*

SCENE V. *The ſame. A Street.*

Enter Speed *and* Launce, *meeting.*

Spe. Launce! by mine honeſty, welcome to *Milan.*

Lau. Forſwear not thyſelf, ſweet youth; for I am not welcome. I reckon this always—That a man is never undone, 'till he be hang'd; nor never welcome to a place, 'till ſome certain ſhot be pay'd, and the hoſteſs ſay, welcome.

Spe. Come on, you mad-cap, I'll to the ale-houſe with you preſently; where, for one ſhot of five pence, thou ſhalt have five thouſand welcomes. But, ſirrah, how did thy maſter part with madam *Julia?*

Lau. Marry, after they clos'd in earneſt, they parted very fairly in jeſt.

Spe. But ſhall ſhe marry him?

Lau. No.

Spe. How then, ſhall he marry her?

Lau. No, neither.

Spe. What, are they broken?

Lau. No, they are both as whole as a fiſh.

" *Spe.* Why then, how ſtands the matter with them?

" *Lau.* Marry, thus; when it ſtands well with him, " it ſtands well with her.

" *Spe.* What an aſs art thou? I underſtand thee not.

" *Lau.* What a block art thou, that thou can'ſt not? " my ſtaff underſtands me.

" *Spe.* What thou ſay'ſt?

* That *Shakeſpeare* perfectly knew the fickleneſs, as well as the unſteadineſs of love, clearly appears by *Romeo*'s change from *Roſaline* to *Juliet*; and here, from *Julia* to *Silvia*.

" *Lau.* Ay, and what I do too: look thee, I'll but
" lean, and my ſtaff underſtands me.

" *Spe.* It ſtands under thee, indeed.

" *Lau.* Why, ſtand-under and under-ſtand is all one.

Spe. But, tell me true, will't be a match?

Lau. Aſk my dog: if he ſay, ay, it will; if he ſay, no, it will; if he ſhake his tail, and ſay nothing, it will.

Spe. The concluſion is then, that it will.

Lau. Thou ſhalt never get ſuch a ſecret from me, but by a parable.

Spe. 'Tis well, that I get it ſo. But *Launce*, how ſay'ſt thou, that my maſter is become a notable lover?

Lau. I never knew him otherwiſe.

Spe. Than how?

Lau. A notable lubber, as thou reporteſt him to be.

Spe. Why, thou whorſon aſs, thou miſtak'ſt me.

Lau. Why, fool, I meant not thee; I meant thy maſter.

Spe. I tell thee, my maſter is become a hot lover.

Lau. Why, I tell thee, I care not though he burn himſelf in love. If thou wilt go with me to the ale-houſe, ſo; if not, thou art an *Hebrew*, a *Jew*, and not worth the name of a chriſtian.

Spe. Why?

Lau. Becauſe thou haſt not ſo much charity in thee, as to go to the ale with a chriſtian: Wilt thou go?

Spe. At thy ſervice. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. *The ſame. A Room in the Palace.*

Enter Protheus.

Pro. To leave my *Julia*, ſhall I be forſworn;
To love fair *Silvia*, ſhall I be forſworn;
To wrong my friend, I ſhall be much forſworn;
And even that power, which gave me firſt my oath,
Provokes me to this threefold perjury:
Love bad me ſwear, and love bids me forſwear:
O ſweet ſuggeſting love, if thou haſt ſin'd,
Teach me, thy tempted ſubject, to excuſe it!
At firſt I did adore a twinkling ſtar,
But now I worſhip a celeſtial ſun:
Unheedful vows may heedfully be broken;

And

And he wants wit, that wants reſolved will
To learn his wit to exchange the bad for better:—
" Fie, fie, unreverend tongue; to call her bad,
" Whoſe ſovereignty ſo oft thou haſt prefer'd
" With twenty thouſand ſoul-confirming oaths.
" I cannot leave to love, and yet I do;
" But there I leave to love, where I ſhould love.
Julia I loſe, and *Valentine* I loſe:
If I keep them, I needs muſt loſe myſelf;
If I loſe them, This find I by their loſs,—
For *Valentine*, myſelf; for *Julia*, *Silvia*.
I to myſelf am dearer than a friend;
For love is ſtill moſt precious in itſelf:
And *Silvia* (witneſs heaven, that made her fair)
Shews *Julia* but a ſwarthy *Ethiope* *
" I will forget that *Julia* is alive,
" Remembring that my love to her is dead;
" And *Valentine* I'll hold an enemy,
" Aiming at *Silvia* as a ſweeter friend.
" I cannot now prove conſtant to myſelf,
" Without ſome treachery us'd to *Valentine*:—
This night he meaneth with a corded ladder
To climb celeſtial *Silvia*'s chamber-window;
Myſelf in counſel, his competitor:
Now preſently I'll give her father notice
Of their diſguiſing, and pretended flight;
Who, all enrag'd, will baniſh *Valentine*;
For *Thurio*, he intends ſhall wed his daughter:
But, *Valentine* being gone, I'll quickly croſs,
By ſome ſly trick, blunt *Thurio*'s dull proceeding.
Love, lend me wings to make my purpoſe ſwift,
As thou haſt lent me wit to plot this drift! [*Exit.*

SCENE VII. Verona. *A Room in* Julia's *Houſe.*

Enter Julia *and* Lucetta.

Jul. Counſel, *Lucetta*; gentle girl, aſſiſt me!
And, even in kind love, I do conjure thee,—

* *Protheus* ſeems to be not only loving, but alſo talking madly: we have endeavoured to reduce him into compaſs, though ſome lines marked have great merit, as indeed has the whole ſoliloquy.

Who art the table wherein all my thoughts
Are viſibly charácter'd and engrav'd,—
To leſſon me; and tell me ſome good mean,
How, with my honour, I may undertake
A journey to my loving *Protheus*.

Luc. Alas, the way is wearifome and long.

Jul. A true devoted pilgrim is not weary
To meaſure kingdoms with his feeble ſteps;
Much leſs ſhall ſhe, that hath love's wings to fly;
And when the flight is made to one ſo dear,
Of ſuch divine perfection, as Sir *Protheus*.

Luc. Better forbear, 'till *Protheus* make return.

Jul. O, know'ſt thou not, his looks are my ſoul's food?
Pity the dearth that I have pined in,
By longing for that food ſo long a time.
Didſt thou but know the inly touch of love,
Thou would'ſt as ſoon go kindle fire with ſnow,
As ſeek to quench the fire of love with words.

Luc. I do not ſeek to quench your love's hot fire;
But qualify the fire's extream rage,
Leſt it ſhould burn above the bounds of reaſon.

Jul. The more thou dam'ſt it up, the more it burns:
The current, that with gentle murmur glides,
Thou know'ſt, being ſtop'd, impatiently doth rage;
But, when his fair courſe is not hindered,
He makes ſweet muſick with th' enamel'd ſtones,
Giving a gentle kiſs to every ſedge
He overtaketh in his pilgrimage;
And ſo by many winding nooks he ſtrays,
With willing ſport to the wild ocean.
Then let me go, and hinder not my courſe:
I'll be as patient as a gentle ſtream,
And make a paſtime of each weary ſtep,
'Till the laſt ſtep have brought me to my love,
And there I'll reſt; as, after much turmoil,
A bleſſed ſoul doth in *Elyſium* *.

Luc. But in what habit will you go along?

* There is great fertility of fancy, great energy of affection, in this ſpeech. *Julia*'s character is much heightened by it; and a capable actreſs muſt profit by it conſiderably.

Jul. Not like a woman; for I would prevent
The looſe encounters of laſcivious men:
Gentle *Lucetta*, fit me with ſuch weeds
As may beſeem ſome well-reputed page *.
Luc. Why, then your ladyſhip muſt cut your hair.
" *Jul.* No, girl; I'll knit it up in ſilken ſtrings,
" With twenty odd conceited true-love knots:
" To be fantaſtick, may become a youth
" Of greater time than I ſhall ſhew to be.
" *Luc.* What faſhion, madam, ſhall I make your breeches?
" *Jul.* That fits as well, as, Tell me, good my lord,
" What compaſs will you wear your farthingale?—
" Why, e'en what faſhion thou beſt lik'ſt, *Lucetta*.
" *Luc.* You muſt needs have them with a cod-piece, madam.
" *Jul.* Out, out, *Lucetta!* that will be ill-favour'd.
" *Luc.* A round hoſe, madam, now's not worth a pin,
" Unleſs you have a cod-piece to ſtick pins on.
Jul. *Lucetta*, as thou lov'ſt me, let me have
What thou think'ſt meet, and is moſt mannerly.
But tell me, wench, how will the world repute me,
For undertaking ſo unſtay'd a journey?
I fear me, it will make me ſcandaliz'd.
Luc. If you think ſo, then ſtay at home, and go not.
Jul. Nay, that I will not.
Luc. Then never dream on infamy, but go:
If *Protheus* like your journey, when you come,
No matter who's diſpleas'd, when you are gone;
I fear me, he will ſcarce be pleas'd withal.
Jul. That is the leaſt, *Lucetta*, of my fear:
A thouſand oaths, an ocean of his tears,
And inſtances of infinite of love,
Warrant me welcome to my *Protheus*.
Luc. All theſe are ſervants to deceitful men †.
Jul. Baſe men, that uſe them to ſo baſe effect!
But truer ſtars did govern *Protheus'* birth:
His words are bonds; his oaths are oracles;

* As women did not perform in *Shakeſpeare's* time, we perceive he, as often as poſſible, avails himſelf of maſculine habiliments.

† Never was a truer obſervation, than that profeſſions violently impaſſioned have a ſmall tendency to ſtability.

His love ſincere, his thoughts immaculate;
His tears, pure meſſengers ſent from his heart;
His heart as far from fraud, as heaven from earth.
Luc. Pray heaven, he prove ſo, when you come to him!
Jul. Now, as thou lov'ſt me, do him not that wrong,
To bear a hard opinion of his truth:
Only deſerve my love, by loving him;
And preſently go with me to my chamber,
To take a note of what I ſtand in need of,
To furniſh me upon my longing journey:
All that is mine I leave at thy diſpoſe,
My goods, my lands, my reputation;
Only, in lieu thereof, diſpatch me hence:
Come, anſwer not, but to it preſently;
I am impatient of my tarriance. [*Exeunt* *.

ACT III.

SCENE I. Milan. *Anti-room of the Palace.*

Enter Duke, Protheus, *and* Thurio.

DUKE.

SIR *Thurio*, give us leave, I pray, a while;
We have ſome ſecrets to confer about.—
[*Exit* Thurio.
Now tell me, *Protheus*, what's your will with me?
Pro. My gracious lord, that which I would diſcover,
The law of friendſhip bids me to conceal:
But, when I call to mind your gracious favours
Done to me, undeſerving as I am,
My duty pricks me on to utter that
Which elſe no worldly good ſhould draw from me.
Know, worthy prince, Sir *Valentine* my friend,
This night intends to ſteal away your daughter;
Myſelf am one made privy to the plot:
I know, you have determin'd to beſtow her

* Of the ſecond act we have nothing to ſay more than of the firſt; nor, as we judge, much leſs; they are both very actable, and would probably meet very favourable attention.

On *Thurio*, whom your gentle daughter hates;
And, ſhould ſhe thus be ſtoln away from you,
It would be much vexation to your age:
Thus, for my duty's ſake, I rather choſe
To croſs my friend in his intended drift;
Than, by concealing it, heap on your head
A pack of ſorrows, which would preſs you down,
Being unprevented, to your timeleſs grave *.

Duke. Protheus, I thank thee for thine honeſt care;
Which to requite, command me while I live.
This love of theirs myſelf have often ſeen,
Haply when they have judg'd me faſt aſleep;
And oftentimes have purpos'd to forbid
Sir *Valentine* her company, and my court:
But, fearing leſt my jealous aim might err,
And ſo unworthily diſgrace the man,
(A raſhneſs that I ever yet have ſhun'd)
I gave him gentle looks; thereby to find
That which thyſelf haſt now diſclos'd to me.
And, that thou may'ſt perceive my fear of this,
Knowing that tender youth is ſoon ſuggeſted,
I nightly lodge her in an upper tower,
The key whereof myſelf have ever kept;
And thence ſhe cannot be convey'd away.

Pro. Know, noble lord, they have devis'd a mean
How he her chamber window will aſcend;
And with a corded ladder fetch her down:
" For which the youthful lover now is gone;
" And this way comes he with it preſently;
" Where, if it pleaſe you, you may intercept him.
" But, good my lord, do it ſo cunningly,
" That my diſcovery be not aimed at;
For love of you, not hate unto my friend,
Hath made me publiſher of this pretence.

Duke. Upon mine honour he ſhall never know
That I had any light from thee of this.

* However plauſible this diſcovery is, it reflects infinite diſgrace upon *Protheus*, who appears not only a changeling in love, but a deliberate villain in friendſhip; two deteſtable points of character.

Pro. Adieu, my lord; Sir *Valentine* is coming.
[*Exit* Protheus.

Enter Valentine.

Duke. Sir *Valentine*, whither away so faſt?
Val. Pleaſe it your grace, there is a meſſenger
That ſtays to bear my letters to my friends,
And I am going to deliver them.
Duke. Be they of much import?
Val. The tenour of them doth but ſignify
My health, and happy being at your court.
Duke. Nay, then no matter, ſtay with me a while;
I am to break with thee of ſome affairs
That touch me near, wherein thou muſt be ſecret.
'Tis not unknown to thee that I have ſought
To match my friend Sir *Thurio* to my daughter.
Val. I know it well, my lord; and ſure the match
Were rich and honourable; beſides, the gentleman
Is full of virtue, bounty, worth and qualities
Beſeeming ſuch a wife as your fair daughter:
Cannot your grace win her to fancy him?
Duke. No, truſt me; ſhe is peeviſh, ſullen, froward,
Proud, diſobedient, ſtubborn, lacking duty;
Neither regarding that ſhe is my child,
Nor fearing me as if I were her father:
And, may I ſay to thee, this pride of hers,
Upon advice hath drawn my love from her;
" And, where I thought the remnant of mine age
" Should have been cheriſh'd by her child-like duty,
I now am full reſolv'd to take a wife,
And turn her out to who will take her in:
Then let her beauty be her wedding-dower;
For me, and my poſſeſſions ſhe eſteems not.
Val. What would your grace have me to do in this?
Duke. There is a lady, ſir, in *Milan* here,
Whom I affect; but ſhe is nice and coy,
And nought eſteems my aged eloquence:
Now, therefore, would I have thee to my tutor,
" (For long agone I have forgot to court;
" Beſides, the faſhion of the time is chang'd)

How,

How, and which way, I may beſtow myſelf,
To be regarded in her ſun-bright eye.
Val. Win her with gifts, if ſhe reſpect not words;
Dumb jewels often, in their ſilent kind,
More than quick words do move a woman's mind.
Duke. But ſhe did ſcorn a preſent that I ſent her.
Val. A woman ſometimes ſcorns what beſt contents her:
Send her another; never give her o'er;
For ſcorn at firſt makes after-love the more.
If ſhe do frown, 'tis not in hate of you;
" But, rather, to beget more love in you:
" If ſhe do chide, 'tis not to have you gone;
" For why, the fools are mad, if left alone:
" Take no repulſe, whatever ſhe doth ſay;
" For, *Get you gone*, ſhe doth not mean, away:
Flatter, and praiſe, commend, extol their graces;
Though ne'er ſo black, ſay, they have angels' faces.
That man that hath a tongue, I ſay, is no man,
If with his tongue he cannot win a woman.
Duke. But ſhe I mean, is promis'd by her friends
Unto a youthful gentleman of worth;
And kept ſeverely from reſort of men,
That no man hath acceſs by day to her.
Val. Why, then I would reſort to her by night.
Duke. Ay, but the doors be lock'd, and keys kept ſafe,
That no man hath recourſe to her by night.
Val. What lets, but one may enter at her window?
Duke. Her chamber is aloft, far from the ground;
And built ſo ſhelving, that one cannot climb it
Without apparent hazard of his life.
Val. Why, then a ladder, quaintly made of cords,
To caſt up, with a pair of anchoring hooks,
Would ſerve to ſcale another *Hero*'s tower,
So bold *Leander* would adventure it.
Duke. Now, as thou art a gentleman of blood,
Adviſe me where I may have ſuch a ladder.
Val. When would you uſe it? pray, ſir, tell me that.
Duke. This very night; for love is like a child,
That longs for every thing that he can come by.
Val. By ſeven o'clock I'll get you ſuch a ladder.
" *Duke.* But hark thee; I will go to her alone,

" How

" How ſhall I beſt convey the ladder thither?
" *Val.* It will be light, my lord; that you may bear it
" Under a cloak, that is of any length.
" *Duke.* A cloak as long as thine will ſerve the turn?
" *Val.* Ay, my good lord.
" *Duke.* Then let me ſee thy cloak;
" I'll get me one of ſuch another length.
" *Val.* Why, any cloak will ſerve the turn, my lord.
" *Duke.* How ſhall I faſhion me to wear a cloak?—
" I pray thee, let me feel thy cloak upon me.—
What letter is this ſame? What's here? *To* Silvia?
And here an engine fit for my proceeding!
I'll be ſo bold to break the ſeal for once. [*Reads.*
My thoughts do harbour with my Silvia *nightly;*
And ſlaves they are to me, that ſend them flying:
O, could their maſter come and go as lightly,
Himſelf would lodge where ſenſeleſs they are lying.
My herald thoughts in thy pure boſom reſt them;
While I, their king, that thither them importune,
Do curſe the grace that with ſuch grace hath bleſt them,
Becauſe myſelf do want my ſervants' fortune:
I curſe myſelf, for they are ſent by me,
That they ſhould harbour where their lord would be.
What's here?
Silvia, *this night I will enfranchiſe thee.*
" 'Tis ſo; and here's the ladder for the purpoſe.
" Why, *Phaeton*, (for thou art *Merops'* ſon)
" Wilt thou aſpire to guide the heav'nly car,
" And with thy daring folly burn the world?
" Wilt thou reach ſtars, becauſe they ſhine on thee?
Go, baſe intruder! over-weening ſlave!
Beſtow thy fawning ſmiles on equal mates;
And think, my patience, more than thy deſert,
Is privilege for thy departure hence:
Thank me for this, more than for all the favours,
Which, all too much, I have beſtow'd on thee.
But if thou linger in my territories
Longer than ſwifteſt expedition
Will give thee time to leave our royal court,
By heaven, my wrath ſhall far exceed the love
I ever bore my daughter, or thyſelf.

Be

Be gone, I will not hear thy vain excuſe;
But, as thou lov'ſt thy life, make ſpeed from hence.
[*Exit* Duke.

Val. And why not death, rather than living torment? To die, is to be baniſh'd from myſelf; And *Silvia* is myſelf: baniſh'd from her, Is ſelf from ſelf; a deadly baniſhment! What light is light, if *Silvia* be not ſeen? What joy is joy, if *Silvia* be not by? Unleſs it be, to think that ſhe is by, And feed upon the ſhadow of perfection. Except I be by *Silvia* in the night, There is no muſick in the nightingale; Unleſs I look on *Silvia* in the day, There is no day for me to look upon: She is my eſſence; and I leave to be If I be not by her fair influence Foſter'd, illumin'd, cheriſh'd, kept alive. " I fly not death, to fly his deadly doom: " Tarry I here, I but attend on death; " But, fly I hence, I fly away from life.

Enter Protheus, *and* Launce.

Pro. Run, boy, run, run, and ſeek him out.

Lau. So-ho! ſo-ho!

Pro. What ſee'ſt thou?

Lau. Him we go to find; there's not a hair on's head, but 'tis a *Valentine*.

Pro. *Valentine*?

Val. No.

Pro. Who then? his ſpirit?

Val. Neither.

Pro. What then?

Val. Nothing.

Lau. Can nothing ſpeak?—Maſter, ſhall I ſtrike?

Pro. Whom would'ſt thou ſtrike?

Lau. Nothing.

Pro. Villain, forbear.

Lau. Why, ſir, I'll ſtrike nothing: I pray you—

Pro. Sirra, I ſay, forbear.—Friend *Valentine*, a word.

Val. My ears are ſtopt, and cannot hear good news,

So

So much of bad already hath poſſeſt them.
" *Pro.* Then in dumb ſilence will I bury mine;
" For they are harſh, untunable, and bad.
" *Val.* Is *Silvia* dead?
" *Pro.* No, *Valentine.*
" *Val.* No *Valentine*, indeed, for ſacred *Silvia*:—
" Hath ſhe forſworn me?
" *Pro.* No, *Valentine.*
" *Val.* No *Valentine*, if *Silvia* have forſworn me.—
" What is your news?
Lau. Sir, there is a proclamation, that you are vaniſh'd.
Pro. That thou art baniſh'd; O, that is the news,
From hence, from *Silvia*, and from me thy friend.
Val. O, I have fed upon this woe already,
And now exceſs of it will make me ſurfeit.
Doth *Silvia* know that I am baniſhed?
Pro. Ay, ay; and ſhe hath offer'd to the doom,
(Which, unrevers'd, ſtands in effectual force)
A ſea of melting pearl, which ſome call tears:
Thoſe at her father's churliſh feet ſhe tender'd;
With them, upon her knees, her humble ſelf;
Wringing her hands, whoſe whiteneſs ſo became them,
As if but now they waxed pale for woe:
But neither bended knees, pure hands held up,
Sad ſighs, deep groans, nor ſilver-ſhedding tears,
Could penetrate her uncompaſſionate ſire;
But *Valentine*, if he be ta'en, muſt die.
" Beſides, her interceſſion chaf'd him ſo,
" When ſhe for thy repeal was ſuppliant,
" That to cloſe priſon he commanded her,
" With many bitter threats of 'biding there.
Val. No more; unleſs the next word that thou ſpeak'ſt
Have ſome malignant power upon my life:
If ſo, I pray thee, breathe it in mine ear,
As ending anthem of my endleſs dolour.
Pro. Ceaſe to lament for that thou canſt not help,
And ſtudy help for that which thou lament'ſt.
" Time is the nurſe and breeder of all good.
" Here if thou ſtay, thou canſt not ſee thy love;
" Beſides, thy ſtaying will abridge thy life:
" Hope is a lover's ſtaff; walk hence with that,

" And

" And manage it againſt deſpairing thoughts:
" Thy letters may be here, though thou art hence;
" Which, being writ to me, ſhall be deliver'd
" Even in the milk-white boſom of thy love.
" The time now ſerves not to expoſtulate:
Come, I'll convey thee through the city-gate;
And, ere I part with thee, confer at large
Of all that may concern thy love affairs:
As thou lov'ſt *Silvia*, though not for thyſelf,
Regard thy danger, and along with me.

Val. I pray thee, *Launce*, an if thou ſee'ſt my boy,
Bid him make haſte and meet me at the north-gate.

Pro. Go, ſirra, find him out:—Come, *Valentine*.

Val. O my dear *Silvia!* hapleſs *Valentine!*

[*Exeunt* Valentine, *and* Protheus.

Laun. I am but a fool, look you; and yet I have the wit to think, my maſter is a kind of a knave: but that's all one, if he be but one knave. He lives not now, that knows me to be in love: yet I am in love; but a team of horſe ſhall not pluck that from me: nor who 'tis I love; and yet 'tis a woman: but what woman, I will not tell myſelf; and yet 'tis a milk-maid: yet 'tis not a maid; for ſhe hath had goſſips: yet 'tis a maid; for ſhe is her maſter's maid, and ſerves for wages. She hath more qualities than a water-ſpaniel,—which is much in a bare chriſtian: here is [*pulling out a paper*] the catalog of her conditions. Imprimis, *She can fetch and carry*: Why, a horſe can do no more: nay, a horſe cannot fetch, but only carry; therefore, is ſhe better than a jade. Item, *She can milk*, look you; a ſweet virtue in a maid with clean hands.

Enter Speed.

Spe. How now, ſignior *Launce*? what news with your maſterſhip?

Laun. [a] With my maſter's ſhip? why, it is at ſea.

Spe. Well, your old vice ſtill; miſtake the word: What news then in your paper?

Laun. The blackeſt news that ever thou heard'ſt.

[a] *Launce* here again diſplays great originality, and ſpirit of humour.

Spe. Why, man, how black?

Lau. Why, as black as ink.

Spe. Let me read them.

Lau. Fie on thee, jolt-head; thou canſt not read.

Spe. Thou ly'ſt, I can.

Lau. I will try thee: Tell me this, Who begot thee?

Spe. Marry, the ſon of my grandfather.

Lau. O illiterate loiterer! it was the ſon of thy grandmother: this proves, that thou canſt not read.

Spe. Come, fool, come; try me in thy paper.

Lau. There; and ſaint *Nicholas* be thy ſpeed!

Spe. Imprimis, *She can milk.* [*reads.*

Lau. Ay, that ſhe can.

Spe. Item, *She brews good ale.*

Lau. And thereof comes the proverb,—Bleſſing o' your heart, you brew good ale.

Spe. Item, *She can ſew.*

Lau. That's as much as to ſay, Can ſhe ſo?

Spe. Item, *She can knit.*

Lau. What need a man care for a ſtock with a wench when ſhe can knit him a ſtock?

Spe. Item, *She can waſh and ſcour.*

Lau. A ſpecial virtue; for then ſhe need not to be waſh'd and ſcour'd.

Spe. Item, *She can ſpin.*

Lau. Then may I ſet the world on wheels, when ſhe can ſpin for her living.

Spe. Item, *She hath many nameleſs virtues.*

Lau. That's as much as to ſay, baſtard virtues; that, indeed, know not their fathers, and therefore have no names.

Spe. *Here follow her vices.*

Lau. Cloſe at the heels of her virtues.

Spe. Item, *She is not to be kiſs'd faſting, in reſpect of her breath.*

Lau. Well, that fault may be mended with a breakfaſt. Read on.

Spe. Item, *She hath a ſweet mouth.*

Lau. That makes amends for her ſour breath.

Spe. Item, *She doth talk in her ſleep.*

Lau. It's no matter for that, ſo ſhe ſleep not in her talk.

Spe. Item, *She is ſlow in words.*

Lau. O villain, that ſet this down among her vices! To be ſlow in words, is a woman's only virtue:—I pray thee, out with't; and place it for her chief virtue.

Spe. Item, *She is proud.*

Lau. Out with that too: it was *Eve*'s legacy, and cannot be ta'en from her.

Spe. Item, *She hath no teeth.*

Lau. I care not for that neither, becauſe I love cruſts.

Spe. Item, *She is curſt.*

Lau. Well, the beſt is, ſhe hath no teeth to bite.

Spe. Item, *She will often praiſe her liquor.*

Lau. If her liquor be good, ſhe ſhall; if ſhe will not, I will; for good things ſhould be prais'd.

Spe. Item, *She is too liberal.*

Lau. Of her tongue ſhe cannot; for that's writ down ſhe is ſlow of: of her purſe ſhe ſhall not; for that I'll keep ſhut: now, of another thing ſhe may; and that cannot I help. Well, proceed.

Spe. Item, *She hath more hair than wit, and more faults than hairs, and more wealth than faults.*

Lau. Stop there; I'll have her: ſhe was mine, and not mine, twice or thrice in that laſt article: Rehearſe that once more.

Spe. Item, *She hath more hair than wit,*—

Lau. More hair than wit,—it may be; I'll prove it: The cover of the ſalt hides the ſalt, and therefore it is more than the ſalt: the hair, that covers the wit, is more than the wit; for the greater hides the leſs. What's next?

Spe. —*and more faults than hairs,*—

Lau. That's monſtrous; O, that that were out!

Spe. —*and more wealth than faults.*

Lau. Why, that word makes the faults gracious. Well, I'll have her: And if it be a match, as nothing is impoſſible,—

Spe. What then?

Lau. Why, then will I tell thee,—that thy maſter ſtays for thee at the north gate.

Spe. For me?

Lau. For thee! ay; who art thou? he hath ſtay'd for a better man than thee.

Spe. And muſt I go to him?

Lau. Thou muſt run to him; for thou haſt ſtay'd ſo long, that going will ſcarce ſerve the turn.

Spe. Why didſt not tell me ſooner? 'pox of your love-letters! [*Exit.*

Lau. Now will he be ſwing'd for reading my letter: An unmannerly ſlave, that will thruſt himſelf into ſecrets! I'll after, to rejoice in the boy's correction*. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. *The ſame. A Room in the ſame.*

Enter Duke, *and* Thurio; Protheus *behind.*

Duke. Sir *Thurio*, fear not, but that ſhe will love you,
Now *Valentine* is baniſh'd from her ſight.

Thu. Since his exile ſhe hath deſpis'd me moſt.
Forſworn my company, and rail'd at me,
That I am deſperate of obtaining her.

Duke. This weak impreſs of love is as a figure
Trenched in ice; which, with an hour's heat,
Diſſolves to water, and doth loſe his form:
A little time will melt her frozen thoughts,
And worthleſs *Valentine* ſhall be forgot†.—
How now, Sir *Protheus*? is your countryman,
According to our proclamation, gone?

Pro. Gone, my good lord.

Duke. My daughter takes his going grievouſly.

Pro. A little time, my lord, will kill that grief.

Duke. So I believe; but *Thurio* thinks not ſo.
Protheus, the good conceit I hold of thee
(For thou haſt ſhown ſome ſign of good deſert)
Makes me the better to confer with thee.

Pro. Longer than I prove loyal to your grace,
Let me not live to look upon your grace.

Duke. Thou know'ſt, how willingly I would effect
The match between Sir *Thurio* and my daughter.

Pro. I do, my lord.

Duke. And alſo, I do think, thou art not ignorant

* This ſcene of clowniſh repartee has great quickneſs, volubility of fancy, and peculiar originality; it relieves the graver ſcenes happily.

† This idea of diſſolving obliterated affection is admirable; clear in every conception.

How

How ſhe oppoſes her againſt my will.
Pro. She did, my lord, when *Valentine* was here.
Duke. Ay, and perverſely ſhe perſeveres ſo †.
What might we do to make the girl forget
The love of *Valentine*, and love Sir *Thurio*?
Pro. The beſt way is, to ſlander *Valentine*
With falſhood, cowardice, and poor deſcent;
Three things that women highly hold in hate.
Duke. Ay, but ſhe'll think, that it is ſpoke in hate.
Pro. Ay, if his enemy deliver it:
Therefore it muſt, with circumſtance, be ſpoken
By one, whom ſhe eſteemeth as his friend.
Duke. Then you muſt undertake to ſlander him.
Pro. And that, my lord, I ſhall be loth to do:
'Tis an ill office for a gentleman;
Eſpecially, againſt his very friend.
Duke. Where your good word cannot advantage him,
Your ſlander never can endamage him;
Therefore the office is indifferent,
Being intreated to it by your friend.
Pro. You have prevail'd, my lord: if I can do it,
By ought that I can ſpeak in his diſpraiſe,
She ſhall not long continue love to him.
But ſay, this weed her love from *Valentine*,
It follows not, that ſhe will love Sir *Thurio* ‖.
Thu. Therefore, as you unwind her love from him,
Leſt it ſhould ravel, and be good to none,
You muſt provide to bottom it on me:
Which muſt be done, by praiſing me as much
As you in worth diſpraiſe Sir *Valentine*.
Duke. And, *Protheus*, we dare truſt you in this kind;
Becauſe we know, on *Valentine*'s report,
You are already love's firm votary,
And cannot ſoon revolt and change your mind.
Upon this warrant, ſhall you have acceſs,

† Here is another adulteration of pronunciation, the ſecond ſyllable accented for the third.

‖ There is the moſt raſcally predeterminate undermining, that we have met with; no degree of generous love, however intereſted, could deſcend thereunto; a noble paſſion can never beget a vile one, though it may exceed prudent bounds.

Where

Where you with *Silvia* may confer at large;
For ſhe is lumpiſh, heavy, melancholy,
And, for your friend's ſake, will be glad of you:
Where you may temper her by your perſuaſion,
To hate young *Valentine*, and love my friend.
Pro. As much as I can do, I will effect:—
But you, Sir *Thurio*, are not ſharp enough;
You muſt lay lime, to tangle her deſires,
By wailful ſonnets, whoſe compoſed rimes
Should be full fraught with ſerviceable vows.
Duke. Ay, Much is the force of heaven-bred poeſy.
Pro. Say, that upon the altar of her beauty
You ſacrifice your tears, your ſighs, your heart:
Write 'till your ink be dry, and with your tears
Moiſt it again; and frame ſome feeling line,
That may diſcover ſuch integrity:
For *Orpheus'* lute was ſtrung with poet's ſinews;
Whoſe golden touch could ſoften ſteel and ſtones,
Make tigers tame, and huge leviathans
Forſake unſounded deeps to dance on ſands.
After your dire-lamenting elegies,
Viſit by night your lady's chamber-window
With ſome ſweet concert: to their inſtruments
Tune a deploring dump; the night's dead ſilence
Will well become ſuch ſweet-complaining grievance.
This, or elſe nothing, will inherit her †.
Duke. This diſcipline ſhows thou haſt been in love.
Thu. And thy advice this night I'll put in practice:
Therefore, ſweet *Protheus*, my direction-giver,
Let us into the city preſently,
To ſort ſome gentlemen well ſkill'd in muſick:
I have a ſonnet, that will ſerve the turn,
To give the onſet to thy good advice.
Duke. About it, gentlemen.
Pro. We'll wait upon your grace, 'till after ſupper;
And afterward determine our proceedings.
Duke. Even now about it; I will pardon you. [*Exeunt.*

† This obſequious deſcription is highly natural, the preſcriptions in it admirably adapted: this appears to us alſo a reſpectable act; and very well appropriated to the ſtage.

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *The frontiers of* Mantua. *A Foreſt.*

Enter certain Out-laws.

1. OUTLAW.

FEllows, ſtand faſt; I ſee a paſſenger.

2. *O.* If there be ten, ſhrink not, but down with 'em.

Enter Valentine, *and* Speed.

3. *O.* Stand, ſir, and throw us that you have about you; If not, we'll make you ſit, and rifle you.

Spe. O, ſir, we are undone! theſe are the villains That all the travellers do fear ſo much.

Val. My friends,—

1. *O.* That's not ſo, ſir; we are your enemies.

2. *O.* Peace, peace; we'll hear him.

3. *O.* Ay, by my beard, will we; For he's a proper man.

Val. Then know, that I have little wealth to loſe; A man I am, croſs'd with adverſity: My riches are theſe poor habiliments; Of which if you ſhould here diſfurniſh me, You take the ſum and ſubſtance that I have.

2. *O.* Whither travel you?

Val. To *Verona.*

1. *O.* And whence came you?

Val. From *Milan.*

3. *O.* Have you long ſojourned there?

Val. Some ſixteen months; and longer might have ſtay'd, If crooked fortune had not thwarted me.

1. *O.* What, were you baniſh'd thence?

Val. I was.

2. *O.* For what offence?

Val. For that which now torments me to rehearſe: I kill'd a man, whoſe death I much repent, But yet I ſlew him manfully in fight, Without falſe vantage, or baſe treachery.

1. *O.* Why, ne'er repent it, if it were done ſo: But were you baniſh'd for ſo ſmall a fault?

Val. I was, and held me glad of ſuch a doom.

2. *O.* Have you the tongues?
Val. My youthful travel therein made me happy;
Or else I often had been miserable.
3. *O.* By the bare scalp of *Robin Hood*'s fat friar*,
This fellow were a king for our wild faction.
1. *O.* We'll have him: Sirs, a word. [*talk apart.*
Spe. Master, be one of them;
It is an honourable kind of thievery.
Val. Peace, villain.
2. *O.* Tell us this, Have you any thing to take to?
Val. Nothing, but my fortune.
3. *O.* Know then, that some of us are gentlemen,
Such as the fury of ungovern'd youth
Thrust from the company of awful men:
Myself was from *Verona* banished,
For practising to steal away a lady,
An heir, and near ally'd unto the duke †.
2. *O.* And I from *Mantua*, for a gentleman
Who, in my mood, I stab'd unto the heart.
1. *O.* And I, for such like petty crimes as these.
But to the purpose,—(for we cite our faults,
That they may hold excus'd our lawless lives)
And, partly, seeing you are beautify'd
With goodly shape; and, by your own report,
A linguist; and a man of such perfection,
As we do in our quality much want;—
2. *O.* Indeed, because you are a banish'd man,
Therefore, above the rest, we parly to you:
Are you content to be our general;
To make a virtue of necessity,
And live, as we do, in this wilderness?
3. *O.* What say'st thou? wilt thou be of our consort?
Say, ay, and be the captain of us all:
We'll do thee homage, and be rul'd by thee,
Love thee as our commander, and our king.

* *Shakespeare* never forgot *English* references, else why *Robin Hood* and his friar at *Verona*? unless we suppose the story of that notable and famous robber to have been read, or related in *Verona*.

† It is remarkable that from *Shakespeare*'s days to these, every culprit has made palliative circumstances his plea; however absurd, and contrary to justice.

1. *O.* But, if thou ſcorn our courteſy, thou dy'ſt.
2. *O.* Thou ſhalt not live to brag what we have offer'd.
Val. I take your offer, and will live with you;
Provided, that you do no outrages
On ſilly women, or poor paſſengers.
3. *O.* No, we deteſt ſuch vile baſe practices.
Come, go with us, we'll bring thee to our crews,
And ſhow thee all the treaſure we have got;
Which, with ourſelves, all reſt at thy diſpoſe. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. Milan. *Court of the Palace.*

Enter Protheus.

Pro. Already I have been falſe to *Valentine**,
And now I muſt be as unjuſt to *Thurio*.
Under the colour of commending him,
I have acceſs my own love to prefer;
But *Silvia* is too fair, too true, too holy,
To be corrupted with my worthleſs gifts:
When I proteſt true loyalty to her,
She twits me with my falſhood to my friend;
When to her beauty I commend my vows,
She bids me think, how I have been forſworn
In breaking faith with *Julia* whom I lov'd:
And, notwithſtanding all her ſudden quips,
(The leaſt whereof would quell a lover's hope)
Yet, ſpaniel-like, the more ſhe ſpurns my love,
The more it grows, and fawneth on her ſtill.
But here comes *Thurio:* now muſt we to her window,
And give ſome evening muſick to her ear.

Enter Thurio, *and Muſicians.*

Thu. How now, Sir *Protheus?* are you crept before us?
Pro. Ay, gentle *Thurio*; for, you know, that love
Will creep in ſervice where it cannot go.
Thu. Ay, but, I hope, ſir, that you love not here.
Pro. Sir, but I do; or elſe I would be hence.
Thu. Who? *Silvia?*

* This *Protheus* is to all appearance as confirmed a ſcoundrel as *Iago*, though not ſo deep, and with leſs reaſon; for the latter urges jealouſy of his wife; the former wants at any rate to get any woman he happens to like.

Pro. Ay, *Silvia*,—for your ſake.

Thu. I thank you, for your own.—Now, gentlemen, Let's tune, and to it luſtily a while.

Enter Hoſt, *at a diſtance*; *with* Julia, *apparel'd like a Boy.*

Hoſt. Now, my young gueſt! methinks, you're allicholly; I pray you, why is it?

Jul. Marry, mine hoſt, becauſe I cannot be merry.

Hoſt. Come, we'll have you merry: I'll bring you where you ſhall hear muſick, and ſee the gentleman that you aſk'd for.

Jul. But ſhall I hear him ſpeak?

Hoſt. Ay, that you ſhall.

Jul. That will be muſick.

Hoſt. Hark, hark! [*Muſick plays.*

Jul. Is he among theſe?

Hoſt. Ay: but peace: let's hear 'em.

SONG.

Who is Silvia? *what is ſhe,*
That all our ſwains commend her?
Holy, fair, and wiſe is ſhe;
The heaven ſuch grace did lend her,
That ſhe might admired be.

II.

Is ſhe kind, as ſhe is fair?
For beauty lives with kindneſs:
Love doth to her eyes repair,
To help him of his blindneſs;
And, being help'd, inhabits there.

III.

Then to Silvia *let us ſing,*
That Silvia *is excelling;*
She excels each mortal thing,
Upon the dull earth dwelling:
To her let us garlands bring *

Hoſt. How now? are you ſadder than you were before? How do you, man? the muſick likes you not.

* This, like moſt other ſongs of our author, has more meaning than moſt muſical compoſitions have.

Jul. You miſtake; the muſician likes me not.

Hoſt. Why, my pretty youth?

Jul. He plays falſe, father.

" *Hoſt.* How? out of tune on the ſtrings?

" *Jul.* Not ſo; but yet ſo falſe, that he grieves my " very heart-ſtrings.

" *Hoſt.* You have a quick ear.

" *Jul.* Ay, I would I were deaf; it makes me have a " ſlow heart.

" *Hoſt.* I perceive, you delight not in muſick.

" *Jul.* Not a whit, when it jars ſo.

" *Hoſt.* Hark, what fine change is in the muſick!

" *Jul.* Ay; that change is the ſpight.

" *Hoſt.* You would have them always play but one " thing.

Jul. I would always have one play but one thing. But, hoſt, doth this Sir *Protheus*, that we talk on, often reſort unto this gentlewoman?

Hoſt. I tell you what *Launce* his man told me, he lov'd her out of all nick.

Jul. Where is *Launce?*

Hoſt. Gone to ſeek his dog; which, to-morrow, by his maſter's command, he muſt carry for a preſent to his lady. [*Muſick ceaſes.*

Jul. Peace! ſtand aſide, the company parts.

Pro. Sir *Thurio*, fear not you; I will ſo plead,
That you ſhall ſay, my cunning drift excels.

Thu. Where meet we?

Pro. At ſaint *Gregory's* well.

Thu. Farewel. [*Exeunt* Thurio, *and muſick.*

Silvia *appears above, at her Window.*

Pro. Madam, good even to your ladyſhip!

Sil. I thank you for your muſick, gentlemen:
Who is that, that ſpake?

Pro. One, lady, if you knew his pure heart's truth,
You'd quickly learn to know him by his voice.

Sil. Sir *Protheus*, as I take it.

Pro. Sir *Protheus*, gentle lady, and your ſervant.

Sil. What is your will?

Pro. That I may compaſs yours.

Sil. You have your wiſh; my will is even this,—
That preſently you hie you home to bed.
Thou ſubtle, perjur'd, falſe, diſloyal man!
Think'ſt thou, I am ſo ſhallow, ſo conceitleſs,
To be ſeduced by thy flattery,
That haſt deceiv'd ſo many with thy vows?
Return, return, and make thy love amends:
For me, (by this pale queen of night I ſwear)
I am ſo far from granting thy requeſt,
That I deſpiſe thee for thy wrongful ſuit;
And by and by intend to chide myſelf,
Even for this time I ſpend in talking to thee*.

Pro. I grant, ſweet love, that I did love a lady;
But ſhe is dead.

Jul. [*Aſide*] 'Twere falſe, if I ſhould ſpeak it;
For, I am ſure, ſhe is not buried.

Sil. Say, that ſhe be; yet *Valentine*, thy friend,
Survives; to whom, thyſelf art witneſs,
I am betroth'd; and art thou not aſham'd
To wrong him with thy importúnacy?

Pro. I likewiſe hear, that *Valentine* is dead.

Sil. And ſo, ſuppoſe, am I; for in his grave,
Aſſure thyſelf, my love is buried.

Pro. Sweet lady, let me rake it from the earth.

Sil. Go to thy lady's grave, and call her's thence;
Or, at the leaſt, in her's ſepúlcher thine.

Jul. [*Aſide*] He heard not that.

Pro. Madam, if that your heart be ſo obdurate,
Vouchſafe me yet your picture for my love,
The picture that is hanging in your chamber;
To that I'll ſpeak, to that I'll ſigh, and weep:
For, ſince the ſubſtance of your perfect ſelf
Is elſe devoted, I am but a ſhadow;
And to your ſhadow will I make true love.

Jul. [*Aſide*] If 'twere a ſubſtance, you would ſure deceive it,
And make it but a ſhadow, as I am.

Sil. I am very loth to be your idol, ſir:
But, ſince your falſhood ſhall become you well
To worſhip ſhadows, and adore falſe ſhapes,

* This is a fine ſenſible fanciful rebuff to *Proteus*.

Send

Send to me in the morning, and I'll ſend it:
And ſo, good reſt.
Pro. As wretches have o'er night,
That wait for execution in the morn.
[*Exeunt* Protheus; *and* Silvia, *from above.*
Jul. Hoſt, will you go?
Hoſt. By my halydom, I was faſt aſleep.
Jul. Pray you, where lies Sir *Protheus?*
Hoſt. Marry, at my houſe: Truſt me, I think 'tis almoſt day.
Jul. Not ſo: but it hath been the longeſt night
That e'er I watch'd, and the moſt heavieſt. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The ſame.*

Enter Eglamour.

Egl. This is the hour that madam *Silvia*
Entreated me to call, and know her mind;
There's ſome great matter ſhe'd employ me in.—
Madam!

Enter Silvia, *above.*

Sil. Who calls?
Egl. Your ſervant, and your friend;
One that attends your ladyſhip's commands.
Sil. Sir *Eglamour!* a thouſand times good morrow.
Egl. As many, worthy lady, to yourſelf.
According to your ladyſhip's impoſe,
I am thus early come; to know what ſervice
It is your pleaſure to command me in.
Sil. O *Eglamour*, thou art a gentleman
(Think not, I flatter; for, I ſwear, I do not)
Valiant, and wiſe, remorſeful, well accompliſh'd.
Thou art not ignorant, what dear good will
I bear unto the baniſh'd *Valentine*;
Nor how my father would enforce me marry
Vain *Thurio*, whom my very ſoul abhors:
Thyſelf haſt lov'd; and I have heard thee ſay,
No grief did ever come ſo near thy heart,
As when thy lady and thy true-love dy'd,
Upon whoſe grave thou vow'dſt pure chaſtity:
Sir *Eglamour*, I would to *Valentine*,

To *Mantua*, where, I hear, he makes abode;
And, for the ways are dangerous to paſs,
I do deſire thy worthy company,
Upon whoſe faith and honour I repoſe.
Urge not my father's anger, *Eglamour*,
But think upon my grief, a lady's grief;
And on the juſtice of my flying hence,
To keep me from a moſt unholy match,
Which heaven, and fortune, ſtill rewards with plagues.
I do deſire thee, even from a heart
As full of ſorrows as the ſea of ſands,
To bear me company and go with me:
If not, to hide what I have ſaid to thee,
That I may venture to depart alone *.

Egl. Madam, I pity much your grievances;
Which ſince I know they virtuouſly are plac'd,
I give conſent to go along with you;
Wreaking as little what betideth me,
As much I wiſh all good befortune you.
When will you go?

Sil. This evening coming on.

Egl. Where ſhall I meet you?

Sil. At friar *Patrick*'s cell,
Where I intend holy confeſſion.

Egl. I will not fail your ladyſhip.
Good morrow, gentle lady.

Sil. Good morrow, kind Sir *Eglamour*. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *The ſame.* Silvia's *Anti-chamber.*

Enter Launce, *with his Dog.*

Lau. When a man's ſervant ſhall play the cur with him, look you, it goes hard; one that I brought up of a puppy; one that I ſav'd from drowning, when three or four of his blind brothers and ſiſters went to it: I have taught him—even as one would ſay preciſely, Thus I would teach a dog. I was ſent to deliver him, as a preſent to miſtreſs *Silvia*, from my maſter; and I came no ſooner into the dining-chamber, but he ſteps me to

* The reaſoning in this ſpeech, however dictated by the zeal of paſſion, is ſenſible and very feeling.

her

her trencher, and ſteals her capon's leg. O, 'tis a foul thing, when a cur cannot keep himſelf in all companies! "I would have, as one ſhould ſay, one that takes upon "him to be a dog indeed, to be, as it were, a dog at "all things. If I had not had more wit than he, to "take a fault upon me that he did, I think verily he "had been hang'd for't; ſure as I live, he had ſuffer'd "for't: you ſhall judge: He thruſts me himſelf into the "company of three or four gentleman-like dogs, under "the duke's table; he had not been there (bleſs the "mark!) a piſſing while, but all the chamber ſmelt "him: *Out with the dog*, ſays one; *What cur is that?* "ſays another; *Whip him out*, ſays the third; *Hang "him up*, ſays the duke: I, having been acquainted "with the ſmell before, knew it was *Crab*; and goes "me to the fellow that whips the dogs, *Friend*, quoth "I, *you mean to whip the dog? Ay, marry, do I*, quoth "he: *You do him the more wrong*, quoth I; *'twas I did "the thing you wot of:* he makes me no more ado, but "whips me out of the chamber: How many maſters "would do this for his ſervant? nay, I'll be ſworn, I "have ſat in the ſtocks for puddings he hath ſtoln, "otherwiſe he had been executed; I have ſtood on the "pillory for geeſe he hath kill'd, otherwiſe he had "ſuffer'd for't:"—thou think'ſt not of this now: Nay, I remember the trick you ſerv'd me, when I took my leave of madam *Julia*; Did not I bid thee ſtill mark me, and do as I do? "* when didſt thou ſee me heave up my "leg, and make water againſt a gentlewoman's farthin-"gale? didſt thou ever ſee me do ſuch a trick†?

Enter Protheus, *and* Julia.

Pro. Sebaſtian is thy name? I like thee well,
And will employ thee in ſome ſervice preſently.
Jul. In what you pleaſe; I'll do, ſir, what I can.

* Notwithſtanding this ſoliloquy has peculiar characteriſtic oddity and humour, it is much too long; we have therefore pointed out the paſſages to be ſpared.

† There is great indecency contained in *Launce*'s concluſive ſentiment.

Pro. I hope, thou wilt.—How now, you whorſon peaſant?
Where have you been theſe two days loitering?

Lau. Marry, ſir, I carry'd miſtreſs *Silvia* the dog you bad me.

Pro. And what ſays ſhe to my little jewel?

Lau. Marry, ſhe ſays, your dog was a cur; and tells you, curriſh thanks is good enough for ſuch a preſent.

Pro. But ſhe receiv'd my dog?

Lau. No, indeed, did ſhe not; here have I brought him back again.

Pro. What, didſt thou offer her this from me?

Lau. Ay, ſir; the other ſquirrel was ſtoln from me by the hangman's boy in the market-place: and then I offer'd her mine own; who is a dog as big as ten of yours, and therefore the gift the greater.

Pro. Go, get thee hence, and find my dog again,
Or ne'er return again into my ſight.
Away, I ſay; ſtay'ſt thou to vex me here?—
[*Exit* Launce.
A ſlave, that, ſtill an end, turns me to ſhame.—
Sebaſtian, I have entertained thee,
Partly, that I have need of ſuch a youth,
That can with ſome diſcretion do my buſineſs,
For 'tis no truſting to yon' fooliſh lowt;
But, chiefly, for thy face, and thy behaviour,
Which (if my augury deceive me not)
Witneſs good bringing up, fortune, and truth:
Therefore, know thou, for this I entertain thee.
Go preſently, and take this ring with thee,
Deliver it to madam *Silvia*:
She lov'd me well, deliver'd it to me.

Jul It ſeems, you lov'd not her, to leave her token:
She is dead, belike?

Pro. Not ſo; I think, ſhe lives.

Jul. Alas!

Pro. Why doſt thou cry, alas?

Jul. I cannot chooſe
But pity her.

Pro. Wherefore ſhould'ſt thou pity her?

Jul. Becauſe, methinks, that ſhe lov'd you as well

As

As you do love your lady *Silvia*:
She dreams on him, that has forgot her love;
You doat on her, that cares not for your love:
'Tis pity, love ſhould be ſo contrary;
And thinking on it makes me cry, alas!

Pro. Well, give her that ring, and give her therewithal
This letter; that's her chamber: Tell my lady,
I claim the promiſe for her heavenly picture:
Your meſſage done, hie home unto my chamber,
Were thou ſhalt find me ſad and ſolitary.

[*Exit* Protheus.

Jul. How many women would do ſuch a meſſage?
Alas, poor *Protheus!* thou haſt entertain'd
A fox, to be the ſhepherd of thy lambs:
Alas, poor fool! why do I pity him
That with his very heart deſpiſeth me?
Becauſe he loves her, he deſpiſeth me;
Becauſe I love him, I muſt pity him.
This ring I gave him, when he parted from me,
To bind him to remember my good will:
And now am I (unhappy meſſenger)
To plead for that, which I would not obtain;
To carry that, which I would have refus'd;
To praiſe his faith, which I would have diſprais'd.
I am my maſter's true confirmed love;
But cannot be true ſervant to my maſter,
Unleſs I prove falſe traitor to myſelf:
Yet will I woo for him; but yet ſo coldly,
As, heaven it knows, I would not have him ſpeed *.

Enter Silvia.

Gentlewoman, good day! I pray you, be my mean
To bring me where to ſpeak with madam *Silvia*.

Sil. What would you with her, if that I be ſhe?

Jul. If you be ſhe, I do intreat your patience
To hear me ſpeak the meſſage I am ſent on.

Sil. From whom?

Jul. My maſter; from Sir *Protheus*, madam.

* *Julia* under diſguiſe pleading for her rival to her own admired ſwain, is a repetition of ſeveral devices in paſſages paſt.

Sil. O, he ſends you for a picture; does he not?
Jul. Ay, madam.
Sil. Urſula, bring my picture there.—[*Picture brought.*
Go, give your maſter this: tell him from me,
One *Julia*, that his changing thoughts forget,
Would better fit his chamber than this ſhadow.
Jul. Madam, wilt pleaſe you to peruſe this letter?—
Pardon me, madam: I have, unadvis'd,
Deliver'd you a paper that I ſhould not;
This is the letter to your ladyſhip.
Sil. I pray thee, let me look on that again.
Jul. It may not be; good madam, pardon me.
Sil. There, hold. [*giving back the firſt Letter.*
I will not look upon your maſter's lines:
I know, they are ſtuff'd with proteſtations,
And full of new-found oaths; which he will break,
As eaſily as I do tear his paper.
Jul. Madam, he ſends your ladyſhip this ring.
Sil. The more ſhame for him, that he ſends it me;
For I have heard him ſay a thouſand times,
His *Julia* gave it him at his departure:
Though his falſe finger have prophan'd the ring,
Mine ſhall not do his *Julia* ſo much wrong.
Jul. She thanks you.
Sil. What ſay'ſt thou?
Jul. I thank you, madam, that you tender her:
Poor gentlewoman! my maſter wrongs her much.
Sil. Doſt thou know her?
Jul. Almoſt as well as I do know myſelf:
To think upon her woes, I do proteſt,
That I have wept a hundred ſeveral times.
Sil. Belike, ſhe thinks that *Proteus* hath forſook her.
Jul. I think, ſhe doth; and that's her cauſe of ſorrow.
Sil. Is ſhe not paſſing fair?
Jul. She hath been fairer, madam, than ſhe is:
When ſhe did think my maſter lov'd her well,
She, in my judgment, was as fair as you;
But ſince ſhe did neglect her looking-glaſs,
And threw her ſun-expelling maſque away,
The air hath ſtarv'd the roſes in her cheeks *,

* This is exceedingly fanciful, beautiful, and applicable,

And pinch'd the lilly tincture of her face,
That now ſhe is become as black as I.
" *Sil.* How tall was ſhe?
" *Jul.* About my ſtature: for, at pentecoſt,
" When all our pageants of delight were play'd,
" Our youth got me to play the woman's part,
" And I was trim'd in madam *Julia*'s gown;
" Which ſerved me as fit, by all men's judgment,
" As if the garment had been made for me:
" Therefore, I know ſhe is about my height.
" And, at that time, I made her weep a-good;
" For I did play a lamentable part:
" Madam, 'twas *Ariadne*, paſſioning
" For *Theſeus*' perjury, and unjuſt flight:
" Which I ſo lively acted with my tears,
" That my poor miſtreſs, moved therewithal,
" Wept bitterly; and, 'would I might be dead,
" If I in thought felt not her very ſorrow.
Sil. She is beholding to thee, gentle youth:—
Alas, poor lady! deſolate and left!
I weep myſelf, to think upon thy words.
Here, youth, there is my purſe; I give thee this
For thy ſweet miſtreſs' ſake, becauſe thou lov'ſt her.
Farewel. [*Exit* Silvia.
Jul. And ſhe ſhall thank you for't, if e'er you know
A virtuous gentlewoman, mild, and beautiful: [her.—
I hope, my maſter's ſuit will be but cold,
Since ſhe reſpects my miſtreſs' love ſo much.
Alas, how love can trifle with itſelf!
Here is her picture: Let me ſee; I think,
If I had ſuch a tyre, this face of mine
Were full as lovely as is this of hers:
And yet the painter flatter'd her a little,
Unleſs I flatter with myſelf too much.
Her hair is auburn, mine is perfect yellow;
If that be all the difference in his love,
I'll get me ſuch a colour'd periwig †:

† This prognoſtication of periwigs for female heads, ſeems to predict the monſtrous unnatural accumulation of hair at this day. There is perhaps greater uniformity in theſe four acts than we commonly meet with.

Her eyes are grey as glaſs; and ſo are mine:
Ay, but her forehead's low; and mine's as high:
What ſhould it be, that he reſpects in her,
But I can make reſpective in myſelf,
If this fond love were not a blinded god?
Come, ſhadow, come, and take this ſhadow up,
For 'tis thy rival: O thou ſenſeleſs form,
Thou ſhalt be worſhip'd, kiſs'd, lov'd, and ador'd;
And, were there ſenſe in his idolatry,
My ſubſtance ſhould be ſtatue in thy ſtead.
I'll uſe thee kindly for thy miſtreſs' ſake,
That us'd me ſo; or elſe, by *Jove* I vow,
I ſhould have ſcratch'd out your unſeeing eyes,
To make my maſter out of love with thee. [*Exit.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. *The ſame. An Abbey.*

Enter Eglamour.

EGLAMOUR.

THE ſun begins to gild the weſtern ſky;
And now it is about the very hour,
That *Silvia*, at friar *Patrick*'s cell, ſhould meet me:
She will not fail; for lovers break not hours,
Unleſs it be to come before their time;
So much they ſpur their expedition.

Enter Silvia.

See, where ſhe comes:—Lady, a happy evening!

Sil. Amen, amen! go on, good *Eglamour*,
Out at the poſtern by the abbey wall;
I fear, I am attended by ſome ſpies.

Egl. Fear not: the foreſt is not three leagues off;
If we recover that, we're ſure enough. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The ſame. A Room in the Palace.*

Enter Thurio, Protheus, *and* Julia.

Thu. Sir *Protheus*, what ſays *Silvia* to my ſuit?
Pro. O, ſir, I find her milder than ſhe was;
But yet ſhe takes exceptions at your perſon.
" *Thu.* What, that my leg's too long?
" *Pro.* No; that it is too little.
" *Thu.* I'll wear a boot, to make it ſomewhat rounder.
" *Pro.* But love will not be ſpur'd to what it loaths.
" *Thu.* What ſays ſhe to my face?
" *Pro.* She ſays, it is a fair one.
" *Thu.* Nay, then the wanton lies; my face is black.
" *Pro.* But pearls are fair; and the old ſaying is,
" Black men are pearls in beauteous ladies' eyes.
" *Jul.* 'Tis true, ſuch pearls as put out ladies' eyes;
" For I had rather wink, than look on them. [*Aſide.*
" *Thu.* How likes ſhe my diſcourſe?
" *Pro.* Ill, when you talk of war.
" *Thu.* But well, when I diſcourſe of love, and peace?
" *Jul.* But better, indeed, when you do hold your
" peace.
" *Thu.* What ſays ſhe to my valour?
" *Pro.* O, ſir, ſhe makes
" No doubt of that.
" *Jul.* She needs not, when ſhe knows it cowardice.
Thu. What ſays ſhe to my birth?
Pro. That you are well deriv'd.
Jul. True; from a gentleman, to a fool.
Thu. Conſiders ſhe my poſſeſſions?
Pro. O, ay; and pities them.
Thu. Wherefore?
Jul. That ſuch an aſs ſhould owe them.
Pro. That they are out by leaſe.
Jul. Here comes the duke.

Enter Duke.

Duke. How now, Sir *Protheus*? how now, *Thurio*?
Which of you ſaw Sir *Eglamour* of late?
Thu. Not I.
Pro. Nor I.

Duke. Saw you my daughter?
Pro. Neither.
Duke. Why, then ſhe's fled unto the peaſant *Valentine*;
And *Eglamour* is in her company.
" 'Tis true; for friar *Laurence* met them both,
" As he in penance wander'd through the foreſt:
" Him he knew well; and gueſs'd, that it was ſhe;
" But, being maſk'd, he was not ſure of it:
" Beſides, ſhe did intend confeſſion
" At *Patrick's* cell this even; and there ſhe was not:
" Theſe likelihoods confirm her flight from hence.
" Therefore, I pray you, ſtand not to diſcourſe,
" But mount you preſently; and" meet with me
Upon the riſing of the mountain foot
That leads toward *Mantua*, whither they are fled:
Diſpatch, ſweet gentlemen, and follow me. [*Exit.*
Thu. Why, this it is to be a peeviſh girl,
That flies her fortune when it follows her:
I'll after; more to be reveng'd on *Eglamour*,
Than for the love of reckleſs *Silvia*. [*Exit.*
Pro. And I will follow, more for *Silvia's* love,
Than hate of *Eglamour* that goes with her. [*Exit.*
Jul. And I will follow, more to croſs that love,
Than hate for *Silvia* that is gone for love. [*Exit.*

SCENE III. *Frontiers of* Mantua. *The Foreſt.*

Shouts. *Enter* Out-laws, *with* Silvia †.

1. *O.* Come, come;
Be patient, we muſt bring you to our captain.
Sil. A thouſand more miſchances than this one
Have learn'd me how to brook this patiently.
2. *O.* Come, bring her away.
1. *O.* Where is the gentleman that was with her?
3. *O.* Being nimble-footed, he hath out-run us;
But *Moſes*, and *Valerius*, follow him.
Go thou with her to the weſt end of the wood,
There is our captain: we'll follow him that's fled;
The thicket is beſet, he cannot 'ſcape. [*Exeunt.*
1. *O.* Come, I muſt bring you to our captain's cave:

† This ſituation intereſts much and properly for *Silvia's* ſafety.

Fear not; he bears an honourable mind,
And will not uſe a woman lawleſly.
Sil. O *Valentine*, this I endure for thee! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *The ſame. Another part of it.*

Enter Valentine.

Val. How uſe doth breed a habit in a man!
This ſhadowy deſert, unfrequented woods,
I better brook than flouriſhing peopl'd towns:
Here can I ſit alone, unſeen of any,
And, to the nightingale's complaining notes,
Tune my diſtreſſes, and record my woes.
O thou that doſt inhabit in my breaſt,
Leave not the manſion ſo long tenantleſs;
Leſt, growing ruinous, the building fall,
And leave no memory of what it was!
Repair me with thy preſence, *Silvia*;
Thou gentle nymph, cheriſh thy forlorn ſwain!
What hallo'ing, and what ſtir, is this to-day?
Theſe are my mates, that make their wills their law,
Have ſome unhappy paſſenger in chace:
They love me well; yet I have much to do,
To keep them from uncivil outrages.
Withdraw thee, *Valentine*; who's this comes here?

Enter Protheus, Silvia, *and* Julia.

Pro. Madam, this ſervice I have done for you,
" (Though you reſpect not ought your ſervant doth)
To hazard life, and reſcue you from him,
That would have forc'd your honour, and your love:
Vouchſafe me, for my meed, but one fair look;
A ſmaller boon than this I cannot beg,
And leſs than this, I am ſure, you cannot give.
Val. How like a dream is this, I ſee, and hear!
Love, lend me patience to forbear a while. [*Aſide.*
Sil. O miſerable, unhappy, that I am!
Pro. Unhappy were you, madam, ere I came;
But, by my coming, I have made you happy.
Sil. By thy approach thou mak'ſt me moſt unhappy.
Jul. And me, when he approacheth to your preſence. [*Aſide.*

Sil. Had I been ſeized by a hungry lion,
I would have been a breakfaſt to the beaſt,
Rather than have falſe *Protheus* reſcue me.
O, heaven be judge, how I love *Valentine*,
Whoſe life's as tender to me as my ſoul;
And full as much (for more there cannot be)
I do deteſt falſe perjur'd *Protheus*:
Therefore be gone, ſolicit me no more †.

Pro. What dangerous action, ſtood it next to death,
Would I not undergo for one calm look?
O, 'tis the curſe in love, and ſtill approv'd,
When women cannot love where they're belov'd ‡!

Sil. When *Protheus* cannot love where he's belov'd:
Read over *Julia*'s heart, thy firſt beſt love,
For whoſe dear ſake thou didſt then rend thy faith
Into a thouſand oaths; and all thoſe oaths
Deſcended into perjury, to love me.
Thou haſt no faith left now, unleſs thou'dſt two,
And that's far worſe than none; better have none
Than plural faith, which is too much by one:
Thou counterfeit to thy true friend!

Pro. In love,
Who reſpects friend?

Sil. All men but *Protheus*.

Pro. Nay, if the gentle ſpirit of moving words
Can no way change you to a milder form,
I'll woo you like a ſoldier, at arm's end;
And love you 'gainſt the nature of love; force you.

Sil. O heaven!

Pro. I'll force thee yield to my deſire.

Val. Ruffian, let go that rude uncivil touch;
Thou friend of an ill faſhion.

Pro. *Valentine!*

Val. Thou common friend, that's without faith, or love;
(For ſuch is a friend now) treacherous man,

† This is an exceeding juſt and ſpirited rebuff to the infamy of *Protheus*.

‡ This is a juſt remark, though it had been more forceable in any but a diſtinguiſhed deceptive and very bad character,

Thou haſt beguil'd my hopes; nought but mine eye
Could have perſuaded me: Now I dare not ſay,
I have one friend alive; thou would'ſt diſprove me:
Who ſhould be truſted now, when one's right hand
Is perjur'd to the boſom? *Protheus*,
I am ſorry, I muſt never truſt thee more,
But count the world a ſtranger for thy ſake.
The private wound is deepeſt: O time accurſt!
'Mongſt all foes, that a friend ſhould be the worſt*!

Pro. My ſhame, and guilt, confounds me.—
Forgive me, *Valentine*: if hearty ſorrow
Be a ſufficient ranſom for offence,
I tender't here; I do as truly ſuffer,
As e'er I did commit†.

Val. Then I am pay'd;
And once again I do receive thee honeſt:—
Who by repentance is not ſatisfy'd,
Is nor of heaven, nor earth; for theſe are pleas'd;
By penitence th' Eternal's wrath's appeas'd:—
And, that my love may appear plain and free,
All, that was mine in *Silvia*, I give thee.

Jul. O me unhappy! [*faints.*

Pro. Look to the boy.

Val. Why, boy! why, wag! how now? what is the matter?
Look up; ſpeak.

Jul. O good ſir, my maſter charg'd me
To deliver a ring to madam *Silvia*;
Which, out of my neglect, was never done.

Pro. Where is that ring, boy?

Jul. Here 'tis; this is it.

Pro. How! let me ſee:
Why, this is the ring I gave to *Julia*.

Jul. O, cry you mercy, ſir, I have miſtook:
This is the ring you ſent to *Silvia*.

* The reproaches againſt deceptive friendſhip, are very juſt and inſtructive.

† This appears a conceſſion rather too eaſily wrought for ſo deep a dye of guilt.

Pro. But, how cam'ſt thou by this ring? at my depart,
I gave this unto *Julia*.
Jul. And *Julia* herſelf did give it me;
And *Julia* herſelf hath brought it hither.
Pro. How! *Julia?*
Jul. Behold her that gave aim to all thy oaths,
And entertain'd them deeply in her heart:
How oft haſt thou with perjury cleft the root?
O *Proteus*, let this habit make thee bluſh;
Be thou aſham'd, that I have took upon me
Such an immodeſt raiment; if ſhame live
In a diſguiſe of love:
It is the leſſer blot, modeſty finds,
Women to change their ſhapes, than men their minds.
Pro. Than men their minds! 'tis true: O heaven! were man
But conſtant, he were perfect: that one error
Fills him with faults; makes him run through all ſins:
Inconſtancy falls off, ere it begins:
What is in *Silvia*'s face, but I may ſpy
More freſh in *Julia*'s, with a conſtant eye?
Val. Come, come, a hand from either:
Let me be bleſt to make this happy cloſe;
'Twere pity, two ſuch friends ſhould be long foes.
Jul. Bear witneſs, heaven, I have my wiſh for ever.
Pro. And I mine. [*embracing* *.

Shouts; *and enter* Outlaws, *with* Duke, *and* Thurio.

Out. A prize, a prize, a prize!
Val. Forbear, I ſay; it is my lord the duke:—
Your grace is welcome to a man diſgrac'd,
The baniſh'd *Valentine*.
Duke. Sir *Valentine!*
Thu. Yonder is *Silvia*; and *Silvia*'s mine.
Val. Thurio, give back, or elſe embrace thy death;
Come not within the meaſure of my wrath:
Do not name *Silvia* thine; if once again,

* This reconciliation is amiable, and very well calculated to bring on the cataſtrophe.

Milan

Milan ſhall not behold thee: Here ſhe ſtands,
Take but poſſeſſion of her with a touch;
I dare thee but to breathe upon my love.

Thu. Sir *Valentine*, I care not for her, I:
I hold him but a fool, that will endanger
His body for a girl that loves him not:
I claim her not, and therefore ſhe is thine.

Duke. The more degenerate and baſe art thou,
To make ſuch means for her as thou haſt done,
And leave her on ſuch ſlight conditions.—
Now, by the honour of my anceſtry,
I do applaud thy ſpirit, *Valentine*,
And think thee worthy of an empreſs' love:
Know then, I here forget all former griefs,
Cancel all grudge, repeal thee home again;
Plead a new ſtate in thy unrival'd merit,
To which I thus ſubſcribe,—Sir *Valentine*,
Thou art a gentleman, and well deriv'd;
Take thou thy *Silvia*, for thou haſt deſerv'd her.

Val. I thank your grace; the gift hath made me happy.
I now beſeech you, for your daughter's ſake,
To grant one boon that I ſhall aſk of you.

Duke. I grant it, for thine own, whate'er it be.

Val. Theſe baniſh'd men, that I have kept withal,
Are men endu'd with worthy qualities;
Forgive them what they have committed here,
And let them be recall'd from their exile:
They are reformed, civil, full of good,
And fit for great employment, worthy lord.

Duke. Thou haſt prevail'd; I pardon them, and thee:
Diſpoſe of them, as thou know'ſt their deſerts.
Come, let us go; we will include all jars
With triumphs, mirth, and rare ſolemnity.

Val. And, as we walk along, I dare be bold
With our diſcourſe to make your grace to ſmile:
What think you of this page, my lord?

Duke. I think, the boy hath grace in him; he bluſhes.

Val. I warrant you, my lord; more grace than boy.

Duke. What mean you by that ſaying?

Val. 'Pleaſe you, I'll tell you as we paſs along,
That you will wonder, what hath fortuned.—
Come, *Protheus*; 'tis your penance, but to hear
The ſtory of your loves diſcovered:
That done, our day of marriage ſhall be yours;
One feaſt, one houſe, one mutual happineſs. [*Exeunt* *

* This, like the other acts, is much upon an equality; however the piece cloſes well, becauſe probably.

End of THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

Act: III. **TAMING OF THE SHREW.** Scene: 1.

I. E. Sharpe, Inv.t et Sc.

I am Lucentio
disguised thus to get your love.

Published according to Act of Parliament Nov.r 8th 1799 by J. Bell in the Strand.

THE

TAMING

OF THE

SHREW,

A COMEDY, by SHAKESPEARE.

AN INTRODUCTION,

AND

NOTES CRITICAL and ILLUSTRATIVE,

ARE ADDED, BY THE

AUTHORS of the DRAMATIC CENSOR.

LONDON:
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MDCCLXXIV.

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

INTRODUCTION.

THIS piece has many incidents, ſome characters; and a conſiderable ſhare of dialogue of peculiar merit; but the drunken tinker rather appears an abſurd intruſion; an excreſcence on the general deſign. Mr. Garrick, *whom we have had frequent occaſion to mention as a moſt judicious and ſucceſsful reformer of our author, has in a maſterly manner collected and compacted the perſonages, paſſages, and ſituations of this piece moſt worthy notice, into the compaſs of three acts, under the title of* Catherine *and* Petruchio; *the ſucceſs of which, in repreſentation, juſtifies ſome opinions we advance, and deſervedly confirms his judgment.* Petruchio, Grumio, Biondello, *and* Catherine, *are finely delineated, and equally ſupported; the other perſonages riſe not above mediocrity.*

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

SLY;
A Lord; *his Page*;
Two Huntſmen; *four Servants*;
A Player; *Hoſteſs*; *Tapſter*;
} *Perſons in the Induction.*

BAPTISTA.
VINCENTIO.
GREMIO.
HORTENSIO.
LUCENTIO.
TRANIO.
BIONDELLO.
PETRUCHIO.
GRUMIO.
CURTIS.
Five other Servants; *a Pedant*; *Taylor*;
Haberdaſher; *Servant to* Baptiſta.

CATHERINE.
BIANCA.
Widow.

Other Attendants, Gueſts, Players, &c.

Scene, *ſometimes in* Padua; *ſometimes at* Petruchio's *Country-Houſe.*

THE

TAMING

OF THE

SHREW*.

INDUCTION†.

SCENE I. *A Hedge-Alehouſe.*

" SLY *upon a Bench before it*; Hoſteſs *ſtanding by him.*

" SLY.

" I'LL pheeze you, in faith.

" *Hoſt.* A pair of ſtocks, you rogue.

" *Sly.* Y'are a baggage; the *Slies* are no rogues: Look " in the chronicles; we came in with *Richard* con- " queror. Therefore, *paucas pallabris*; let the world " ſlide: *Seſſa!*

" *Hoſt.* You will not pay for the glaſſes you have burſt?

" *Sly.* No, not a deniere: Go by, *Jeronimy*;—Go " to thy cold bed, and warm thee.

" *Hoſt.* I know my remedy, I muſt go fetch the third- " borough. [*Exit.*

* This title is ſo far fortunate as to furniſh conſiderable latitude for comic ideas; pleaſant ſituations and laughable incidents.

† This introductory ſcrap is ſurely too trifling and inſignificant, to deſerve utterance or notice.

" *Sly.* Third, or fourth, or fifth borough, I'll anſwer
" him by law: I'll not budge an inch, boy; let him
" come, and kindly. [*Falls from off his Bench, and ſleeps.*
Horns.

Enter a Lord, *from hunting*; Huntſmen, *and* Servants, *with him.*

Lord. Huntſman, I charge thee, tender well my hounds:
Leech *Merriman*,—the poor cur is imboſt,—
And couple *Clowder* with the deep-mouth'd brach.
Saw'ſt thou not, boy, how *Silver* made it good
At the hedge-corner, in the coldeſt fault?
I would not loſe the dog for twenty pound.

1. *H.* Why, *Belman* is as good as he, my lord;
He cry'd upon it at the meereſt loſs,
And twice to day pick'd out the dulleſt ſcent:
Truſt me, I take him for the better dog.

Lord. Thou art a fool; if *Eccho* were as fleet,
I would eſteem him worth a dozen ſuch.
But ſup them well, and look unto them all;
To-morrow I intend to hunt again.

1. *H.* I will, my lord.

Lord. What's here? one dead, or drunk? See, doth he breathe?

2. *H.* He breathes, my lord: Were he not warm'd with ale,
This were a bed but cold to ſleep ſo ſoundly.

Lord. O monſtrous beaſt; how like a ſwine he lies!
Grim death, how foul and loathſome is thine image!—
Sirs, I will practiſe on this drunken man:
What think you,—if he were convey'd to bed,
Wrap'd in ſweet cloaths, rings put upon his fingers,
A moſt delicious banquet by his bed,
And brave attendants near him when he wakes,
Would not the beggar then forget himſelf*?

1. *H.* Believe me, lord, I think he cannot chooſe.

2. *H.* It would ſeem ſtrange unto him when he wak'd.

* His lordſhip in this ſpeech ſtarts an innocent and not improbable ſuggeſtion of pleaſantry, for liquor does in many perſons obliterate all trace of what has happened during its poſſeſſion of the objects.

Lord. Even as a flatt'ring dream, or worthleſs fancy.
Then take him up, and manage well the jeſt:—
Carry him gently to my faireſt chamber,
And hang it round with all my wanton pictures:
Balm his foul head in warm diſtilled waters,
And burn ſweet wood to make the lodging ſweet:
Procure me muſick ready when he wakes,
To make a dulcet and a heavenly ſound;
And if he chance to ſpeak, be ready ſtraight,
And, with a low ſubmiſſive reverence,
Say,—What is it your honour will command?
Let one attend him with a ſilver baſon,
Full of roſe-water, and beſtrew'd with flowers;
Another bear the ewer, the third a diaper,
And ſay,—Will't pleaſe your lordſhip cool your hands?
Some one be ready with a coſtly ſuit,
And aſk him what apparel he will wear;
Another tell him of his hounds and horſe,
And that his lady mourns at his diſeaſe:
Perſuade him, that he hath been lunatick;
And, when he ſays—he's poor, ſay—that he dreams,
For he is nothing but a mighty lord.
This do, and do it kindly, gentle ſirs;
It will be paſtime paſſing excellent,
If it be huſbanded with modeſty.

1. *H.* My lord, I warrant you, we will play our part,
As he ſhall think, by our true diligence,
He is no leſs than what we ſay he is.

Lord. Take him up gently, and to bed with him;
And each one to his office, when he wakes.—
[*Exeunt ſome with* Sly. *Trumpet heard.*
Sirrah, go ſee what trumpet 'tis that ſounds:—
[*Exit* Servant.
Belike, ſome noble gentleman; that means,
Travelling ſome journey, to repoſe him here.—

Re-enter Servant.

How now? who is't?

Ser. An't pleaſe your honour, players,
That come to offer ſervice to your lordſhip.

Lord. Bid them come near.—

Enter certain Players *.

Now, fellows, you are welcome.

Pla. We thank your honour.

Lord. Do you intend to ſtay with me to-night?

2. *P.* So pleaſe your lordſhip to accept our duty.

Lord. With all my heart.—This fellow I remember,
Since once he play'd a farmer's eldeſt ſon;—
'Twas where you woo'd the gentlewoman ſo well:
I have forgot your name; but, ſure, that part
Was aptly fitted, and naturally perform'd.

1. *P.* I think, 'twas *Soto* that your honour means.

Lord. 'Tis very true;—thou didſt it excellent.—
Well, you are come to me in happy time;
The rather for I have ſome ſport in hand,
Wherein your cunning can aſſiſt me much.
There is a lord will hear you play to-night:
But I am doubtful of your modeſties;
Leſt, over-eying of his odd behaviour,
(For yet his honour never heard a play)
You break into ſome merry paſſion,
And ſo offend him; for I tell you, ſirs,
If you ſhould ſmile, he grows impatient.

1. *P.* Fear not, my lord; we can contain ourſelves,
Were he the verieſt antick in the world.

Lord. Go, ſirrah, take them to the buttery,
And give them friendly welcome every one;
Let them want nothing that my houſe affords.—
[*Exeunt* Servant, *and* Players.
Sirrah, go you to *Bartholomew* my page,
[*to another Servant.*
And ſee him dreſs'd in all ſuits like a lady:
That done, conduct him to the drunkard's chamber,
And call him—Madam, do him all obeiſance.
Tell him from me,—as he will win my love,
He bear himſelf with honourable action;

* *Shakeſpeare* miſſed no opportunity of realizing ſome characters, by introducing others as fictitious, and his regard for the ſtage is properly manifeſted by taking care that exalted characters ſhould ever treat the actors with reſpect.

Such

Such as he hath obſerv'd in noble ladies
Unto their lords, by them accomplifhed:
Such duty to the drunkard let him do,
With ſoft low tongue, and lowly courteſy *;
" And ſay,—What is't your honour will command,
" Wherein your lady, and your humble wife,
" May ſhew her duty, and make known her love?
" And then—with kind embracements, tempting kiſſes,
" And with declining head into his boſom,—
" Bid him ſhed tears, as being over-joy'd
" To ſee her noble lord reſtor'd to health,
" Who for this ſeven years hath eſteemed him
" No better than a poor and loathſome beggar:
" And if the boy have not a woman's gift,
" To rain a ſhower of commanded tears,
" An onion will do well for ſuch a ſhift:
" Which in a napkin being cloſe convey'd,
" Shall in deſpight enforce a wat'ry eye.
See this diſpatch'd with all the haſte thou canſt;
Anon I'll give thee more inſtructions.— [*Exit* Serv.
I know, the boy will well uſurp the grace,
Voice, gait, and action of a gentlewoman:
I long to hear him call the drunkard, huſband;
And how my men will ſtay themſelves from laughter,
When they do homage to this ſimple peaſant.
I'll in to counſel them: haply, my preſence
May well abate the over-merry ſpleen,
Which otherwiſe would grow into extremes. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *A ſtately Room in the Lord's Houſe: In it a Stage, and other Appurtenances, for the Play: and, in another Part, a Bed*; Sly, *in a rich Night-dreſs, ſitting on it; ſurrounded by Servants, bearing Apparel, Baſon, Ewer,* &c. *a Side-board being by.*

Enter, at lower End, the Lord, *himſelf habited like a Servant.*

Sly. For heav'n's ſake, a pot of ſmall ale.

* We think the following marked lines are rather ſuperfluous, and conſequently heavy for public expreſſion, eſpecially coming ſo ſoon after the directions given for *Sly*'s treatment in his ſtate of mock grandeur.

1. *S.* Will't pleaſe your lordſhip drink a cup of ſack?
2. *S.* Will't pleaſe your honour taſte of theſe conſerves?
3. *S.* What raiment will your honour wear to-day?

Sly. I am *Chriſtopher Sly*; call not me—honour, nor lordſhip: I ne'er drank ſack in my life; and if you give me any conſerves, give me conſerves of beef: Ne'er aſk me, what raiment I'll wear; for I have no more doublets than backs, no more ſtockings than legs, nor no more ſhoes than feet; nay, ſometimes more feet than ſhoes, or ſuch ſhoes as my toes look through the over-leather.

Lord. Heaven ceaſe this idle humour in your honour!
O, that a mighty man, of ſuch deſcent,
Of ſuch poſſeſſions, and ſo high eſteem,
Should be infuſed with ſo foul a ſpirit!

Sly. What, would you make me mad? Am not I *Chriſtopher Sly*, old *Sly*'s ſon of *Burton* heath; by birth a pedlar, by education a card-maker, by tranſmutation a bear-herd, and now by preſent profeſſion a tinker? Aſk *Marrian Hacket*, the fat ale-wife of *Wincot*, if ſhe know me not: if ſhe ſay I am not fourteen pence on the ſcore for ſheer ale, ſcore me up for the lying'ſt knave in Chriſtendom. What, I am not beſtraught: Here's—

3. *S.* O, this it is that makes your lady mourn.
2. *S.* O, this is it that makes your ſervants droop.

Lord. Hence comes it that your kindred ſhun your houſe,
As beaten hence by your ſtrange lunacy.
O, noble lord, bethink thee of thy birth;
Call home thy ancient thoughts from baniſhment,
And baniſh hence theſe abject lowly dreams:
Look, how thy ſervants do attend on thee,
Each in his office ready at thy back.
Wilt thou have muſic? hark! *Apollo* plays,
[*Muſic heard within.*
And twenty caged nightingales do ſing:
Or wilt thou ſleep? we'll have thee to a couch,
Softer and ſweeter than the luſtful bed
On purpoſe trimm'd up for *Semiramis*.
Say, thou wilt walk; we will beſtrow the ground:
Or wilt thou ride? thy horſes ſhall be trap'd,

Their

Their harneſs ſtudded all with gold and pearl.
Doſt thou love hawking? thou haſt hawks, will ſoar
Above the morning lark: Or wilt thou hunt?
Thy hounds ſhall make the welkin anſwer them,
And fetch ſhrill echoes from the hollow earth*.
" 1. *S.* Say, thou wilt courſe; thy greyhounds are as
" ſwift
" As breathed ſtags, ay, fleeter than the roe.
" 2. *S.* Doſt thou love pictures? we will fetch thee
" ſtraight
" *Adonis*, painted by a running brook;
" And *Citherea* all in ſedges hid;
" Which ſeem to move and wanton with her breath,
" Even as the waving ſedges play with wind.
" *Lord.* We'll ſhew thee *Io*, as ſhe was a maid;
" And how ſhe was beguiled and ſurpriz'd,
" As lively painted as the deed was done.
" 3. *S.* Or *Daphne*, roaming through a thorny wood;
" Scratching her legs, that one ſhall ſwear ſhe bleeds:
" And at that ſight ſhall ſad *Apollo* weep;
" So workmanly the blood and tears are drawn.
Lord. Thou art a lord, and nothing but a lord:
Thou haſt a lady far more beautiful
Than any woman in this waining age.
1. *S.* And 'till the tears, that ſhe hath ſhed for thee,
Like envious floods, o'er-run her lovely face,
She was the faireſt creature in the world;
And yet ſhe is inferior to none.
Sly. Am I a lord? and have I ſuch a lady?
Or do I dream? or have I dream'd 'till now?
I do not ſleep: I ſee, I hear, I ſpeak;
I ſmell ſweet ſavours, and I feel ſoft things:—
Upon my life, I am a lord indeed;
And not a tinker, nor *Chriſtopher Sly*.—
Well, bring our lady hither to our ſight;
And once again a pot o' the ſmalleſt ale.

* All that comes between this and the Lord's next ſpeech, though there are ſome ſweet poetical ideas, ſeems dwelling too long upon the matter, unleſs ſome humorous blundering remarks upon the claſſical alluſions of the new made Lord.

2. *S.* Will't pleaſe your mightineſs to waſh your hands? [*Preſenting the Ewer*, &c.
O, how we joy to ſee your wit reſtor'd!
O, that once more you knew but what you are!
Theſe fifteen years you have been in a dream;
Or, when you wak'd, ſo wak'd as if you ſlept.

Sly. Theſe fifteen years! by my fay, a goodly nap.
But did I never ſpeak of all that time?

1. *S.* O, yes, my lord; but very idle words:—
For though you lay here in this goodly chamber,
Yet would you ſay,—ye were beaten out of door;
And rail upon the hoſteſs of the houſe;
And ſay,—you would preſent her at the leet,
Becauſe ſhe brought ſtone jugs, and no ſeel'd quarts.
Sometimes, you would call out for *Cicely Hacket*.

Sly. Ay, the woman's maid of the houſe.

3. *S.* Why, ſir, you know no houſe, nor no ſuch maid;
Nor no ſuch men as you have reckon'd up,—
As *Stephen Sly*, and old *John Naps* of *Greece*,
And *Peter Turf*, and *Henry Pimpernel*;
And twenty more ſuch names and men as theſe,
Which never were, nor no man ever ſaw.

Sly. Now, Lord be thanked for my good amends!

All. Amen.

Sly. I thank thee; thou ſhalt not loſe by it.

Enter Page *as a Lady, attended.*

Page. How fares my noble lord?

Sly. Marry, I fare well;
For here is cheer enough. Where is my wife?

Page. Here, noble lord: What is thy will with her?

Sly. Are you my wife, and will not call me—huſband?
My men ſhould call me—lord; I am your good-man.

Page. My huſband and my lord, my lord and huſband.
I am your wife in all obedience.

Sly. I know it well:—What muſt I call her?

Lord. Madam.

Sly. *Alice* madam, or *Joan* madam?

Lord. Madam, and nothing elſe; ſo lords call ladies.

Sly. Madam wife, they ſay,—that I have dream'd,
And ſlept about ſome fifteen year or more.

Page. Ay, and the time ſeems thirty unto me;
Being all this time abandon'd from your bed.
Sly. 'Tis much;—Servants, leave me and her alone:—
Madam, undreſs you, and come now to bed.
Page. Thrice noble lord, let me entreat of you,
To pardon me yet for a night or two;
Or, if not ſo, until the ſun be ſet:
For your phyſicians have expreſsly charg'd,
On peril to incur your former malady,
That I ſhould yet abſent me from your bed:
I hope, this reaſon ſtands for my excuſe.
Sly. Ay, it ſtands ſo, that I may hardly tarry ſo long. But I would be loth to fall into my dreams again; I will therefore tarry, in deſpight of the fleſh and the blood.

Enter another Servant.

4. *S.* Your honour's players, hearing your amendment,
Are come to play a pleaſant comedy,
For ſo your doctors hold it very meet;
Seeing too much ſadneſs hath congeal'd your blood,
And melancholy is the nurſe of frenzy,
Therefore they thought it good you hear a play,
And frame your mind to mirth and merriment,
Which bars a thouſand harms, and lengthens life.
Sly. Marry, I will let them play't.—Is not a commonty
A chriſtmas gambol, or a tumbling trick?
Page. No, my good lord; it is more pleaſing ſtuff.
Sly. What houſhold ſtuff?
Page. It is a kind of hiſtory.
Sly. Well, we'll ſee't: Come, madam wife, ſit by my ſide,
And let the world ſlip: we ſhall ne'er be younger.
[*Seating her for the play.*

ACT I.

SCENE I. Padua. *A public Place.*

Enter Lucentio, *and* Tranio.

LUCENTIO.

Tranio, ſince—for the great deſire I had
To ſee fair *Padua*, nurſery of arts,—
I am arriv'd in fruitful *Lombardy*,
The pleaſant garden of great *Italy*;
And, by my father's love and leave, am arm'd
With his good will, and thy good company,
My truſty ſervant, well approv'd in all;
Here let us breathe, and happ'ly inſtitute
A courſe of learning and ingenious ſtudies.
Piſa, renowned for grave citizens,
Gave me my being; and my father firſt,
A merchant of great traffic through the world,
Vincentio, come of the *Bentivolii*.
Lucentio his ſon, brought up in *Florence*,
It ſhall become, to ſerve all hopes conceiv'd,
To deck his fortune with his virtuous deeds:
And therefore, *Tranio*, for the time I ſtudy,
Virtue, and that part of philoſophy
Will I apply, that treats of happineſs
By virtue 'ſpecially to be atchiev'd.
Tell me thy mind: for I have *Piſa* left,
And am to *Padua* come; as he that leaves
A ſhallow plaſh, to plunge him in the deep,
And with ſatiety ſeeks to quench his thirſt.

Tra. Mi perdonate, gentle maſter mine,
I am in all affected as yourſelf;
Glad that you thus continue your reſolve,
To ſuck the ſweets of ſweet philoſophy.
Only, good maſter, while we do admire
This virtue, and this moral diſcipline,
Let's be no ſtoicks, nor no ſtocks, I pray;
Or ſo devote to *Ariſtotle*'s checks,
As *Ovid* be an outcaſt quite abjur'd:

Talk

Talk logic with acquaintance that you have,
And practiſe rhetoric in your common talk;
Muſic, and poeſy, uſe to quicken you;
The mathematics, and the metaphyſics,
Fall to them as you find your ſtomach ſerves you;
No profit grows, where is no pleaſure ta'en;—
In brief, ſir, ſtudy what you moſt affect.

Luc. Gramercies, *Tranio*, well doſt thou adviſe.
If, *Biondello*, thou wert come aſhore,
We could at once put us in readineſs;
And take a lodging, fit to entertain
Such friends as time in *Padua* ſhall beget.
But ſtay a while; What company is this?

Tra. Maſter, ſome ſhow, to welcome us to town.

Enter, at a Diſtance, Baptiſta; Catharine, *and* Bianca, *his Daughters*; Gremio, *and* Hortenſio, *Suitors to* Bianca.

Bap. Gentlemen both, importune me no farther,
For how I firmly am reſolv'd you know;
That is,—not to beſtow my youngeſt daughter,
Before I have a huſband for the elder:
If either of you both love *Catherina*,
Becauſe I know you well, and love you well,
Leave ſhall you have to court her at your pleaſure.

Gre. To cart her rather: ſhe's too rough for me;—
There, there, *Hortenſio*, will you any wife?

Cat. I pray you, ſir, [*To* Bap.] is it your will and pleaſure,
To make a ſtale of me amongſt theſe mates?

Hor. Mates, maid! how mean you that? no mates for you,
Unleſs you were of gentler milder mold.

Cat. I'faith, ſir, you ſhall never need to fear;
I wis, it is not half way to her heart:
But, if it were, doubt not, her care ſhould be,
To comb your noddle with a three-legg'd ſtool,
And paint your face, and uſe you like a fool *.

* *Catharine* ſhould be a commanding figure, and have features expreſſive of ſhrewiſhneſs; we don't mean an homely face, but features flexible to haughtineſs and ſtrong paſſions.

Her. From all ſuch devils, good Lord, deliver us!
Gre. And me too, good Lord!
Tra. [*Aſide.*] Huſh, maſter! here is ſome good paſtime toward;
That wench is ſtark mad, or wonderful froward.
Luc. [*Aſide.*] But in the other's ſilence do I ſee
Maid's mild behaviour and ſobriety.
Peace, *Tranio.*
Tra. [*Aſide.*] Why, well ſaid, maſter; mum, and gaze your fill.
Bap. Well, gentlemen, that I may ſoon make good
What I have ſaid,—*Bianca*, get you in:
And let it not diſpleaſe thee, good *Bianca*;
For I will love thee ne'er the leſs, my girl.
Cat. A pretty peat! 'tis beſt,
Put finger in the eye,—an ſhe knew why.
Bia. Siſter, content you in my diſcontent.—
Sir, to your pleaſure humbly I ſubſcribe:
My books, and inſtruments, ſhall be my company;
On them to look, and practiſe by myſelf.
Luc. [*Aſide.*] Hark, *Tranio!* thou may'ſt hear *Minerva* ſpeak.
Her. Signior *Baptiſta*, will you be ſo ſtrange?
Sorry am I, that our good will effects
Bianca's grief.
Gre. Why, will you mew her up,
Signior *Baptiſta*, for this fiend of hell †,
And make her bear the penance of her tongue?
Bap. Content ye, gentlemen; I am reſolv'd:—
Go in, *Bianca.*— [*Exit* Bianca.
And for I know ſhe taketh moſt delight
In muſic, inſtruments, and poetry,
Schoolmaſters will I keep within my houſe,
Fit to inſtruct her youth:—If you, *Hortenſio*,—
Or, ſignior *Gremio*, you,—know any ſuch,
Prefer them hither; for to cunning men
I will be very kind, and liberal
To mine own children in good bringing-up;

† A very rough ungentleman-like expreſſion this, before a father, however violent the daughter may be.

And

And ſo farewel.—*Catherina*, you may ſtay;
For I have more to commune with *Bianca*.

[*Exit* Baptiſta.

Cat. Why, and, I truſt, I may go too, May I not? What, ſhall I be appointed hours; as though, belike, I knew not what to take, and what to leave? ha!

[*Exit* Catherine.

Gre. You may go to the devil's dam; your gifts are ſo good, here's none will hold you.—Their love is not ſo great, *Hortenſio*, but we may blow our nails together, and faſt it fairly out; our cake's dough on both ſides. Farewel:—Yet, for the love I bear my ſweet *Bianca*, if I can by any means light on a fit man, to teach her that wherein ſhe delights, I will wiſh him to her father.

Hor. So will I, ſignior *Gremio:* but a word, I pray. Though the nature of our quarrel yet never brook'd parly, know now, upon advice, it toucheth us both,—that we may yet again have acceſs to our fair miſtreſs, and be happy rivals in *Bianca*'s love,—to labour and effect one thing 'ſpecially.

Gre. What's that, I pray?

Hor. Marry, ſir, to get a huſband for her ſiſter.

Gre. A huſband! a devil.

Hor. I ſay, a huſband.

Gre. I ſay, a devil: think'ſt thou, *Hortenſio*, though her father be very rich, any man is ſo very a fool to be marry'd to hell?

Hor. Tuſh, *Gremio!* though it paſs your patience, and mine, to endure her loud alarums, why, man, there be good fellows in the world, an a man could light on them, would take her with all faults, and money enough.

Gre. I cannot tell: but I had as lief take her dowry with this condition,—to be whipt at the high croſs every morning.

Hor. 'Faith, as you ſay, there's ſmall choice in rotten apples. But, come; ſince this bar in law makes us friends, it ſhall be ſo far forth friendly maintain'd,—'till by helping *Baptiſta*'s eldeſt daughter to a huſband, we ſet his youngeſt free for a huſband, and then have to't afreſh.—Sweet *Bianca!*—Happy man be his dole!—He

that

that runs fastest, gets the ring.—How say you, signior *Gremio?*

Gre. I am agreed; and 'would I had given him the best horse in *Padua*, to begin his wooing, that would thoroughly woo her, wed her, and bed her, and rid the house of her. Come on. [*Exeunt* Gre. *and* Hor.

Tra. I pray, sir, tell me,—[*advancing.*] Is it possible, That love should of a sudden take such hold?

Luc. O, *Tranio*, 'till I found it to be true,
I never thought it possible, or likely;
But see! while idly I stood looking on,
I found the effect of love in idleness:
And now in plainness do confess to thee,—
That art to me as secret and as dear,
As *Anna* to the queen of *Carthage* was,—
Tranio, I burn, I pine, I perish, *Tranio*,
If I atchieve not this young modest girl:
Counsel me, *Tranio*, for I know thou canst;
Assist me, *Tranio*, for I know thou wilt.

" *Tra.* Master, it is no time to chide you now;
" Affection is not rated from the heart:
" If love have touch'd you, nought remains but so,—
" *Redime te captum quam queas minimo.*

" *Luc.* Gramercies, lad; go forward: this contents;
" The rest will comfort, for thy counsel's sound.

" *Tra.* Master, you look'd so longly on the maid,
" Perhaps you mark'd not what's the pith of all.

" *Luc.* O yes, I saw sweet beauty in her face,
" Such as the daughter of *Agenor* had;
" That made great *Jove* to humble him to her hand,
" When with his knees he kiss'd the *Cretan* strand.

" *Tra.* Saw you no more? mark'd you not, how her
" sister
" Began to scold; and raise up such a storm,
" That mortal ears might hardly endure the din?

" *Luc.* *Tranio*, I saw her coral lips to move,
" And with her breath she did perfume the air;
" Sacred, and sweet, was all I saw in her.

Tra. " Nay, then, 'tis time to stir him from his trance:—
" I pray, awake, sir; [*shaking him.*]" If you love the maid,

Bend thoughts and wits to atchieve her. " Thus it
" ſtands :— *
" Her elder ſiſter is ſo curſt and ſhrewd,
" That, 'till the father rid his hands of her,
" Maſter, your love muſt live a maid at home;
" And therefore has he cloſely mew'd her up,
" Becauſe ſhe ſhall not be annoy'd with ſuitors.
Luc. Ah, *Tranio*, what a cruel father's he!
But art thou not adviſ'd, he took ſome care
To get her cunning ſchoolmaſters to inſtruct her?
Tra. Ay, marry, am I, ſir;—and now 'tis plotted.
Luc. I have it, *Tranio*.
Tra. Maſter, for my hand,
Both our inventions meet and jump in one.
Luc. Tell me thine firſt.
Tra. You will be ſchoolmaſter,
And undertake the teaching of the maid:
That's your device.
Luc. It is: May it be done?
Tra. Not poſſible: For who ſhall bear your part,
And be in *Padua* here *Vincentio*'s ſon?
Keep houſe, and ply his book; welcome his friends;
Viſit his countrymen, and banquet them?
Luc. *Baſta*, content thee for I have it full.
We have not yet been ſeen in any houſe;
Nor can we be diſtinguiſh'd by our faces,
For man, or maſter: then it follows thus;—
Thou ſhalt be maſter, *Tranio*, in my ſtead,
Keep houſe, and port, and ſervants, as I ſhould:
I will ſome other be; ſome *Florentine*,
Some *Neapolitan*, or mean man of *Piſa*—
'Tis hatch'd, and ſhall be ſo:—*Tranio*, at once
Uncaſe thee; take my colour'd hat, and cloak:
[*Exchanging cloaths with him.*
When *Biondello* comes, he waits on thee;
But I will charm him firſt to keep his tongue.

* Some critics may aſk where is the occaſion for *Tranio*'s telling his maſter of *Bianca*'s ſituation, when both he and the audience have heard it? But, we preſume, it is, from a ſuppoſition that *Lucentio* is entranced or infatuated, to awaken his recollection; for which end he naturally recites the particulars before mentioned by *Baptiſta*.

Tra. So had you need. Sith it your pleaſure is,
And I am ty'd to be obedient;
(For ſo your father charg'd me at our parting;
Be ſerviceable to my ſon, quoth he,—
Although, I think, 'twas in another ſenſe)
I am content to be *Lucentio,*
Becauſe ſo well I love *Lucentio.*
Luc. Tranio, be ſo, becauſe *Lucentio* loves:
And let me be a ſlave, to atchieve that maid
Whoſe ſudden ſight hath thrall'd my wounded eye.

Enter Biondello.

Here comes the rogue:—Sirrah, where have you been?
Bio. Where have I been? Nay, how now, where are you?
Maſter, has my fellow *Tranio* ſtoln your cloaths?
Or you ſtoln his? or both? pray, what's the news?
Luc. Sirrah, come hither; 'tis no time to jeſt,
And therefore frame your manners to the time.
Your fellow *Tranio* here, to ſave my life,
Puts my apparel and my countenance on,
And I, for my eſcape, have put on his;
For in a quarrel, ſince I came aſhore,
I kill'd a man, and fear I am deſcry'd:
Wait you on him, I charge you, as becomes,
While I make way from hence to ſave my life:
You underſtand me?
Bio. Ay, ſir, ne'er a whit.
Luc. And not a jot of *Tranio* in your mouth;
Tranio is chang'd into *Lucentio.*
Bio. The better for him; 'would I were ſo too!
Tra. So would I, i'faith, boy, to have the next wiſh after,—
That *Lucentio* indeed had *Baptiſta*'s youngeſt daughter.
But, ſirrah, not for my ſake, but your maſter's,—I adviſe you,
Uſe your manners diſcreetly in all kind of company:
When I am alone, why, then I am *Tranio;*
But in all places elſe, your maſter *Lucentio.*
Luc. Tranio, let's go:—
One thing more reſts, that thyſelf execute;—

To make one among these wooers: If thou ask me why,—
Sufficeth, my reasons are both good and weighty.
[*Exeunt.*

1. *S.* My lord, you nod; you do not mind the play.

Sly. Yes, by saint *Anne*, do I. A good matter, surely; Comes there any more of it?

Page. My lord, 'tis but begun.

Sly. 'Tis a very excellent piece of work, madam lady; 'Would it were done!

SCENE II. *The same. Before* Hortensio's *House.*

Enter Petruchio *and* Gramio.

Pet. Verona, for a while I take my leave,
To see my friends in *Padua*; but, of all,
My best beloved and approved friend,
Hortensio; and, I trow, this is his house:—
"Here, sirrah *Grumio*; knock, I say.
"*Gru.* Knock, sir!
"Whom should I knock, sir? Is there any man
"That has rebus'd your worship?
"*Pet.* Villain, I say,
"Knock me here soundly.
"*Gru.* Knock you here, sir? Why, sir,
"What am I, sir, that I should knock you here, sir?
"*Pet.* Villain, I say, knock me at this gate,
"And rap me well, or I'll knock your knave's pate.
"*Gru.* My master is grown quarrelsome:—I should
"knock you first,
"And then I know after who comes by the worst.
"*Pet.* Will it not be?—
"'Faith, sirrah, an you'll not knock, I'll ring it;
"I'll try how you can *sol, fa*, and sing it.
[*Wrings him by the Ears.*
"*Gru.* Help, masters, help! my master is mad.
"*Pet.* Now knock when I bid you: sirrah! villain!

Enter Hortensio.

Hor. "How now? what's the matter?—" My old friend *Grumio!* and "my good friend *Petruchio!*—How "do you all at *Verona?*

" *Pet.* Signior *Hortenſio*, come you to part the fray?
" *Con tutto il core ben trovato*, may I ſay.
" Hor. *Alla noſtra caſa bene venuto,*
" *Molto honorato ſignior mio Petruchio.* *—
" Riſe, *Grumio*, riſe; we will compound this quarrel.
" *Gru.* Nay, 'tis no matter, ſir, what he 'leges in
" *Latin.* —If this be not a lawful cauſe for me to leave
" his ſervice,—Look you, ſir,—he bid me knock him
" and rap him ſoundly, ſir: Well, was it fit for a ſer-
" vant to uſe his maſter ſo; being, perhaps, (for ought
" I ſee) two and thirty,—a pip out?
" Whom would to God I had well knock'd at firſt;
" Then had not *Grumio* come by the worſt.
" *Pet.* A ſenſeleſs villain!—Good *Hortenſio*,
" I bad the raſcal knock upon your gate,
" And could not get him for my heart to do it.
" *Gru.* Knock at the gate?—O heavens!—
" Spake you not theſe words plain,—*Sirrah, knock*
" *me here,*
" *Rap me here, knock me well, and knock me ſoundly?*
" And come you now with—knocking at the gate?
" *Pet.* Sirrah, be gone, or talk not, I adviſe you.
" *Hor. Petruchio*, patience; I am *Grumio's* pledge:
" Why, this is a heavy chance 'twixt him and you;
" Your ancient, truſty, pleaſant ſervant, *Grumio.*
" And" tell me now, ſweet friend,—what happy gale
Blows you to *Padua* here, from old *Verona?*
Pet. Such wind as ſcatters young men through the world,
To ſeek their fortunes farther than at home,
Where ſmall experience grows. But, in a few,
Signior *Hortenſio*, thus it ſtands with me:—
Antonio, my father, is deceas'd;
And I have thruſt myſelf into this maze,
Haply to wive and thrive, as beſt I may:

* The introduction of *Italian* ſcraps, when the characters otherwiſe ſpeak *Engliſh* all through, is fantaſtical; to ſay the truth, the quarrel between *Petruchio* and *Grumio*, appears too farcical to deſerve repreſentation; we have therefore marked the ſuperfluous paſſages.

Crowns

Crowns in my purſe I have, and goods at home,
And ſo am come abroad to ſee the world.

Hor. Petruchio, ſhall I then come roundly to thee,
And wiſh thee to a ſhrewd ill-favour'd wife?
Thoud'ſt thank me but a little for my counſel:
And yet I'll promiſe thee ſhe ſhall be rich,
And very rich:—but thou'rt too much my friend,
And I'll not wiſh thee to her.

Pet. Signior *Hortenſio*, 'twixt ſuch friends as we,
Few words ſuffice: and, therefore, if thou know
One rich enough to be *Petruchio's* wife,
(As wealth is burthen of my wooing dance)—
Be ſhe as foul as was *Florentius'* love,
As old as *Sibyl*, and as curſt and ſhrewd
As *Socrates' Xantippe*, or a worſe,
She moves me not, or not removes (at leaſt)
Affection's edge in me; were ſhe as rough
As are the ſwelling *Adriatic* ſeas:
I come to wive it wealthily in *Padua*;
If wealthily, then happily in *Padua*.

Gru. Nay, look you, ſir, he tells you flatly what his mind is: Why, give him gold enough, and marry him to a puppet, or an aglet baby; or an old trot with ne'er a tooth in her head, though ſhe have as many diſeaſes as two and fifty horſes: why, nothing comes amiſs, ſo money comes withal.

Hor. Petruchio, ſince we are ſtept thus far in,
I will continue that I broach'd in juſt.
I can, *Petruchio*, help thee to a wife
With wealth enough, and young and beauteous;
Brought up as beſt becomes a gentlewoman:
Her only fault (as that is fault enough)
Is,—that ſhe is intolerably curſt,
And ſhrewd, and froward; ſo beyond all meaſure,
That, were my ſtate far worſer than it is,
I would not wed her for a mine of gold.

Pet. Hortenſio, peace; thou know'ſt not gold's effect.—
Tell me her father's name, and 'tis enough;
For I will board her, though ſhe chide as loud
As thunder, when the clouds in autumn crack.

Hor. Her father is *Baptiſta Minola*,
An affable and courteous gentleman;
Her name is *Catherina Minola*;
Renown'd in *Padua* for her ſcolding tongue.
Pet. I know her father, though I know not her;
And he knew my deceaſed father well:—
I will not ſleep, *Hortenſio*, 'till I ſee her;
And therefore let me be thus bold with you,
To give you over at this firſt encounter,—
Unleſs you will accompany me thither.
Gru. I pray you, ſir, let him go while the humour laſts. O'my word, an ſhe knew him as well as I do, ſhe would think ſcolding would do little good upon him: She may, perhaps, call him half a ſcore knaves, or ſo: why, that's nothing; an he begin once, he'll rail in his rope-tricks. I'll tell you what, ſir,—An ſhe ſtand him but a little, he will throw a figure in her face; and ſo diſfigure her with it, that ſhe ſhall have no more eyes to ſee withal than a cat: You know him not, ſir *.
Hor. Tarry, *Petruchio*, I muſt go with thee;
For in *Baptiſta*'s keep my treaſure is:
He hath the jewel of my life in hold,
His youngeſt daughter, beautiful *Bianca*;
And her withholds from me, and other more,
Suitors to her, and rivals in my love:
Suppoſing it a thing impoſſible,
(For thoſe defects I have before rehears'd)
That ever *Catherina* will be woo'd;
Therefore this order hath *Baptiſta* ta'en,—
That none ſhall have acceſs unto *Bianca*,
'Till *Catherine* the curſt have got a huſband.
Gru. *Catherine* the curſt!
A title for a maid, of all titles the worſt.
Hor. Now ſhall my friend *Petruchio* do me grace;
And offer me, diſguis'd in ſober robes,
To old *Baptiſta* as a ſchoolmaſter
Well ſeen in muſic, to inſtruct *Bianca*:

* This and the preceding ſpeech of *Grumio* exhibit characteriſtic humour; and the performer who perſonates him, ſhould poſſeſs a dry ſhrewdneſs of expreſſion, and archneſs of features.

That

That ſo I may, by this device, at leaſt,
Have leave and leiſure to make love to her,
And, unſuſpected, court her by myſelf.

Enter, on the oppoſite ſide, Gremio; Lucentio *with him, with books under his arm.*

Gru. Here's no knavery. See; to beguile the old folks, how the young folks lay their heads together!—Maſter, maſter, look about you:—Who goes there? ha.

Her. Peace, *Grumio*; 'tis the rival of my love: *Petruchio*, ſtand we by a little while.

Gru. A proper ſtripling, and an amorous! [*They retire.*

Gre. O, very well; I have perus'd the note. [*Giving it back.*
Hark you, ſir, I'll have them very fairly bound:—
All books of love, ſee that at any hand;
And ſee you read no other lectures to her:
You underſtand me: Over and beſide
Signior *Baptiſta*'s liberality,
I'll mend it with a largeſs. Here, take your papers too,
And let me have them very well perfum'd;
For ſhe is ſweeter than perfume itſelf,
To whom they go. What will you read to her?

Luc. Whate'er I read to her, I'll plead for you,
As for my patron,—ſtand you ſo aſſur'd,—
As firmly as yourſelf were ſtill in place:
Yea, and (perhaps) with more ſucceſsful words
Than you,—unleſs you were a ſcholar, ſir.

Gre. O this learning! what a thing it is!

Gru. O this woodcock! what an aſs it is!

Pet. Peace, ſirrah.

Her. Grumio, mum.—Heav'n ſave you, ſignior *Gremio!* [*Advancing.*

Gre. You are well met, Signior *Hortenſio.* Trow you Whither I am going? To *Baptiſta Minola.*
I promis'd him, to enquire carefully
About a ſchoolmaſter for the fair *Bianca:*
And, by good fortune, I have lighted well
On this young man; for learning, and behaviour,

Fit

Fit for her turn; well read in poetry,
And other books, good ones, I warrant ye.
Her. 'Tis well: and I have met a gentleman,
Hath promis'd me to help me to another,
A fine muſician to inſtruct our miſtreſs;
So ſhall I no whit be behind in duty
To fair *Bianca*, ſo belov'd of me.
Gre. Belov'd of me, and that my deeds ſhall prove.
Gru. And that his bags ſhall prove.
Her. Gremio, 'tis now no time to vent our love:
Liſten to me, and, if you ſpeak me fair,
I'll tell you news indifferent good for either.
Here is a gentleman, whom by chance I met,
Upon agreement from us to his liking,
Will undertake to woo curſt *Catherine*;
Yea, and to marry her, if her dowry pleaſe.
Gre. So ſaid, ſo done, is well:—
Hortenſio, have you told him all her faults?
Pet. I know, ſhe is an irkſome brawling ſcold;
If that be all, maſters, I hear no harm.
" *Gre.* No, ſay'ſt me ſo, friend? Pray, what country-
" man?
" *Pet.* Born in *Verona*, old *Antonio*'s ſon:
" My father dead, my fortune lives for me;
" And I do hope good days, and long, to ſee.
" *Gre.* Sir, ſuch a life, with ſuch a wife, were
" ſtrange:
" But, if you have a ſtomach, to't o'God's name,
" You ſhall have me aſſiſting you in all.
But will you woo this wild-cat?
Pet. Will I live?
Gru. Will he woo her? ay, or I'll hang her.
Pet. Why came I hither, but to that intent?
Think you, a little din can daunt mine ears?
Have I not in my time heard lions roar?
Have I not heard the ſea, puft up with winds,
Rage like an angry boar, chafed with ſweat?
Have I not heard great ordnance in the field,
And heaven's artillery thunder in the ſkies?
Have I not in a pitched battle heard

Loud

Loud ſtarums, neighing ſteeds, and trumpets' clangue?
And do you tell me of a woman's tongue *;
That gives not half ſo great a blow to the ear,
As will a cheſnut in a farmer's fire?
Tuſh, tuſh! fear boys with bugs.
Gru. For he fears none.—
Gre. Hortenſio, hark!
This gentleman is happily arriv'd,
My mind preſumes, for his own good, and ours.
Hor. I promis'd we would be contributors,
And bear his charge of wooing, whatſoe'er.
Gre. And ſo we will; provided, that he win her.
Gru. I would, I were as ſure of a good dinner.

Enter Tranio, *brave*; *and* Biondello.

Tra. Gentlemen, Heav'n ſave you! If I may be bold,
Tell me, I beſeech you, which is the readieſt way,
To the houſe of ſignior *Baptiſta Minola*?
Gre. He that has the two fair daughters! is't he you mean?
Tra. Even he, ſir.
Gre. Hark you, ſir; you mean not her to—
Tra. Perhaps, him and her, ſir: What have you to do?
Pet. Not her that chides, ſir, at any hand, I pray.
Tra. I love no chiders, ſir:—*Biondello*, let's away.
Luc. Well begun, *Tranio*.
Hor. Sir, a word ere you go;—
Are you a ſuitor to the maid you talk of, yea, or no?
Tra. An if I be, ſir, is it any offence?
Gre. No; if, without more words, you will get you hence.
Tra. Why, ſir, I pray you, are not the ſtreets as free
For me, as for you?
Gre. But ſo is not ſhe.
Tra. For what reaſon, I beſeech you?
Gre. For this reaſon, if you'll know,—
That ſhe's the choice love of ſignior *Gremio*.

* This ſpeech manifeſts a ſpirited grandeur of idea; the alluſions ſpeak our author ſtrongly, though ſtrictneſs of climax is not maintained; but that objection, in comic writing, is trifling.

Hor. That ſhe is the choſen of ſignior *Hortenſio*.
Tra. Softly, my maſters! if you be gentlemen,
Do me this right,—hear me with patience.
Baptiſta is a noble gentleman,
To whom my father is not all unknown;
And, were his daughter fairer than ſhe is,
She may more ſuitors have, and me for one.
" Fair *Leda's* daughter had a thouſand wooers;
" Then well one more may fair *Bianca* have:
And ſo ſhe ſhall; *Lucentio* ſhall make one,
Though *Paris* came, in hope to ſpeed alone.
Gre. What, what! this gentleman will out-talk us all.
Luc. Sir, give him head; I know, he'll prove a jade.
Pet. Hortenſio, to what end are all theſe words?
Hor. Sir, let me be ſo bold as aſk you this;—
Did you yet ever ſee *Baptiſta's* daughter?
Tra. No, ſir; but hear I do, that he hath two:
The one as famous for a ſcolding tongue,
As the other is for beauteous modeſty.
Pet. Sir, ſir, the firſt's for me; let her go by.
Gre. Yea, leave that labour to great *Hercules*;
And let it be more than *Alcides'* twelve.
Pet. Sir, underſtand you this of me inſooth;—
The youngeſt daughter, whom you hearken for,
Her father keeps from all acceſs of ſuitors;
And will not promiſe her to any man,
Until her elder ſiſter firſt be wed:
The younger then is free, and not before.
Tra. If it be ſo, ſir, that you are the man
Muſt ſtead us all, and me amongſt the reſt;
And if you break the ice, and do this feat,—
Atchieve the elder, ſet the younger free
For our acceſs,—whoſe hap ſhall be to have her,
Will not ſo graceleſs be, to be ingrate.
Hor. Sir, you ſay well, and well you do conceive:
And ſince you do profeſs to be a ſuitor,
You muſt, as we do,—gratify this gentleman,
To whom we all reſt generally beholding.
Tra. Sir, I ſhall not be ſlack: in ſign whereof,
Pleaſe ye we may convive this afternoon,
And quaff carouſes to our miſtreſs' health;

And

And do as adverſaries do in law,—
Strive mightily, but eat and drink as friends.
Gru. O excellent motion!—Fellows, let's be gone.
Her. The motion's good indeed, and be it ſo;—
Petruchio, I'll be your *ben venuto.* [*Exeunt* *.

ACT II.

SCENE I. *The ſame. A Room in* Baptiſta's *Houſe.*

Enter Catherina, *and* Bianca, *her Hands bound.*

" BIANCA.

" GOOD ſiſter, wrong me not, nor wrong yourſelf,
" To make a bondmaid and a ſlave of me;
" That I diſdain: but for theſe other gawds,—
" Unbind my hands, I'll pull them off myſelf,
" Yea, all my raiment, to my petticoat;
" Or, what you will command me, will I do,
" So well I know my duty to my elders.
" *Cat.* Of all thy ſuitors, here I charge thee, tell
" Whom thou lov'ſt beſt: ſee thou diſſemble not.
" *Bia.* Believe me, ſiſter, of all the men alive,
" I never yet beheld that ſpecial face
" Which I could fancy more than any other.
" *Cat.* Minion, thou ly'ſt; Is't not *Hortenſio?*
" *Bia.* If you affect him, ſiſter, here I ſwear,
" I'll plead for you myſelf, but you ſhall have him.
" *Cat.* O then, belike, you fancy riches more;
" You will have *Gremio,* to keep you fair.
" *Bia.* Is it for him you do envy me ſo?
" Nay, then you jeſt; and now I well perceive,
" You have but jeſted with me all this while:
" I pr'ythee, ſiſter *Kate,* untie my hands.

* There is a great deal of plot, well conceived, and good diſpoſitions in this Act: it contains ſome humour, and a conſiderable ſhare of more elevated fancy; but (including the introduction) muſt prove much too long for the ſtage, even as we have curtailed it.

" *Cat.* If that be jeſt, [*ſtriking her*] then all the reſt
" was ſo.

Enter Baptiſta.

" *Bap.* Why, how now, dame! whence grows this
" inſolence?—
" *Bianca*, ſtand aſide;—poor girl! ſhe weeps:—
" Go, ply thy needle; meddle not with her.—
" For ſhame, thou hilding of a deviliſh ſpirit,
" Why doſt thou wrong her that did ne'er wrong thee?
" When did ſhe croſs thee with a bitter word?
" *Cat.* Her ſilence flouts me, and I'll be reveng'd.
[*Flies after* Bianca.
" *Bap.* What, in my ſight?—[*ſtopping her.*] *Bianca*,
" get thee in. [*Exit* Bianca.
" *Cat.* Will you not ſuffer me? Nay, now I ſee,
" She is your treaſure, ſhe muſt have a huſband;
" I muſt dance bare-foot on her wedding-day,
" And, for your love to her, lead apes in hell.
" Talk not to me; I will go ſit and weep,
" Till I can find occaſion of revenge. [*Exit* Catherine.
" *Bap.* Was ever gentleman thus griev'd as I?
" But who comes here?

* *Enter* Gremio, *and* Lucentio; Petruchio, *with* Hortenſio *as a Muſician*; *and* Tranio, *with* Biondello *attending*, *bearing a Lute and Books.*

Gre. Good morrow, neighbour *Baptiſta.*
Bap. Good morrow, neighbour *Gremio.*—Heav'n ſave you, gentlemen!
Pet. And you, good ſir! Pray, have you not a daughter
Call'd—*Catherina*, fair, and virtuous?
Bap. I have a daughter, ſir, call'd—*Catherina.*
Gre. You are too blunt, go to it orderly.

* As all preceding this is an uneſſential aggravation of *Catherine*'s turbulence, the ſecond Act would undoubtedly begin better here; eſpecially as it relieves *Bianca* from being ſeen in ſuch an awkward, diſagreeable ſituation.

Pet. You wrong me, ſignior *Gremio*; give me leave—
I am a gentleman of *Verona*, ſir,
That,—hearing of her beauty, and her wit,
Her affability, and bashful modeſty,
Her wondrous qualities, and mild behaviour,—
Am bold to ſhew myſelf a forward gueſt
Within your houſe, to make mine eye the witneſs
Of that report which I ſo oft have heard.
And, for an entrance to my entertainment,
I do preſent you with a man of mine,
[*preſenting* Hortenſio.
Cunning in muſic, and the mathematics,
To inſtruct her fully in thoſe ſciences,
Whereof, I know, ſhe is not ignorant:
Accept of him, or elſe you do me wrong;
His name is *Licio*, born in *Mantua*.

Bap. You're welcome, ſir; and he, for your good ſake:
But for my daughter, *Catherine*,—this I know,
She is not for your turn; the more my grief.

Pet. I ſee, you do not mean to part with her;
Or elſe you like not of my company.

Bap. Miſtake me not, I ſpeak but as I find.
Whence are you, ſir? what may I call your name?

Pet. *Petruchio* is my name; *Antonio*'s ſon,
A man well known throughout all *Italy*.

Bap. I know him well: you are welcome for his ſake.

Gre. Saving your tale, *Petruchio*, I pray, let
Us, that are poor petitioners, ſpeak too:
Baccare! you are marvellous forward, ſir.

Pet. O, pardon me, ſignior *Gremio*; I would fain be doing.

Gre. I doubt it not, ſir; but you will curſe your wooing.—
Neighbour, [*to* Baptiſta.
This is a gift very grateful, I am ſure of it:
And,—to expreſs the like kindneſs myſelf,
That have been more beholding to you than any,—
I freely give unto you this young ſcholar,
[*preſenting* Lucentio.
That hath been long ſtudying at *Rheims*; as cunning

In *Latin*, *Greek*, and other languages,
As the other in muſic; and the mathematics:
His name is *Cambio*; pray, accept his ſervice.
Bap. A thouſand thanks, good ſignior *Gremio*:—
Welcome, good *Cambio*.—But, gentle ſir, [*to* Tra.
Methinks, you walk here like a ſtranger; may I
Be bold to know the cauſe too of your coming?
Tra. Pardon me, ſir, the boldneſs is mine own;
That, being a ſtranger in this city here,
Do make myſelf a ſuitor to your daughter,
Unto *Bianca*, fair, and virtuous.
Nor is your firm reſolve unknown to me,
In the preferment of the eldeſt ſiſter:
This liberty is all that I requeſt,—
That, upon knowledge of my parentage,
I may have welcome 'mongſt the reſt that woo,
And free acceſs and ſavour as the reſt.
And, toward the education of your daughters,
I here beſtow a ſimple inſtrument,
And this ſmall packet of *Greek* and *Latin* books:
[*giving the Lute, and Books.*
If you accept them, then their worth is great.
Bap. Lucentio is your name? of whence, I pray?
Tra. Of *Piſa*, ſir; ſon to *Vincentio*.
Bap. A mighty man of *Piſa*, by report;
I know him well: you're very welcome, ſir.—
Take you the lute,—and you the ſet of books,—
You ſhall go ſee your pupils preſently.—
Hola, within there!—

Enter a Servant.

—Sirrah, ſhew theſe gentlemen
To my two daughters; and then tell them both,
Theſe are their tutors; bid them uſe them well.—
[*Exit Servant, with* Luc. *and* Hor. Bio. *follows.*
We will go walk a little in the orchard,
And then to dinner: You are paſſing welcome,
And ſo I pray you all to think yourſelves.
Pet. Signior *Baptiſta*, my buſineſs aſketh haſte,
And every day I cannot come to woo.
You knew my father well; and, in him, me,

Left

Left ſolely heir to all his lands and goods,
Which I have better'd, rather than decreas'd:
Then tell me,—if I get your daughter's love,
What dowry ſhall I have with her to wife?

Bap. After my death, the one half of my lands;
And, in poſſeſſion, twenty thouſand crowns.

Pet. And, for that dowry, I'll aſſure her for
Her widowhood,—be it that ſhe ſurvive me,—
In all my lands and leaſes whatſoever:
Let ſpecialties be therefore drawn between us,
That covenants may be kept on either hand.

Bap. Ay, when the ſpecial thing is well obtain'd,
That is,—her love; for that is all in all.

Pet. Why, that is nothing; for I tell you, father,
I am as peremptory as ſhe proud minded;
And where two raging fires meet together,
They do conſume the thing that feeds their fury:
Though little fire grows great with little wind,
Yet extream guſts will blow out fire and all:
So I to her, and ſo ſhe yields to me;
For I am rough, and woo not like a babe.

Bap. Well may'ſt thou woo, and happy be thy ſpeed!
But be thou arm'd for ſome unhappy words.

Pet. Ay, to the proof; as mountains are for winds,
That ſhake not, though they blow perpetually.

Re-enter Hortenſio, *with his Head broke.*

Bap. How now, my friend? why doſt thou look ſo pale?

Hor. For fear, I promiſe you, if I look pale.

Bap. What, will my daughter prove a good muſician?

Hor. I think ſhe'll ſooner prove a ſoldier;
Iron may hold with her, but never lutes.

Bap. Why, then thou canſt not break her to the lute.

Hor. Why, no; for ſhe hath broke the lute to me.
I did but tell her, ſhe miſtook her frets,
And bow'd her hand to teach her fingering;
When, with a moſt impatient deviliſh ſpirit,
Frets call you theſe? quoth ſhe; *I'll fume with them:*
And, with that word, ſhe ſtrook me on the head,
And through the inſtrument my pate made way;

And there I ſtood amazed for a while,
As on a pillory, looking through the lute:
While ſhe did call me,—raſcal fidler,
And,—twangling *Jack*; with twenty ſuch vile terms,
As ſhe had ſtudy'd to miſuſe me ſo*.

Pet. Now, by the world, it is a luſty wench;
I love her ten times more than e'er I did:
O, how I long to have ſome chat with her!

Bap. Well, go with me, [*to* Hor.] and be not ſo diſcomfited:
Proceed in practice with my younger daughter;
She's apt to learn, and thankful for good turns.—
Signior *Petruchio*, will you go with us;
Or ſhall I ſend my daughter *Kate* to you?

Pet. I pray you, do; I will attend her here,—
[*Exeunt* Bap. Gre. Tra. *and* Hor.
And woo her with ſome ſpirit when ſhe comes.
Say, that ſhe rail; why, then I'll tell her plain,
She ſings as ſweetly as a nightingale:
Say, that ſhe frown; I'll ſay, ſhe looks as clear
As morning roſes newly waſh'd with dew:
Say, ſhe be mute, and will not ſpeak a word;
Then I'll commend her volubility,
And ſay—ſhe uttereth piercing eloquence:
If ſhe do bid me pack, I'll give her thanks,
As though ſhe bid me ſtay by her a week;
If ſhe deny to wed, I'll crave the day
When I ſhall aſk the banns, and when be marry'd†:
But here ſhe comes; and now, *Petruchio*, ſpeak.

Enter Catherine.

Good morrow, *Kate*; for that's your name, I hear.

Cat. Well have you heard, but ſomething hard of hearing;
They call me—*Catherine*, that do talk of me.

* This deſcription of the treatment he has met, is moſt humorouſly picturesque, and affords food for laughter in every line.

† *Petruchio*'s idea of dealing with *Catherine* by contradiction, is a very politic propoſition for one of her turbulent character; as undoubtedly nothing ſooner, or more effectually ſubdues a violent temper, than a real or affected one of the ſame kind in oppoſition.

Pet. You lie, in faith; for you are call'd plain *Kate*,
And bonny *Kate*, and ſometimes *Kate* the curſt;
But *Kate*, the prettieſt *Kate* in Chriſtendom,
Kate of *Kate*-hall, my ſuper-dainty *Kate*,
For dainties are all cates: And therefore, *Kate*,
Take this of me, *Kate* of my conſolation;—
Hearing thy mildneſs prais'd in every town,
Thy virtues ſpoke of, and thy beauty ſounded,
(Yet not ſo deeply as to thee belongs)
Myſelf am mov'd to woo thee for my wife.
Cat. Mov'd! in good time: Let him that mov'd you hither,
Remove you hence: I knew you at the firſt,
You were a moveable.
Pet. Why, what's a moveable?
Cat. A joint-ſtool.
Pet. Thou haſt hit it: come, ſit on me.
Cat. Aſſes are made to bear, and ſo are you.
Pet. Women are made to bear, and ſo are you.
" *Cat.* No ſuch jade, ſir, as you, if me you mean.
" *Pet.* Alas, good *Kate!* I will not burthen thee:
" For, knowing thee to be but young and light,—
" *Cat.* Too light for ſuch a ſwain as you to catch;
" And yet as heavy as my weight ſhould be.
" *Pet.* Should be? ſhould buz.
" *Cat.* Well ta'en, and like a buzzard.
" *Pet.* O ſlow-wing'd turtle! ſhall a buzzard take
" thee?
" *Cat.* Ay, for a turtle; as he takes a buzzard.
" *Pet.* Come, come, you waſp; i' faith, you are too
" angry.
" *Cat.* If I be waſpiſh, beſt beware my ſting.
" *Pet.* My remedy is then to pluck it out.
" *Cat.* Ay, if the fool could find it where it lies.
" *Pet.* Who knows not where a waſp does wear his
" ſting?
" In his tail.
" *Cat.* In his tail! in his tongue.
" *Pet.* In his tongue? whoſe tongue?
" *Cat.* Yours, if you talk of tails; and ſo farewel.

" *Pet.* What, with my tongue in your tail? nay,
" come again,"
Good *Kate*; I am a gentleman *.
Cat. That I'll try. [*Striking him.*
Pet. I ſwear, I'll cuff you, if you ſtrike again.
" *Cat.* So may you loſe your arms: if you ſtrike me,
" You are no gentleman; and if no gentleman,
" Why, then no arms.
" *Pet.* A herald, *Kate*? O, put
" Me in thy books.
" *Cat.* What is your creſt? a coxcomb?
" *Pet.* A combleſs cock, ſo *Kate* will be my hen.
" *Cat.* No cock of mine, you crow too like a craven.
" *Pet.* Nay, come, *Kate*, come; you muſt not look
" ſo ſour.
" *Cat.* It is my faſhion, when I ſee a crab.
" *Pet.* Why, here's no crab; and therefore look not
" ſour,
" *Cat.* There is, there is.
" *Pet.* Then ſhew it me.
" *Cat.* Had I a glaſs, I would.
" *Pet.* What, you mean my face.
" *Cat.* Well aim'd of ſuch a young one.
" *Pet.* Now, by ſaint *George*, I am too young for you.
" *Cat.* Yet you are wither'd.
" *Pet.* 'Tis with cares.
" *Cat.* I care not.
Pet. Nay, hear you, *Kate*: in ſooth, you 'ſcape not ſo.
Cat. I chaſe you, if I tarry; let me go.
Pet. No, not a whit; I find you paſſing gentle.
'Twas told me,—you were rough, and coy, and ſullen,
And now I find report a very liar;
For thou art pleaſant, gameſome, paſſing courteous,
But ſlow in ſpeech, yet ſweet as ſpring-time flowers:
Thou canſt not frown, thou canſt not look aſkance,
Nor bite the lip, as angry wenches will;

* This converſation, though very ſpirited, is much too long; beſides, ſome of the lines marked for omiſſion are unpardonably indecent.

Nor

Nor haſt thou pleaſure to be croſs in talk;
But thou with mildneſs entertain'ſt thy wooers,
With gentle conference, ſoft, and affable.
Why does the world report, that *Kate* doth limp?
O ſland'rous world! *Kate* like the hazle twig
Is ſtraight, and ſlender; and as brown in hue
As hazle nuts, and ſweeter than the kernels.
O, let me ſee thee walk: thou doſt not halt*.

Cat. Go, fool, and whom thou keep'ſt command.

Pet. Did ever *Dian* ſo become a grove,
As *Kate* this chamber with her princely gait?
O, be thou *Dian*, and let her be *Kate*;
And then let *Kate* be chaſt, and *Dian* ſportful.

Cat. Where did you ſtudy all this goodly ſpeech?

Pet. It is extempore from my mother-wit.

Cat. A witty mother! witneſs elſe her ſon.

Pet. Am I not wiſe?

Cat. Yes; keep you warm.

Pet. Marry, ſo I mean, ſweet *Catherine*, in thy bed:
And therefore, ſetting all this chat aſide,
Thus in plain terms;—Your father hath conſented,
That you ſhall be my wife; your dowry 'greed on;
And will you, nill you, I will marry you.
Now, *Kate*, I am a huſband for your turn;
For, by this light,—whereby I ſee thy beauty;
Thy beauty, that doth make me like thee well,—
Thou muſt be marry'd to no man but me:
For I am he am born to tame you, *Kate*;
And bring you from a wild *Kate* to a *Kate*
Conformable, as other houſhold *Kates*.

Re-enter Baptiſta, Gremio, *and* Tranio.

Here comes your father; never make denial,
I muſt and will have *Catherine* to my wife.

Bap. Now, ſignior *Petruchio*, how ſpeed
You with my daughter?

Pet. How but well, ſir? how but well?
It were impoſſible, I ſhould ſpeed amiſs.

* This is a very maſterly ſpeech, as the pleaſant ironical ideas it contains are judiciouſly, and by no means rudely, thrown out.

Bap. Why, how now, daughter *Catherine?* in your dumps?

Cat. Call you me—daughter? now I promiſe you,
You have ſhew'd a tender fatherly regard,
To wiſh me wed to one half lunatick;
A mad-cap ruffian, and a ſwearing *Jack*,
That thinks with oaths to face the matter out.

Pet. Father, 'tis thus,—yourſelf and all the world,
That talk'd of her, have talk'd amiſs of her;
If ſhe be curſt, it is for policy:
For ſhe's not froward, but modeſt as the dove;
She is not hot, but temperate as the morn;
For patience ſhe will prove a ſecond *Grizelde*,
And *Roman Lucrece* for her chaſtity:
And to conclude,—we have 'greed ſo well together,
That upon *Sunday* is the wedding-day.

Cat. I'll ſee thee hang'd o'*Sunday* firſt.

Gre. Hark, *Petruchio!*
She ſays, ſhe'll ſee thee hang'd o'*Sunday* firſt.

Tra. Is this your ſpeeding? nay, then, good night our part.

Pet. Be patient, gentlemen; I chooſe her for myſelf;
If ſhe and I be pleas'd, what's that to you?
'Tis bargain'd 'twixt us twain, being alone,
That ſhe ſhall ſtill be curſt in company.
I tell you, 'tis incredible to believe
How much ſhe loves me: O, the kindeſt *Kate!*
She hung about my neck; and kiſs on kiſs
She vy'd ſo faſt, proteſting oath on oath,
That in a twink ſhe won me to her love.
O, you are novices! 'tis a world to ſee,
How tame, when men and women are alone,
A meacock wretch can make the curſteſt ſhrew.—
Give me thy hand, *Kate*; I will unto *Venice*,
To buy apparel 'gainſt the wedding-day:—
Provide the feaſt, father, and bid the gueſts;
I will be ſure, my *Catherine* ſhall be fine.

Bap. I know not what to ſay: but give me your hands;
God ſend you joy, *Petruchio!* 'tis a match.

Gre. Tra. Amen, ſay we; we will be witneſſes.

Pet. Father, and wife, and gentlemen, adieu;

I will to *Venice*, *Sunday* comes apace:—
We will have rings, and things, and fine array;
And kiſs me, *Kate*, we will be marry'd o'*Sunday**.
[*Exeunt* Cat. *and* Pet.

Gre. Was ever match clapt up ſo ſuddenly?

" *Bap.* 'Faith, gentlemen, now I play a merchant's part,
" And venture madly on a deſperate mart.

" *Tra.* 'Twas a commodity lay fretting by you;
" 'Twill bring you gain, or periſh on the ſeas.

" *Bap.* The gain I ſeek is—quiet in the match.

" *Gre.* No doubt, but he hath got a quiet catch.
But now, *Baptiſta*, to your younger daughter;—
Now is the day we long have looked for;
I am your neighbour, and was ſuitor firſt.

Tra. And I am one, that love *Bianca* more
Than words can witneſs, or your thoughts can gueſs.

Gre. Youngling, thou canſt not love ſo dear as I.

Tra. Grey-beard, thy love doth freeze.

" *Gre.* But thine doth fry.

" Skipper, ſtand back; 'tis age, that nouriſheth.

" *Tra.* But youth, in ladies' eyes that flouriſheth.

Bap. Content you, gentlemen; I will compound this ſtrife:
'Tis deeds, muſt win the prize; and he, of both,
That can aſſure my daughter greateſt dower,
Shall have *Bianca*'s love.—And, firſt, to you;
Say, ſignior *Gremio*, what can you aſſure her†?

Gre. Firſt, as you know, my houſe within the city
Is richly furniſhed with plate and gold;
Baſons, and ewers, to lave her dainty hands;
My hangings all of *Tyrian* tapeſtry:
In ivory coffers I have ſtuff'd my crowns;

* Through the whole ſcene, *Petruchio* is drawn in a very maſterly and original ſtile of humour; he requires great and outrè comic talents to keep pace in repreſentation with the author; genteel extravagance of deportment, and arch inſolence of features, are the chief external merit.

† *Baptiſta* here ſhews himſelf, as too many fathers in private life have done, of a mean ſelfiſh deſpotic temper; his daughter muſt ſubmit according to his idea, where fortune beckons.

In cypreſs cheſts my arras counterpanes,
Coſtly apparel, tents, and canopies,
Fine linen, *Turky* cuſhions boſt with pearl,
Valance of *Venice* gold in needle-work,
Pewter, and braſs,—and all things that belong
To houſe, or houſe-keeping: then, at my farm,
I have a hundred milch-kine to the pail,
Six-ſcore fat oxen ſtanding in my ſtalls,
And all things anſwerable to this portion.
Myſelf am ſtrook in years, I muſt confeſs;
And, if I die to-morrow, this is hers,
If, whilſt I live, ſhe will be only mine.
Tra. That, *only*, came well in.—Sir, liſt to me;
I am my father's heir, and only ſon:
If I may have your daughter to my wife,
I'll leave her houſes three or four as good,
Within rich *Piſa* walls, as any one
Old ſignior *Gremio* has in *Padua*;
Beſides two thouſand ducats by the year
Of fruitful land, all which ſhall be her jointure.—
" What, have I pinch'd you, ſignior *Gremio?*
" *Gre.* Two thouſand ducats by the year of land!—
" My land amounts but to ſo much in all,
" That ſhe ſhall have; beſides an argoſy,
" That now is lying in *Marſeilles'* road:—
" What, have I choak'd you with an argoſy?
" *Tra. Gremio*, 'tis known, my father hath no leſs
" Than three great argoſies; beſides two galliaſſes,
" And twelve tight gallies: theſe I will aſſure her,
" And twice as much, whate'er thou offer'ſt next.
" *Gre.* Nay, I have offer'd all, I have no more;
" And ſhe can have no more than all I have:—
" If you like me, ſhe ſhall have me and mine.
" *Tra.* Why, then the maid is mine from all the world,
" By your firm promiſe; *Gremio* is out-vy'd.
Bap. I muſt confeſs, your offer is the beſt;
And, let your father make her the aſſurance,
She is your own; elſe, you muſt pardon me:
If you ſhould die before him, where's her dower?
Tra. That's but a cavil; he is old, I young.
Gre. And may not young men die, as well as old?

Bap. Well, gentlemen,
I am thus reſolv'd :—On *Sunday* next, you know,
My daughter *Catherine* is to be marry'd:
Now, on the *Sunday* following, ſhall *Bianca*
Be bride to you, *Lucentio*, if you
Make this aſſurance; if not, to ſignior *Gremio*:
And ſo I take my leave, and thank you both. [*Exit.*

" *Gre.* Adieu, good neighbour.—Now I fear thee not;
" Sirrah, young gameſter, your father were a fool
" To give thee all, and, in his waining age,
" Set foot under thy table: Tut! a toy!
" An old *Italian* fox is not ſo kind, my boy. [*Exit.*

" *Tra.* A vengeance on your crafty wither'd hide!
" Yet I have fac'd it with a card of ten.
" 'Tis in my head to do my maſter good:—
" I ſee no reaſon, but ſuppos'd *Lucentio*
" May get a father, call'd—ſuppos'd *Vincentio*;
" And that's a wonder: fathers, commonly,
" Do get their children; but, in this caſe of wooing,
" A child ſhall get a ſire, if I fail not of my cunning *.
[*Exit.*

" SCENE II. *The ſame. Another Room.*

" *Enter* Lucentio, *and* Bianca, *converſing*; *to them*,
" Hortenſio.

" *Luc.* Fidler, forbear; you grow too forward, ſir:
" Have you ſo ſoon forgot the entertainment
" Her ſiſter *Catherine* welcom'd you withal?

" *Hor.* She is a ſhrew; but, wrangling pedant, this is
" The patroneſs of heavenly harmony:
" Then give me leave to have prerogative;
" And when in muſic we have ſpent an hour,
" Your lecture ſhall have leiſure for as much.

" *Luc.* Prepoſt'rous aſs! that never read ſo far,
" To know the cauſe why muſic was ordain'd!
" Was it not, to refreſh the mind of man,
" After his ſtudies, or his uſual pain?
" Then give me leave to read philoſophy,

* There is no occaſion for this or the preceding ſpeech, and neither contains any thing worthy notice.

" And,

" And, when I pauſe, ſerve in your harmony.
" *Hor.* Sirrah, I will not bear theſe braves of thine.
" *Bia.* Why, gentlemen, you do me double wrong,
" To ſtrive for that which reſteth in my choice:
" I am no breeching ſcholar in the ſchools;
" I'll not be ty'd to hours, nor 'pointed times,
" But learn my leſſons as I pleaſe myſelf.
" And, to cut off all ſtrife, here ſit we down:—
" Take you your inſtrument, play you the whiles;
" His lecture will be done, ere you have tun'd.
" *Hor.* You'll leave his lecture, when I am in tune?
[*To* Bia. *taking up his Lute.*
" *Luc.* That will be never;—tune your inſtrument.
" *Bia.* Where left we laſt?
[*Sitting to a Table with* Luc. *ſhewing a Book.*
" *Luc.* Here, madam:—
" *Hic ibat Simois; hic eſt Sigeia tellus;*
" *Hic ſteterat Priami regia celſa ſenis.*
" *Bia.* Conſtrue them.
" *Luc. Hic ibat*, as I told you before,—*Simois*, I am
" *Lucentio*,—*hic eſt*, ſon unto *Vincentio* of *Piſa*,—*Sigeia*
" *tellus*, diſguiſed thus to get your love;—*Hic ſteterat*,
" and that *Lucentio* that comes a wooing,—*Priami*, is
" my man *Tranio*,—*regia*, bearing my port,—*celſa ſe-*
" *nis*, that we might beguile the old pantaloon.
" *Hor.* Madam, my inſtrument's in tune.
" *Bia.* Let's hear:— [Hor. *plays.*
" O, fie! the treble jars.
" *Luc.* Spit in the hole, man,
" And tune again.
" *Bia.* Now let me ſee if I can conſtrue it.
" *Hic ibat Simois*, I know you not;—*hic eſt Sigeia tellus*,
" I truſt you not;—*Hic ſteterat Priami*, take heed he
" hear us not;—*regia*, preſume not;—*celſa ſenis*, de-
" ſpair not.
" *Hor.* Madam, 'tis now in tune.
" *Luc.* All but the baſe.
" *Hor.* The baſe is right; 'tis the baſe knave that
" jars—
" How fiery and how forward is our pedant! [*Aſide.*
" Now, for my life, the knave doth court my love:
" *Pedaſcule*,

" *Pedaſcule*, I'll watch you better yet.
" *Bia*: In time I may believe, yet I miſtruſt.
[*Seeing* Hor. *liſten.*
" *Luc.* Miſtruſt it not; for, ſure, *Æacides*
" Was *Ajax*,—call'd ſo from his grandfather.
" *Bia.* I muſt believe my maſter; elſe, I promiſe you,
" I ſhould be arguing ſtill upon that doubt:
" But let it reſt.—Now, *Licio*, to you:— [*Riſing.*
" Good maſters, take it not unkindly, pray,
" That I have been thus pleaſant with you both.
" *Hor.* You may go walk, [*to* Luc.] and give me leave a while;
" My leſſons make no muſic in three parts.
" *Luc.* Are you ſo formal, ſir? well, I muſt wait;
[*Retiring.*
" And watch withal; for, but I be deceiv'd,
" Our fine muſician groweth amorous.
" *Hor.* Madam, before you touch the inſtrument,
" To learn the order of my fingering,
" I muſt begin with rudiments of art;
" To teach you gamut in a briefer ſort,
" More pleaſant, pithy, and effectual,
" Than hath been taught by any of my trade:
" And there it is in writing, fairly drawn. [*Gives a paper.*
" *Bia.* Why, I am paſt my gamut long ago.
" *Hor.* Yet read the gamut of *Hortenſio*.
" *Bia.* Gamut *I am, the ground of all accord*, [Reads.
" A re, *to plead* Hortenſio's *paſſion*;
" B me, Bianca, *take him for thy lord*,
" C faut, *that loves with all affection:*
" D ſol re, *one cliff, two notes have I*;
" E la mi, *ſhow me pity, or I die.*
" Call you this—gamut? tut! I like it not:
" Old faſhions pleaſe me beſt; I am not ſo nice,
" To change true rules for odd inventions.

" *Enter a* Servant.

" *Ser.* Miſtreſs, your father prays you leave your books,
" And help to dreſs your ſiſter's chamber up;
" You know, to-morrow is the wedding-day.

" *Bia.* Farewel, ſweet maſters both; I muſt be gone.
" [*Exeunt* Ser. *and* Bia.
" *Luc.* 'Faith, miſtreſs, then I have no cauſe to ſtay.
" [*Exit* Lucentio.
" *Hor.* But I have cauſe to pry into this pedant;
" Methinks, he looks as though he were in love:—
" Yet if thy thoughts, *Bianca*, be ſo humble,
" To caſt thy wand'ring eyes on every ſtale,
" Seize thee, that liſt; if once I find thee ranging,
" *Hortenſio* will be quit with thee by changing.
" [*Exit* *."

ACT III.

SCENE I. *The ſame. Court before the Houſe.*

Enter Baptiſta, Gremio, Tranio, Catherine, Bianca, *and Attendants*; Lucentio, *and* Hortenſio *among them.*

BAPTISTA.

SIGNIOR *Lucentio*, [*to* Tra.] this is the 'pointed day
That *Catherine* and *Petruchio* ſhould be marry'd,
And yet we hear not of our ſon-in-law:
What will be ſaid? what mockery will it be,—
To want the bridegroom, when the prieſt attends
To ſpeak the ceremonial rites of marriage?
What ſays *Lucentio* to this ſhame of curs?

Cat. No ſhame but mine: I muſt, forſooth, be forc'd
To give my hand, oppos'd againſt my heart,
Unto a mad-brain rudeſby, full of ſpleen;
Who woo'd in haſte, and means to wed at leiſure.
I told you, I,—he was a frantic fool,
Hiding his bitter jeſts in blunt behaviour:
And, to be noted for a merry man,

* The whole of this ſcene is ſo immaterial, ſo improbable, and ſo ſtrained for humour, that our ideas conſign it to neglect: the act, from *Petruchio*'s courtſhip, muſt ever pleaſe, and riſes conſiderably above the firſt.

He'll

He'll woo a thouſand, point the day of marriage,
Make friends, invite, yes, and proclaim the banns;
Yet never means to wed where he hath woo'd.
Now muſt the world point at poor *Catherine*;
And ſay,—*Lo! there is mad* Petruchio's *wife,*
If it would pleaſe him come and marry her.

Tra. Patience, good *Catherine*, and *Baptiſta* too;
Upon my life, *Petruchio* means but well,
Whatever fortune ſtays him from his word:
Though he be blunt, I know him paſſing wiſe;
Though he be merry, yet withal he's honeſt.

Cat. 'Would, *Catherine* had never ſeen him though!

[*Exit, weeping: is followed by* Bianca, Gremio, Hortenſio, *and others.*

Bap. Go, girl; I cannot blame thee now to weep;
For ſuch an injury would vex a ſaint,
Much more a ſhrew of thy impatient temper.

Enter Biondello, *haſtily.*

Bio. Maſter, maſter, [*to* Tra.] news, old news, and ſuch news as you never heard of!

Bap. Is it new and old too? how may that be?

Bio. Why, is it not news, to hear of *Petruchio*'s coming?

Bap. Is he come?

Bio. Why, no, ſir.

Bap. What then?

Bio. He is coming.

Bap. When will he be here?

Bio. When he ſtands where I am, and ſees you there.

Tra. But ſay, what be thine old news?

Bio. Why, *Petruchio* is coming, in a new hat, and an old jerkin; a pair of old breeches, thrice turned; a pair of boots that have been candle-caſes, one buckled, another lac'd; an old ruſty ſword ta'en out of the town armory, with a broken hilt, and chapeleſs, with two broken points: His horſe hip'd with an old mothy ſaddle, the ſtirrops of no kindred: beſides, poſſeſt with the glanders, and like to moſe in the chine; troubled with the lampaſs, infected with the faſhions, full of wind-galls,

galls, ſped with ſpavins, ray'd with the yellows, paſt cure of the vives, ſtark ſpoil'd with the ſtaggers, begnawn with the bots; ſway'd in the back, and ſhoulder-ſhotten; near-leg'd before, and with a half-check'd bit, and a head-ſtall of ſheep's-leather; which, being reſtrain'd to keep him from ſtumbling, hath been often burſt, and now repaired with knots; one girth ſix times piec'd, and a woman's crupper of velure; which hath two letters for her name, fairly ſet down in ſtuds, and here and there piec'd with pack-thread *.

Bap. Who comes with him?

Bio. O, ſir, his lacquey, for all the world capariſon'd like the horſe; with a linen ſtock on one leg, and a kerſey boot-hoſe on the other, garter'd with a red and blue liſt; an old hat, and the humour of forty fancies prick'd in't for a feather: a monſter, a very monſter in apparel; and not like a chriſtian foot-boy, or a gentleman's lacquey.

Tra. 'Tis ſome odd humour pricks him to this faſhion;—
Yet oftentimes he goes but mean apparel'd.

Bap. I am glad, he's come though, howſoe'er he comes.

Bio. Why, ſir, he comes not.

Bap. Didſt thou not ſay, he comes?

Bio. Who? that *Petruchio* came?

Bap. Ay, that *Petruchio* came.

Bio. No, ſir; I ſay, that his horſe comes, with him On his back.

Bap. Why, that's all one.

Bio. Nay, by ſaint *Jamy*; I hold you a penny,
A horſe and a man is more than one, and yet not many.

Enter Petruchio, *and his man* Grumio, *oddly habited both.*

Pet. Come, where be theſe gallants here? who's at home?

* This ſpeech contains a whimſical luxuriance of riſible deſcription; there is abundant peculiarity of groteſque idea; *Biondello* requires great and uncommon diſtinctneſs and volubility, which are rarely found together.

Bap. You are welcome, ſir.
Pet. And yet I come not well.
" *Bap.* And yet you halt not.
Tra. Not ſo well apparel'd
As I could wiſh you were.
Pet. Tut! were it better, I ſhould ruſh in thus.
But where is *Kate?* where is my lovely bride?—
How does my father?—Gentles, methinks, you frown.
And wherefore gaze this goodly company;
As if they ſaw ſome wond'rous monument,
Some comet, or unuſual prodigy?
Bap. Why, ſir, you know, this is your wedding-day:
Firſt were we ſad, fearing you would not come;
Now ſadder, that you come ſo unprovided.
Fie! doff this habit, ſhame to your eſtate,
An eye-ſore to our ſolemn feſtival.
Tra. And tell us, what occaſion of import
Hath all ſo long detain'd you from your wife,
And ſent you hither ſo unlike yourſelf?
Pet. Tedious it were to tell, and harſh to hear;
Sufficeth, I am come to keep my word:
" Though, in ſome part, enforced to digreſs;
" Which, at more leiſure, I will ſo excuſe
" As you ſhall well be ſatisfy'd withal.
But where is *Kate?* I ſtay too long from her;
The morning wears, 'tis time we were at church.
Tra. See not your bride in theſe unreverent robes;
Go to my chamber, put on cloaths of mine.
Pet. Not I, believe me; thus I'll viſit her.
Bap. But thus, I truſt, you will not marry her.
Pet. Good ſooth, even thus; therefore, have done with words;
To me ſhe's marry'd, not unto my cloaths:
Could I repair what ſhe will wear in me,
As I can change theſe poor accoutrements,
'Twere well for *Kate*, and better for myſelf.
But what a fool am I, to chat with you,
When I ſhould bid good morrow to my bride,
And ſeal the title with a lovely kiſs?

[*Exeunt* Pet. Gru. *and* Bio.

Tra. He hath ſome meaning in his mad attire:
We will perſuade him, be it poſſible,
To put on better ere he go to church.
Bap. I'll after him, and ſee the event of this.
[*Exeunt* Bap. *and Attendants.* Tranio *follows; but is beckoned back by* Lucentio, *who converſes awhile apart.*
Tra. But to her love, ſir, concerneth us to add
Her father's liking: Which, to bring to paſs,
As I before imparted to your worſhip,
I am to get a man,—whate'er he be,
It ſkills not much; we'll fit him to our turn,—
And he ſhall be *Vincentio* of *Piſa*;
And make aſſurance, here in *Padua*,
Of greater ſums than I have promiſed.
So ſhall you quietly enjoy your hope,
And marry ſweet *Bianca* with conſent.
Luc. Were it not that my fellow ſchoolmaſter
Doth watch *Bianca*'s ſteps ſo narrowly,
'Twere good, methinks, to ſteal our marriage;
Which once perform'd, let all the world ſay—no,
I'll keep mine own, deſpight of all the world.
Tra. That, by degrees, we mean to look into,
And watch our vantage in this buſineſs:—
We'll over-reach the grey-beard, *Gremio*;
The narrow-prying father, *Minola*;
The quaint muſician, amorous *Licio*;
All for my maſter's ſake, *Lucentio*.—

Re-enter Gremio, *laughing.*

Now, Signior *Gremio!* came you from the church?
Gre. As willingly as e'er I came from ſchool.
Tra. And is the bride and bridegroom coming home?
Gre. A bridegroom, ſay you? 'tis a groom, indeed,
A grumbling groom, and that the girl ſhall find.
Tra. Curſter than ſhe? why, 'tis impoſſible.
Gre. Why, he's a devil, a devil, a very fiend.
Tra. Why, ſhe's a devil, a devil, the devil's dam.
Gre. Tut! ſhe's a lamb, a dove, a fool to him.
I'll tell you, Sir *Lucentio*; when the prieſt
Should aſk—if *Catherina* ſhould be his wife,

Ay,

Ay, by gogs-wouns, quoth he; and ſwore ſo loud,
That, all-amaz'd, the prieſt let fall the book:
And, as he ſtoop'd again to take it up,
This mad-brain'd bridegroom took him ſuch a cuff,
That down fell prieſt and book, and book and prieſt;
Now take them up, quoth he, *if any liſt.*
Tra. What ſaid the wench, when he roſe up again?
Gre. Trembl'd, and ſhook; for why, he ſtamp'd and ſwore,
As if the vicar meant to cozen him.
" But after many ceremonies done,
" He calls for wine:—
" *A health*, quoth he; as he had been aboard,
" Carouſing to his mates after a ſtorm:
" Quafft off the muſcadel, and threw the ſops
" All in the ſexton's face; having no other reaſon,—
" But that his beard grew thin and hungerly,
" And ſeem'd to aſk him ſops as he was drinking.
This done, he took the bride about the neck;
And kiſs'd her lips with ſuch a clamorous ſmack,
That, at the parting, all the church did eccho,
I, ſeeing this, came thence for very ſhame;
And after me, I know, the rout is coming:
Such a mad marriage never was before!
Hark, hark! I hear the minſtrels play. [*Muſic.*

Enter Petruchio *and* Catherine, *as married*; Baptiſta, Grumio, Hortenſio, Bianca, *and Train.*

Pet. Gentlemen and friends, I thank you for your pains:
I know you think to dine with me to-day,
And have prepar'd great ſtore of wedding cheer;
But ſo it is, my haſte doth call me hence,
And therefore here I mean to take my leave.
Bap. Is't poſſible, you will away to-night?
Pet. I muſt away to-day, before night come:—
Make it no wonder; if you knew my buſineſs,
You would entreat me rather go than ſtay.
And, honeſt company, I thank you all,
That have beheld me give away myſelf
To this moſt patient, ſweet, and virtuous wife:

Dine

Dine with my father, drink a health to me;
For I muſt hence, and farewel to you all.
Tra. Let us entreat you ſtay 'till after dinner.
Pet. It may not be.
Gre. Let me entreat you, ſir.
Pet. It cannot be.
Cat. Let me entreat you then.
Pet. I am content.
Cat. Are you content to ſtay?
Pet. I am content, you ſhall entreat my ſtay;
But yet not ſtay, entreat me how you can.
Cat. Now, if you love me, ſtay.
Pet. Grumio, my horſes.
" *Gru.* Ay, ſir, they be ready;
" The oats have eaten up the horſes.
Cat. Nay then,
Do what thou canſt, I will not go to-day;
No, nor to-morrow, nor 'till I pleaſe myſelf.
The door is open, ſir, there lies your way,
You may be jogging while your boots are green;
For me, I'll not be gone 'till pleaſe myſelf:
'Tis like, you'll prove a jolly ſurly groom,
That take it on you at the firſt ſo roundly.
Pet. O, *Kate*, content thee; pr'ythee be not angry.
Cat. I will be angry: What haſt thou to do?—
Father, be quiet; he ſhall ſtay my leiſure.
Gre. Ay, marry, ſir, now it begins to work.
Cat. Gentlemen, forward to the bridal dinner:—
I ſee a woman may be made a fool,
If ſhe had not a ſpirit to reſiſt.
Pet. They ſhall go forward, *Kate*, at thy command:—
Obey the bride, you that attend on her;
Go to the feaſt, revel and domineer,
Carouſe full meaſure to her maidenhead,
Be mad and merry,—or go hang yourſelves;
But for my bonny *Kate*, ſhe muſt with me.
Nay, look not big, nor ſtamp, nor ſtare, nor fret;
I will be maſter of what is mine own:
She is my goods, my chattels; ſhe is my houſe,
My houſhold-ſtuff, my field, my barn, my ſtable,
My horſe, my ox, my aſs, my any thing;

And

And here ſhe ſtands, touch her whoever dare;
I'll bring mine action on the proudeſt he,
That ſtops my way in *Padua*.—*Grumio*,
Draw forth thy weapon, we're beſet with thieves;
Reſcue thy miſtreſs, if thou be a man:—
Fear not, ſweet wench; they ſhall not touch thee, *Kate*;
I'll buckler thee againſt a million *.

[*Exit, hurrying* Catherine *out*; Grumio, *with his ſword drawn, bringing up the rear.*

" *Bap.* Nay, let them go, a couple of quiet ones.
" *Gre.* Went they not quickly, I ſhould die with
" laughing.
" *Tra.* Of all mad matches, never was the like!—
" Miſtreſs, what's your opinion of your ſiſter?
" *Bia.* That, being mad herſelf, ſhe's madly mated.
" *Gre.* I'll warrant him, *Petruchio* is Kated.
" *Bap.* Neighbours and friends, though bride and
" bridegroom wants
" For to ſupply the places at the table,
" You know, there wants no junkets at the feaſt:—
" *Lucentio*, you ſupply the bridegroom's place;
" And let *Bianca* take her ſiſter's room.
" *Tra.* Shall ſweet *Bianca* practiſe how to bride it?
" *Bap.* She ſhall, *Lucentio*. — Come, gentlemen, let's go. [*Exeunt*.

Sly. Sim, *When will the fool come again?*
1. S. *Anon, my lord.*
Sly. *Give's ſome more drink here!—where's the tapſter?—Here*, Sim,
Eat ſome of theſe things. [Giving him ſome conſerves.
1. S. *So I do, my lord.*
Sly. *Here*, Sim, *I drink to thee.* [Drinks.

* The overbearing, and ſeemingly frantic ſpirit of authority, *Petruchio* ſuggeſts and aſſumes, muſt keep an audience in high ſpirits, and cannot fail to delight an intelligent reader; ſo poignant are his expreſſions, and ſo well contraſted to *Catherine*'s.

SCENE II. *A Hall in* Petruchio's *Country-Houſe.*

Enter Grumio, *halting.*

Gru. Fie, fie, on all tir'd jades! on all mad maſters! and all foul ways! Was ever man ſo beaten? was ever man ſo 'wray'd? was ever man ſo weary? I am ſent before to make a fire, and they are coming after to warm them. Now, were not I a little pot, and ſoon hot, my very lips might freeze to my teeth, my tongue to the roof of my mouth, my heart in my belly, ere I ſhould come by a fire to thaw me:—But I, with blowing the fire, ſhall warm myſelf; for, conſidering the weather, a taller man than I will take cold. Hola, ho! *Curtis!*

Enter Curtis.

Cur. Who is that, calls ſo coldly?

Gru. A piece of ice: If thou doubt it, thou may'ſt ſlide from my ſhoulder to my heel, with no greater a run but my head and my neck. A fire, good *Curtis.*

Cur. Is my maſter and his wife coming, *Grumio?*

Gru. O, ay, *Curtis*, ay: and therefore fire, fire; caſt on no water.

Cur. Is ſhe ſo hot a ſhrew as ſhe's reported?

Gru. She was, good *Curtis*, before this froſt: but, thou know'ſt, winter tames man, woman, and beaſt; for it hath tam'd my old maſter and my new miſtreſs,—and thyſelf, fellow *Curtis.*

" *Cur.* Away, you three-inch fool! I am no beaſt.

" *Gru.* Am I but three inches? why, thy horn is a " foot; and ſo long am I, at the leaſt. But wilt thou " make a fire, or ſhall I complain on thee to our miſtreſs? " whoſe hand (ſhe being now at hand) thou ſhalt ſoon " feel, to thy cold comfort, for being ſlow in thy hot " office.

" *Cur.* I pr'ythee, good *Grumio*, tell me, how goes " the world?

" *Gru.* A cold world, *Curtis*, in every office but " thine; and therefore, fire: Do thy duty, and have " thy duty; for my maſter and miſtreſs are almoſt fro- " zen to death.

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" *Cur.* There's fire ready; and therefore, good *Gru-*
" *mio*, the news?

" *Gru.* Why, *Jack*, boy! ho, boy! and as much
" news as thou wilt.

" *Cur.* Come, you are ſo full of coney-catching.—

" *Gru.* Why, therefore, fire; for I have caught ex-
" treme cold." Where's the cook? is ſupper ready, the houſe trimm'd, ruſhes ſtrew'd, cobwebs ſwept; the ſervingmen in their new fuſtian, their white ſtockings, and every officer his wedding-garment on? be the jacks fair within, the jills fair without, the carpets laid, and every thing in order?

Cur. All ready: And therefore, I pray thee, news?

Gru. Firſt, know, my horſe is tired; my maſter and miſtreſs fall'n out.

Cur. How?

Gru. Out of their ſaddles into the dirt; and thereby hangs a tale.

Cur. Let's ha't, good *Grumio*.

" *Gru.* Lend thine ear.

" *Cur.* Here.

" *Gru.* There. [*Cuffing him.*

" *Cur.* This is to feel a tale, not to hear a tale.

Gru. " And therefore 'tis call'd—a ſenſible tale: and
" this cuff was but to knock at your ear, and beſeech
" liſt'ning. Now I begin."—*Imprimis*, we came down a foul hill, my maſter riding behind my miſtreſs:—

Cur. Both on one horſe?

Gru. What's that to thee?

Cur. Why, a horſe.

Gru. Tell thou the tale: But, hadſt thou not croſs'd me, thou ſhouldſt have heard, how her horſe fell, and ſhe under her horſe; thou ſhouldſt have heard, in how miry a place: how ſhe was bemoiled; how he left her with the horſe upon her; how he beat me becauſe her horſe ſtumbl'd; how ſhe waded through the dirt to pluck him off me; how he ſwore; how ſhe pray'd,—that never pray'd before: how I cry'd; how the horſes ran away; how her bridle was burſt; how I loſt my crupper;—with many things of worthy memory; which now

ſhall die in oblivion, and thou return unexperienc'd to thy grave.

Cur. By this reck'ning, he is more ſhrew than ſhe.

Gru. Ay; and that thou and the proudeſt of you all ſhall find, when he comes home. But what talk I of this?—call forth *Nathaniel, Joſeph, Nicholas, Philip, Walter, Sugar-ſop,* and the reſt: let their heads be ſleekly comb'd, their blue coats bruſh'd, and their garters of an indifferent knot: let them curt'ſy with their left legs; and not preſume to touch a hair of my maſter's horſe-tail, till they kiſs their hands. Are they all ready?*

Cur. They are.

Gru. Call them forth.

Cur. Do you hear, ho! [*calling.*] you muſt meet my maſter, "to countenance my miſtreſs.

"*Gru.* Why, ſhe hath a face of her own.

"*Cur.* Who knows not that?

"*Gru.* Thou, it ſeems; that call'ſt for company to "countenance her.

"*Cur.* I call them forth to credit her.

"*Gru.* Why, ſhe comes to borrow nothing of them.

Enter ſeveral Servants.

1. *S.* Welcome home, *Grumio.*

2. *S.* How now, *Grumio?*

3. *S.* What, *Grumio!*

4. *S.* Fellow *Grumio!*

1. *S.* How now, old lad?

Gru. Welcome, you;—how now, you;—what you;—fellow, you;—and thus much for greeting. Now, my ſpruce companions, is all ready, and all things neat?

1. *S.* All things are ready. How near is our maſter?

Gru. E'en at hand, alighted by this; and therefore be not,—Cock's paſſion, ſilence; I hear my maſter.

* *Grumio* is extremely laughable through this ſcene; but very difficult for ſtage execution, there is ſuch a degree of rhapſodical crampneſs in his ludicrous deſcriptions.

Enter Petruchio *and* Catherine.

Pet. Where be theſe knaves? What, no man at the door,
To hold my ſtirrop, nor to take my horſe!
Where is *Nathaniel*, *Gregory*, *Philip*?—
Ser. Here, here, ſir;
Here, ſir. [*Crouding round him.*
Pet. Here, ſir! here, ſir! here, ſir! here, ſir!—
You logger-headed and unpoliſh'd grooms!
What, no attendance? no regard? no duty?—
Where is the fooliſh knave I ſent before?
Gru. Here, ſir; as fooliſh as I was before.
Pet. You peaſant ſwain! you whorſon malt-horſe drudge!
Did I not bid thee meet me in the park,
And bring along theſe raſcal knaves with thee?
Gru. *Nathaniel*'s coat, ſir, was not fully made,
And *Gabriel*'s pumps were all-unpink'd i'th' heel;
There was no link to colour *Peter*'s hat,
And *Walter*'s dagger was not come from ſheathing:
There were none fine but *Adam*, *Ralph*, and *Gregory*;
The reſt were ragged, old, and beggarly;
Yet, as they are, here are they come to meet you.
Pet. Go, raſcals, go, and fetch my ſupper in.—
[*Exeunt ſome of the Servants. Cloth laid.*
Where is the life that late I led, ſay they.— [*Sings.*
Where are thoſe villains?—Sit down, *Kate*, and welcome.— [*Sits to table.*
Soud, ſoud, ſoud, ſoud!— [*Wiping himſelf.*

Re-enter Servants with ſupper.

Why when, I ſay?—Nay, good ſweet *Kate*, be merry—
Off with my boots, you rogues, you villains; when?—
It was the friar of orders grey, [*Sings.*
As he forth walked on his way:—
Out, out, you rogue! [*to the Servant.*] you pluck my foot awry:
Take that, [*ſtriking him.*] and mend the plucking of the other.—
Be merry, *Kate*:—Some water here; what ho!—

Where's my ſpaniel *Troilus?*—Sirrah, get you hence,
And bid my couſin *Ferdinand* come hither:— [*Exit Ser.*
One, *Kate*, that you muſt kiſs, and be acquainted with.—
Where are my ſlippers?—Shall I have ſome water?—
[*Water preſented.*
Come, *Kate*, and waſh, and welcome heartily:—
[*Servant lets the ewer fall.*
You whorſon villain! will you let it fall? [*Strikes him.*
Cat. Patience, I pray you, 'twas a fault unwilling.
Pet. A whorſon, beetle-headed, flap-ear'd knave!—
Come, *Kate*, ſit down; I know you have a ſtomach.
[*Seats her by him*
Will you give thanks, ſweet *Kate*, or elſe ſhall I?—
What is this? mutton?
1. *S.* Ay.
Pet. Who brought it?
1. *S.* I.
Ret. 'Tis burnt; and ſo is all the reſt o'th' meat:—
What dogs are theſe?—Where is the raſcal cook?—
How durſt you, villains, bring it from the dreſſer,
And ſerve it thus to me that love it not?
There, take it to you, trenchers, cups, and all;
[*Throwing all at them.*
You heedleſs jolt-heads, and unmanner'd ſlaves!
What, do you grumble? I'll be with you ſtraight.
Cat. I pray you, huſband, be not ſo diſquiet;
The meat was well, if you were ſo contented.
Pet. I tell thee, *Kate*, 'twas burnt, and dry'd away;
And I expreſsly am forbid to touch it,
For it engenders choler, planteth anger:
And better 'twere, that both of us did faſt,—
Since, of ourſelves, ourſelves are choleric,—
Than feed it with ſuch over-roaſted fleſh.
Be patient; to-morrow't ſhall be mended,
And, for this night, we'll faſt for company:—
Come, I will bring thee to thy bridal chamber *.
[*Exit, leading out* Cat. Cur. *follows.*

* The extravagant degree of tyranny and caprice, exhibited by *Petruchio*, is admirably conceived, and equally expreſſed; it requires great force and variety in action.

1. *S.* [*advancing.*] *Peter*, didſt ever ſee the like?
2. *S.* He kills her
In her own humour.

Re-enter Curtis.

Gru. Where is he?
Cur. In her chamber,
Making a ſermon of continency to her:
And rails, and ſwears, and rates; that ſhe, poor ſoul,
Knows not which way to ſtand, to look, to ſpeak;
And ſits as one new-riſen from a dream.
Away, away! for he is coming hither. [*Exeunt.*

Re-enter Petruchio.

Pet. Thus have I politicly begun my reign,
And 'tis my hope to end ſucceſsfully:
"My faulcon now is ſharp, and paſſing empty;
"And, 'till ſhe ſtoop, ſhe muſt not be full gorg'd,
"For then ſhe never looks upon her lure.
Another way I have to man my haggard,
To make her come, and know her keeper's call;
That is,—to watch her, as we watch theſe kites,
That bait, and beat, and will not be obedient.
She eat no meat to day, nor none ſhall eat;
Laſt night ſhe ſlept not, nor to-night ſhe ſhall not:
As with the meat, ſome undeſerved fault
I'll find about the making of the bed;
And here I'll fling the pillow, there the bolſter,
This way the coverlet, another way the ſheets:—
Ay, and, amid this hurly, I intend,
That all is done in rev'rend care of her;
And, in concluſion, ſhe ſhall watch all night:
And, if ſhe chance to nod, I'll rail, and brawl,
And with the clamour keep her ſtill awake.
This is a way to kill a wife with kindneſs;
And thus I'll curb her mad and head-ſtrong humour:—
He that knows better how to tame a ſhrew,
Now let him ſpeak; 'tis charity to ſhew *. [*Exit.*

* *Petruchio*, in this ſpeech, ſhows policy, ſpirit, and good ſenſe; the lines, however, which we have marked, may well be ſpared, for

ACT IV.

SCENE I. Padua. *Before* Baptiſta's *Houſe.*

Enter Lucentio *and* Bianca, *courting; and, on the oppoſite ſide,* Tranio *and* Hortenſio.

TRANIO.

IS'T poſſible, friend *Licio*, that *Bianca*
Doth fancy any other but *Lucentio?*
I tell you, ſir, ſhe bears me fair in hand.
Hor. To ſatisfy you, ſir, in what I have ſaid,
Stand by, and mark the manner of his teaching.
[*They retire.*
Luc. Now, miſtreſs, profit you in what you read?
Bia. What, maſter, read you? firſt reſolve me that.
Luc. I read that I profeſs, the art to love.
Bia. And may you prove, ſir, maſter of your art!
Luc. While you, ſweet dear, prove miſtreſs of my heart. [*Court apart.*
Hor. Marry, quick proceeders!—Tell me now, I pray, [*Advancing.*
You that durſt ſwear your miſtreſs fair *Bianca*
Lov'd none i'th' world ſo well as her *Lucentio?*
Tra. Deſpightful love! unconſtant womankind!—
I tell thee, *Licio*, this is wonderful.
Hor. Miſtake no more: I am not *Licio*,
Nor a muſician, as I ſeem to be;
But one that ſcorn to live in this diſguiſe,
For ſuch a one as leaves a gentleman,
And makes a god of ſuch a cullion:
Know, ſir, that I am call'd—*Hortenſio*.
Tra. Signior *Hortenſio*, I have often heard
Of your entire affection to *Bianca*;
And ſince mine eyes are witneſs of her lightneſs,
I will with you,—if you be ſo contented,—
Forſwear *Bianca* and her love for ever.

the performer's ſake, and are not very valuable to the reader; from this huſband and his man *Grumio*, the third act gains remarkable vivacity.

Hor. See, how they kiſs and court!—Signior *Lucentio*,
Here is my hand, and here I firmly vow—
Never to woo her more; but do forſwear her,
As one unworthy all the former favours
That I have fondly flatter'd her withal.
" *Tra.* And here I take the like unfeigned oath,—
" Never to marry her, though ſhe would entreat:
" Fie on her! ſee, how beaſtly ſhe doth court him.
" *Hor.* 'Would, all the world, but he, had quite for-
" ſworn!
" For me,—that I may ſurely keep mine oath,
" I will be marry'd to a wealthy widow,
" Ere three days paſs; which hath as long lov'd me,
" As I have lov'd this proud diſdainful haggard:
" And ſo farewel, ſignior *Lucentio*.—
Kindneſs in women, not their beauteous looks,
Shall win my love:—and ſo I take my leave,
In reſolution as I ſwore before. [*Exit* Hor.
Tra. Miſtreſs *Bianca*, [*paſſing to the other ſide.*] bleſs
you with ſuch grace
As 'longeth to a lover's bleſſed caſe!
Nay, I have ta'en you napping, gentle love;
And have forſworn you, with *Hortenſio*.
Bia. *Tranio*, you jeſt; but have you both forſworn me?
Tra. Miſtreſs, we have.
Luc. Then we are rid of *Licio*.
Tra. I'faith, he'll have a lufty widow now,
That ſhall be woo'd and wedded in a day.
Bia. God give him joy!
Tra. Ay, and he'll tame her.
Bia. He ſays ſo, *Tranio*.
Tra. 'Faith, he is gone unto the taming ſchool.
Bia. The taming ſchool! what, is there ſuch a place?
Tra. Ay, miſtreſs, and *Petruchio* is the maſter;
That teacheth tricks eleven and twenty long,—
To tame a ſhrew, and charm her chattering tongue.

" *Enter* Biondello, *running*.

" *Bio.* O, maſter, maſter, I have watch'd ſo long
" That I'm dog-weary; but at laſt I ſpy'd
" An ancient engle coming down the hill,

" Will ſerve the turn.
" *Tra.* What is he, *Biondello?*
" *Bio.* Maſter, a *mercatante*, or a pedant,
" I know not what; but formal in apparel,
" In gait and countenance ſurely like a father.
" *Luc.* What of him, *Tranio?*
" *Tra.* If he be credulous, and truſt my tale,
" I'll make him glad to ſeem *Vincentio*;
" And give aſſurance to *Baptiſta Minola*,
" As if he were the right *Vincentio*.
" Take in your love, and then let me alone:
[*Exeunt* Luc. *and* Bia.

" *Enter a* Pedant.

" *Ped.* Heav'n ſave you, ſir!
" *Tra.* And you, ſir! you are welcome.
" Travel you far on, or are you at the fartheſt?
" *Ped.* Sir, at the fartheſt, for a week or two:
" But then up farther; and as far as *Rome*;
" And ſo to *Tripoly*, if Heav'n lend me life.
" *Tra.* What countryman, I pray?
" *Ped.* Of *Mantua*.
" *Tra.* Of *Mantua*, ſir?—marry now, heav'n forbid!—
" And come to *Padua*, careleſs of your life?
" *Ped.* My life, ſir! how, I pray? for that goes hard.
" *Tra.* 'Tis death for any one in *Mantua*
" To come to *Padua*; know you not the cauſe?
" Your ſhips are ſtay'd at *Venice*; and the duke,
" For private quarrel 'twixt your duke and him,
" Hath publiſh'd and proclaim'd it openly:
" 'Tis marvel; but that you're but newly come,
" You might have heard it elſe proclaim'd about.
" *Ped.* Alas, ſir, it is worſe for me than ſo;
" For I have bills for money by exchange
" From *Florence*, and muſt here deliver them.
" *Tra.* Well, ſir, to do you courteſy herein,
" This will I do, and this I will adviſe you;—
" Firſt, tell me, have you ever been at *Piſa*?
" *Ped.* Ay, ſir, in *Piſa* have I often been;
" *Piſa*, renowned for grave citizens.

" *Tra.* Among them, know you one *Vincentio!*
" *Ped.* I know him not, but I have heard of him;
" A merchant of incomparable wealth.
" *Tra.* He is my father, ſir; and, ſooth to ſay,
" In count'nance ſomewhat doth reſemble you.
" *Bio.* As much as an apple doth an oyſter, and all one. [*Aſide.*
" *Tra.* To ſave your life in this extremity,
" This favour will I do you for his ſake;
" And think it not the worſt of all your fortunes,
" That you are like to Sir *Vincentio.*
" His name and credit ſhall you undertake,
" And in my houſe you ſhall be friendly lodg'd;—
" Look that you take upon you as you ſhould;
" You underſtand me, ſir;—ſo ſhall you ſtay,
" 'Till you have done your buſineſs in the city:
" If this be court'ſy, ſir, accept of it.
" *Ped.* O, ſir, I do; and will repute you ever
" The patron of my life and liberty.
" *Tra.* Then go with me, to make the matter good.
" This, by the way, I let you underſtand;—
" My father is here look'd for every day,
" To paſs aſſurance of a dower in marriage
" 'Twixt me and one *Baptiſta*'s daughter here:
" In all theſe circumſtances I'll inſtruct you.
" Go with me, ſir, to cloath you as becomes you *.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *A Room in* Petruchio's *Houſe.*

Enter Grumio, Catherine *following.*

Gru. No, no, forſooth; I dare not for my life.
Cat. The more my wrong, the more his ſpite appears:
What, did he marry me to famiſh me?
Beggars, that come unto my father's door,
Upon entreaty, have a preſent alms;
If not, elſewhere they meet with charity:

* Though what we have marked for omiſſion ſeems to contain ſomething eſſential to the plot, yet it is in our view rather flat and ſuperfluous; and why the character introduced as a *pedant* ſhould be ſo ſtiled, we know not.

But I,—who never knew how to entreat,
Nor never needed that I ſhould entreat,—
Am ſtarv'd for meat, giddy for lack of ſleep;
With oaths kept waking, and with brawling fed:
And that which ſpites me more than all theſe wrongs,
He does it under name of perfect love;
As who ſhould ſay,—if I ſhould ſleep, or eat,
'Twere deadly ſickneſs, or elſe preſent death.—
I pr'ythee, go, and get me ſome repaſt;
I care not what, ſo it be wholſome food.

Gru. What ſay you to a neat's foot?

Cat. 'Tis paſſing good; I pr'ythee, let me have it.

Gru. I fear, it is too phlegmatick a meat:—
How ſay you to a fat tripe, finely broil'd?

Cat. I like it well; good *Grumio*, fetch it me.

Gru. I cannot tell; I fear, 'tis cholerick.
What ſay you to a piece of beef, and muſtard?

Cat. A diſh that I do love to feed upon.

Gru. Ay, but the muſtard is too hot a little.

Cat. Why, then the beef, and let the muſtard reſt.

Gru. Nay, then I will not; you ſhall have the muſtard,
Or elſe you get no beef of *Grumio*.

Cat. Then both, or one, or any thing thou wilt.

Gru. Why, then the muſtard now without the beef*.

Cat. Go, get thee gone, thou falſe deluding ſlave,
[*beating him.*
That feed'ſt me with the very name of meat:
Sorrow on thee, and all the pack of you,
That triumph thus upon my miſery!
Go, get thee gone, I ſay.

Enter Petruchio *with a Diſh of Meat*; Hortenſio *with him.*

Pet. How fares my *Kate*? What, ſweeting, all amort?

Hor. Miſtreſs, what cheer?

Cat. I'faith, as cold as can be.

Pet. Pluck up thy ſpirits, look cheerfully upon me.
Here, love; thou ſee'ſt how diligent I am,
[*Setting his Diſh upon a Table.*

* *Grumio*'s treatment of his miſtreſs in this ſcene is exceedingly comic; and the humiliated termagant *Catherine*, is very well drawn.

To

To dreſs thy meat myſelf, and bring it thee:
I am ſure, ſweet *Kate*, this kindneſs merits thanks.
What, not a word? Nay then, thou lov'ſt it not;
And all my pains is ſorted to no proof:—
Here, take away this diſh.

Cat. I pray you, let it ſtand.

Pet. The pooreſt ſervice is repay'd with thanks;
And ſo ſhall mine, before you touch the meat.

Cat. I thank you, ſir.

Hor. Signior *Petruchio*, fie! you are to blame:—
Come, miſtreſs *Kate*, I'll bear you company.

[*Sits to Table along with her.*

Pet. Eat it up all, *Hortenſio*, if thou lov'ſt me. [*Aſide.*
Now much good do't unto thy gentle heart!
Kate, eat apace: And now, my honey love,
Will we return unto thy father's houſe;
And revel it as bravely as the beſt,
With ſilken coats, and caps, and golden rings,
With ruffs, and cuffs, and fardingals, and things;
With ſcarfs, and fans, and double change of bravery,
With amber bracelets, beads, and all this knavery.

[Cat. *and* Hor. *riſe.*
What, haſt thou din'd? The taylor ſtays thy leiſure,
To deck thy body with his ruſtling treaſure.—

Enter Taylor *with a Gown.*

Come, taylor, let us ſee theſe ornaments;

Enter Haberdaſher.

Lay forth the gown.—What news with you, ſir? ha?

Hab. Here is the cap your worſhip did beſpeak.

Pet. Why, this was molded on a porrenger;
A velvet diſh;—fie, fie! 'tis lewd and filthy:
Why, 'tis a cockle, or a walnut-ſhell,
A knack, a toy, a trick, a baby's cap;
Away with it, come, let me have a bigger.

Cat. I'll have no bigger; this doth fit the time,
And gentlewomen wear ſuch caps as theſe.

Pet. When you are gentle, you ſhall have one too,
And not 'till then.

Hor. That will not be in haſte.

Cat. Why, ſir, I truſt, I may have leave to ſpeak;

And ſpeak I will; I am no child, no babe:
Your betters have endur'd me ſay my mind;
And, if you cannot, beſt you ſtop your ears.
My tongue will tell the anger of my heart;
Or elſe my heart, concealing it, will break:
And, rather than it ſhall, I will be free,
Even to the uttermoſt, as I pleaſe, in words.

Pet. Why, thou ſay'ſt true; it is a paltry cap,
A cuſtard-coffin, a bauble, a ſilken pye:
I love thee well, in that thou lik'ſt it not *

Cat. Love me, or love me not, I like the cap;
And it I will have, or I will have none.

Pet. Thy gown? why, ay:—come, taylor, let us ſee't.
[*Taylor lays forth the Gown.*
O, mercy, heav'n! what maſking ſtuff is here!
What's this? a ſleeve? 'tis like a demi-cannon:
What! up and down, carv'd like an apple-tart?
Here's ſnip, and nip, and cut, and ſliſh, and ſlaſh,
Like to a cenſer in a barber's ſhop:—
Why, what, o'devil's name, tailor, call'ſt thou this?

Hor. I ſee, ſhe's like to have neither cap nor gown.
[*Aſide.*

Tai. You bid me make it orderly and well,
According to the faſhion, and the time.

Pet. Marry, and did; but, if you be remember'd,
I did not bid you mar it to the time.
Go, hop me over every kennel home,
For you ſhall hop without my cuſtom, ſir:
I'll none of it; hence, make your beſt of it.

Cat. I never ſaw a better faſhion'd gown,
More quaint, more pleaſing, nor more commendable:
Belike, you mean to make a puppet of me.

Pet. Why, true; he means to make a puppet of thee.

Tai. She ſays, your worſhip means to make a puppet of her.

Pet. O monſtrous arrogance! — Thou ly'ſt, thou thread, thou thimble,
Thou yard, three quarters, half yard, quarter, nail,

* The oblique manner in which *Petruchio* works upon the refractory diſpoſition of his crooked rib, is very ludicrous and well conceived.

Thou flea, thou nit, thou winter-cricket thou:—
Brav'd in mine own houſe with a ſkein of thread!
Away, thou rag, thou quantity, thou remnant:
Or I ſhall ſo be-mete thee with thy yard,
As thou ſhalt think on prating whilſt thou liv'ſt!
I tell thee, I, that thou haſt marr'd her gown.

Tai. Your worſhip is deceiv'd; the gown is made
Juſt as my maſter had direction:
Grumio gave order how it ſhould be done.

Gru. I gave him no order, I gave him the ſtuff.

Tai. But how did you deſire it ſhould be made?

Gru. Marry, ſir, with needle and thread.

Tai. But did you not requeſt to have it cut?

Gru. Thou haſt fac'd many things.

Tai. I have.

Gru. Face not me: thou haſt brav'd many men; brave not me; I will neither be fac'd nor brav'd. I ſay unto thee,—I bid thy maſter cut out the gown; but I did not bid him cut it to pieces: ergo, thou ly'ſt.

Tai. Why, here is the note of the faſhion to teſtify.

Pet. Read it.

Gru. The note lies in's throat, if he ſay—I ſaid ſo.

Tai. Imprimis, *a looſe-body'd gown:* [*Reading.*

Gru. Maſter, if ever I ſaid—looſe-body'd gown, ſow me in the ſkirts of it, and beat me to death with a bottom of brown thread: I ſaid, a gown.

Pet. Proceed.

Tai. *With a ſmall compaſt cape;*

Gru. I confeſs the cape.

Tai. *With a trunk ſleeve;*

Gru. I confeſs two ſleeves.

Tai. *The ſleeves curiouſly cut.*

Pet. Ay, there's the villainy.

Gru. Error i' th' bill, ſir; error i' th' bill:—I commanded the ſleeves ſhould be cut out, and ſow'd up again; and that I'll prove upon thee, though thy little finger be armed in a thimble.

Tai. This is true, that I ſay; an I had thee in place where, thou ſhould'ſt know it.

Gru. I am for thee ſtraight: take thou the bill, give me thy mete-yard, and ſpare not me.

" *Her.* Heaven-a-mercy, *Grumio!* then he ſhall have
" no odds.
" *Pet.* Well, ſir, in brief, the gown is not for me.
" *Gru.* You are i' th' right, ſir; 'tis for my miſtreſs.
" *Pet.* Go, take it up unto thy maſter's uſe.
" *Gru.* Villain, not for thy life: Take up my miſ-
" treſs' gown for thy maſter's uſe!
" *Pet.* Why, ſir, what's your conceit in that?
" *Gru.* O, ſir, the conceit is deeper than you think
" for: Take up my miſtreſs' gown to his maſter's uſe!
" O, fie, fie, fie!
Pet. Hortenſio, ſay, thou'lt ſee the taylor pay'd. [*Aſide.*
Go, take it hence; be gone, and ſay no more.
Her. Taylor, I'll pay thee for thy gown to-morrow:
Take no unkindneſs of his haſty words:
Away, I ſay; commend me to thy maſter.
[*Exit* Taylor *.
Pet. Well, come, my *Kate*; we will unto your father's,
Even in theſe honeſt mean habiliments;
Our purſes ſhall be proud, our garments poor:
For 'tis the mind that makes the body rich;
And as the ſun breaks through the darkeſt clouds,
So honour peereth in the meaneſt habit.
" What, is the jay more precious than the lark,
" Becauſe his feathers are more beautiful?
" Or is the adder better than the eel,
" Becauſe his painted ſkin contents the eye?
" O, no, good *Kate*; neither art thou the worſe
" For this poor furniture, and mean array.
" If thou account'ſt it ſhame, lay it on me:
" And therefore, frolick; we will hence forthwith,
" To feaſt and ſport us at thy father's houſe.—
Go, call my men, and let us ſtraight to him;
And bring our horſes unto *Long-lane* end,
There will we mount, and thither walk afoot.—
Let's ſee; I think, 'tis now ſome ſeven o'clock,
And well we may come there by dinner-time.

* The whole of this ſcene is unuſually pleaſant; there is a maſterly mixture of character, and the dialogue is apt, ſpirited, and concife.

Cat. I dare assure you, sir, 'tis almost two;
And 'twill be supper-time, ere you come there.
Pet. It shall be seven, ere I go to horse:
Look, what I speak, or do, or think to do,
You are still crossing it.—Sirs, let's alone:
I will not go to-day; or, ere I do,
It shall be what o'clock I say it is ‖.
Hor. Why, so! this gallant will command the sun.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. Padua. *Before* Baptista's *House.*

Enter Tranio; *and the* Pedant, *booted, and dress'd like* Vincentio.

Tra. Sir, this is the house; please it you, that I call?
Ped. Ay, sir; what else? and, but I be deceiv'd,
Signior *Baptista* may remember me,
Near twenty years ago, in *Genoa*:—
Tra. Where you were lodgers at the *Pegasus.*
'Tis well; and hold your own, in any case,
With such austerity as 'longeth to a father.

Enter Biondello.

Ped. I warrant you: But, sir, here comes your boy;
'Twere good, that he were school'd.
Tra. Fear you not him.—
Sirrah *Biondello,*
Now do your duty throughly, I advise you:
Imagine 'twere the right *Vincentio.*
Bio. Tut! fear not me.
Tra. But hast thou done thy errand to *Baptista?*
Bio. I told him, that your father was at *Venice;*
And that you look'd for him this day in *Padua.*
Tra. Thou'rt a tall fellow; hold thee that to drink.
Here comes *Baptista:*—set your countenance, sir.—

Enter Baptista, *and* Lucentio.

Signior *Baptista,* you are happily met:—
Sir, [*to the Pedant.*

‖ The variations of *Petruchio* are naturally conceived and not too much multiplied; his expressions are very poignant, and happily adapted.

This

This is the gentleman I told you of;
I pray you, ſtand good father to me now,
Give me *Bianca* for my patrimony.
Ped. Soft, ſon!—
Sir, by your leave; having come to *Padua*
To gather in ſome debts, my ſon *Lucentio*
Made me acquainted with a weighty cauſe
Of love between your daughter and himſelf:
And,—for the good report I hear of you;
And for the love he beareth to your daughter,
And ſhe to him,—to ſtay him not too long,
I am content, in a good father's care,
To have him match'd; and,—if you pleaſe to like
No worſe than I, ſir,—upon ſome agreement,
Me ſhall you find moſt ready and moſt willing
With one conſent to have her ſo beſtow'd:
For curious I cannot be with you,
Signior *Baptiſta*, of whom I hear ſo well.
Bap. Sir, pardon me in what I have to ſay:—
Your plainneſs, and your ſhortneſs, pleaſe me well.
Right true it is, your ſon *Lucentio* here
Doth love my daughter, and ſhe loveth him,
Or both diſſemble deeply their affections:
And, therefore, if you ſay no more than this,—
That like a father you will deal with him,
And paſs my daughter a ſufficient dower,
The match is made, and all is done with me,
Your ſon ſhall have my daughter with conſent.
Tra. I thank you, ſir: Where then do you know beſt,
We be affy'd; and ſuch aſſurance ta'en,
As ſhall with either part's agreement ſtand?
Bap. Not in my houſe, *Lucentio*; for, you know,
Pitchers have ears, and I have many ſervants:
Beſides, old *Gremio* is hark'ning ſtill;
And, happily, we might be interrupted.
Tra. Then at my lodging, an it like you, ſir:
There doth my father lye; and there, this night,
We'll paſs the buſineſs privately and well:
Send for your daughter by your ſervant here,
My boy ſhall fetch the ſcrivener preſently.
The worſt is this,—that, at ſo ſlender warning.

You're

You're like to have a thin and ſlender pittance.

Bap. It likes me well:—So, *Cambio*, hie you home,
And bid *Bianca* make her ready ſtraight:
And, if you will, tell what hath happened;—
Lucentio's father is arriv'd in *Padua*,
And how ſhe's like to be *Lucentio*'s wife.

Luc. I pray the gods ſhe may, with all my heart.

Tra. Dally not with the gods, but get thee gone.—
Signior *Baptiſta*, ſhall I lead the way?
Come, ſir; one meſs is like to be your cheer;
We'll better it in *Piſa*.

Bap. I follow you. [*Exeunt* Tra. Ped. *and* Bap.

Bio. Cambio,— [*calling* Lucentio *back*.

Luc. What ſay'ſt thou, *Biondello?*

Bio. You ſaw my maſter wink and laugh upon you?

Luc. Biondello, what of that?

Bio. 'Faith, nothing; but h'as left me here behind, to expound the meaning or moral of his ſigns and tokens.

Luc. I pray thee, moralize them.

Bio. Then thus. *Baptiſta* is ſafe, talking with the deceiving father of a deceitful ſon.

Luc. And what of him?

Bio. His daughter is to be brought by you to the ſupper.

Luc. And then?—

Bio. The old prieſt at ſaint *Luke*'s church is at your command at all hours.

Luc. And what of all this?

Bio. I cannot tell; except, while they are buſy'd about a counterfeit aſſurance, take you aſſurance of her, *cum privilegio ad imprimendum ſolum:* to the church take the prieſt, clerk, and ſome ſufficient honeſt witneſſes:—
If this be not that you look for, I have no more to ſay,
But, bid *Bianca* farewel for ever and a day. [*Going*.

Luc. Hear'ſt thou, *Biondello?*

Bio. I cannot tarry: I knew a wench marry'd in an afternoon, as ſhe went to the garden for parſly to ſtuff a rabbit; and ſo may you, ſir; and ſo adieu, ſir. My maſter hath appointed me to go to ſaint *Luke*'s, to bid the prieſt be ready to come againſt you come with your appendix. [*Exit*.

Luc. I may, and will, if ſhe be ſo contented:
She will be pleas'd, then wherefore ſhould I doubt?
Hap what hap may, I'll roundly go about her;
It ſhall go hard, if *Cambio* go without her *. [*Exit.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. *A public Road.*

Enter Petruchio, Catherine, *and* Hortenſio.

PETRUCHIO.

COME on, in Heav'n's name; once more toward our father's.
Good Lord, how bright and goodly ſhines the moon!
Cat. The moon! the ſun; it is not moon-light now.
Pet. I ſay, it is the moon that ſhines ſo bright.
Cat. I know, it is the ſun that ſhines ſo bright.
Pet. Now, by my mother's ſon, and that's myſelf,
It ſhall be moon, or ſtar, or what I lift,
Or ere I journey to your father's houſe:—
Go on, and fetch our horſes back again.—
Evermore croſt, and croſt; nothing but croſt!
Hor. Say as he ſays, or we ſhall never go.
Cat. Forward, I pray, ſince we have come ſo far,
And be it moon, or ſun, or what you pleaſe:
And if you pleaſe to call it a ruſh-candle,
Henceforth I vow it ſhall be ſo for me.
Pet. I ſay, it is the moon.
Cat. I know, it is the moon.
Pet. Nay, then, you lie; it is the bleſſed ſun.
Cat. Then, Heav'n be bleſt, it is the bleſſed ſun:—
But ſun it is not, when you ſay it is not;
And the moon changes even as your mind.
What you will have it nam'd, even that it is;
And ſo it ſhall be, ſir, for *Catherine*.

* The latter part of this ſcene is flat and uneſſential; the Act has in it ſome paſſages of peculiar ſpirit, and ſeveral ſituations are very viſible; but ſome other parts are a mere continuation of the plot.

Hor. *Petruchio*, go thy ways, the field is won.
Pet. Well, forward, forward:—thus the bowl ſhould run,
And not unluckily againſt the bias.—
But ſoft; ſome company is coming here.—

Enter Vincentio, *journeying*.

Good morrow, gentle miſtreſs: Whither away?
Tell me, ſweet *Kate*, and tell me truly too,
Haſt thou beheld a freſher gentlewoman?
Such war of white and red within her cheeks!
What ſtars do ſpangle heaven with ſuch beauty,
As thoſe two eyes become that heavenly face?—
Fair lovely maid, once more good day to thee:—
Sweet *Kate*, embrace her for her beauty's ſake.
Hor. 'A will make the man mad, to make a woman of him.
Cat. Young budding virgin, fair, and freſh, and ſweet,
Whither away: or where is thy abode?
Happy the parents of ſo fair a child;
Happier the man, whom favourable ſtars
Allot thee for his lovely bedfellow!
Pet. Why, how now, *Kate!* I hope, thou art not mad:
This is a man, old, wrinkl'd, faded, wither'd;
And not a maiden, as thou ſay'ſt he is.
Cat. Pardon, old father, my miſtaking eyes,
That have been ſo bedazzl'd with the ſun,
That every thing I look on ſeemeth green:
Now I perceive, thou art a reverend father;
Pardon, I pray thee, for my mad miſtaking *.
Pet. Do, good old grand-ſire; and, withal, make known
Which way thou travel'ſt: if along with us,
We ſhall be joyful of thy company.
Vin. Fair ſir,—and you, my merry miſtreſs here,—
That with your ſtrange encounter much amaz'd me;

* The ſervile conceſſions of *Catherine* are a very juſt picture of an over-bearing tyrannical mind, broke down to ſubmiſſion; for the moſt imperious, violent, and pragmatical, while improperly indulged, are the moſt obſequious, when properly reſtrained.

My

My name is call'd—*Vincentio*, dwelling—*Piſa*:
And bound I am to *Padua*; there to viſit
A ſon of mine, which long I have not ſeen.
Pet. What is his name?
Vin. *Lucentio*, gentle ſir.
Pet. Happily met; the happier for thy ſon.
And now by law, as well as reverend age,
I may entitle thee—my loving father;
The ſiſter of my wife, this gentlewoman,
Thy ſon by this hath marry'd:—Wonder not,
Nor be not griev'd; ſhe is of good eſteem,
Her dowry wealthy, and of worthy birth;
Beſide, ſo qualify'd as may beſeem
The ſpouſe of any noble gentleman.
Let me embrace with old *Vincentio*:
And wander we to ſee thy honeſt ſon,
Who will of thy arrival be full joyous.
Vin. But is this true? or is it elſe your pleaſure,
Like pleaſant travellers to break a jeſt
Upon the company you overtake?
Hor. I do aſſure thee, father, ſo it is.
Pet. Come, go along, and ſee the truth hereof;
For our firſt merriment hath made thee jealous.
[*Exeunt* Cat. Pet. *and* Vin.
Hor. Well, ſir *Petruchio*, this has put me in heart:—
Have to my widow; and if ſhe be froward,
Then haſt thou taught *Hortenſio* be untoward. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. Padua. *Before* Tranio's *Houſe.*

Enter Biondello, *with* Lucentio *and* Bianca, *haſtily*; Gremio *is ſeen entering behind.*

Bio. Softly and ſwiftly, ſir; for the prieſt is ready.
Luc. I fly, *Biondello*: but they may chance to need thee at home, therefore leave us. [*Exit, with* Bianca.
Bio. Nay, 'faith, I'll ſee the church o'your back; and then come back to my maſter's as ſoon as I can. [*Exit.*
Gre. I marvel, *Cambio* comes not all this while.

Enter Petruchio, Catherine, Vincentio, *and Attendants.*

Pet. Sir, here's the door, this is *Lucentio*'s houſe,
My father's bears more toward the market-place;
Thither muſt I, and here I leave you, ſir.

Vin. You ſhall not chooſe but drink before you go;
I think, I ſhall command your welcome here,
And, by all likelihood, ſome cheer is toward.
[*Noiſe within.* Vin. *knocks.*

Gre. They're buſy within, you were beſt knock louder. [*Knocks again.*

Enter Pedant, *above, at a Window.*

Ped. What's he, that knocks as he would beat down the gate?

Vin. Is ſignior *Lucentio* within, ſir?

Ped. He's within, ſir, but not to be ſpoken withal.

Vin. What if a man bring him a hundred pound or two, to make merry withal?

Ped. Keep your hundred pounds to yourſelf; he ſhall need none, ſo long as I live.

Pet. Nay, I told you, your ſon was well belov'd in *Padua*.—Do you hear, ſir,—to leave frivolous circumſtances,—I pray you, tell ſignior *Lucentio*, that his father is come from *Piſa*, and is here at the door to ſpeak with him.

Ped. Thou ly'ſt; his father is come from—*Mantua*, and here looking out at the window.

Vin. Art thou his father?

Ped. Ay, ſir; ſo his mother ſays, if I may believe her.

Pet. Why, how now, gentleman! [*to* Vin.] why, this is flat knavery, to take upon you another man's name.

Ped. Lay hands on the villain; I believe, 'a means to cozen ſomebody in this city under my countenance.

Re-enter Biondello.

Bio. I have ſeen them in the church together; Heav'n ſend 'em good ſhipping!—But who is here? [*drawing backward.*] mine old maſter *Vincentio*? now we're undone and brought to nothing.

Vin. Come hither, crack-hemp. [*Seeing* Biondello.

Bio. I hope, I may chooſe, ſir.

Vin. Come hither, you rogue; what, have you forgot me?

Bio. Forgot you? no, ſir: I could not forget you; for I never ſaw you before in all my life *.

Vin. What, you notorious villain, didſt thou never ſee thy maſter's father *Vincentio?*

Bio. What, my worſhipful old maſter? yes, marry, ſir; ſee, where he looks out of the window.

Vin. Is't ſo, indeed? [*Beats* Biondello.

Bio. Help, help, help! here's a madman will murther me. [*Exit, crying out.*

Ped. Help, ſon! help, ſignior *Baptiſta!* [*Exit, from above.*

Pet. Pr'ythee, *Kate*, let's ſtand aſide, and ſee the end of this controverſy. [*Draws her aſide.*

Re-enter Pedant, *below*; Tranio, Baptiſta, *and Servants.*

Tra. Sir, what are you, that offer to beat my ſervant?

Vin. What am I, ſir? nay, what are you, ſir?—O immortal gods! [*ſurveying him.*] O fine villain! A ſilken doublet! a velvet hoſe! a ſcarlet cloak! and a copatain hat!—O, I'm undone, I'm undone! while I play the good huſband at home, my ſon and my ſervant ſpend all at the univerſity.

Tra. How now! what's the matter now?

Bap. What, is the man lunatic?

Tra. Sir, you ſeem a ſober ancient gentleman by your habit, but your words ſhew you a madman: Why, ſir, what concerns it you, if I wear pearl and gold? I thank my good father, I am able to maintain it.

Vin. Thy father?—O villain!—he's a ſail-maker in *Bergamo.*

Bap. You miſtake, ſir; you miſtake, ſir: Pray, what do you think is his name?

Vin. His name? as if I knew not his name: I have brought him up ever ſince he was three years old, and his name is—*Tranio.*

* *Biondello*'s affected ignorance of his old maſter, is a diverting ſuggeſtion; and the conſequence of *Vincentio*'s beating him, produces very conſiderable entertainment.

Ped. Away, away, mad aſs! his name is, *Lucentio*; and he is mine only ſon, and heir to the lands of me, ſignior *Vincentio.*

Vin. Lucentio! O, he hath murther'd his maſter!—Lay hold on him, I charge you in the duke's name:—O my ſon, my ſon!—tell me, thou villain, where is my ſon *Lucentio?*

Tra. Call forth an officer:—[*Enter one with an Officer.*] carry this mad knave to the jail:—father *Baptiſta*, I charge you, ſee that he be forth-coming.

Vin. Carry me to the jail!

Gre. Stay, officer; he ſhall not go to priſon.

Bap. Talk not, ſignior *Gremio*; I ſay, he ſhall go to priſon.

Gre. Take heed, ſignior *Baptiſta*, leſt you be coney-catch'd in this buſineſs; I dare ſwear, this is the right *Vincentio.*

Ped. Swear, if thou dar'ſt.

Gre. Nay, I dare not ſwear it.

Tra. Then thou wert beſt ſay, that I am not *Lucentio.*

Gre. Yes, I know thee to be ſignior *Lucentio.*

Bap. Away with the dotard; to the jail with him *.

Vin. Thus ſtrangers may be hal'd and abus'd:—O monſtrous villain!

Re-enter Biondello, *with* Lucentio, *and* Bianca.

Bio. O, we are ſpoil'd, and—Yonder he is; deny him, forſwear him, or elſe we are all undone.

Luc. Pardon, ſweet father. [*Kneels to* Vin.

Vin. Lives my ſweet ſon?

[Bio. Tra. *and* Ped. *run off.*

Bia. Pardon, dear father. [*Kneels to* Bap.

Bap. How haſt thou offended?—
Where is *Lucentio?*

Luc. Here's *Lucentio*,
Right ſon unto the right *Vincentio*;
That have by marriage made thy daughter mine,
While counterfeit ſuppoſes blear'd thine eye.

* The confuſion of this ſcene is, without exaggeration, a moſt pleaſant appeal to feelings of a lively nature; performed with ſpirit and volubility, it muſt have a very happy effect.

Gre. Here's packing, with a witneſs, to deceive us all!
Vin. Where is that damned villain, *Tranio*,
That fac'd and brav'd me in this matter ſo?
Bap. Why, tell me, is not this my *Cambio*?
Bia. *Cambio* is chang'd into *Lucentio*?
Luc. Love wrought theſe miracles. *Bianca*'s love
Made me exchange my ſtate with *Tranio*,
While he did bear my countenance in the town;
And happily I have arriv'd at laſt
Unto the wiſhed haven of my bliſs:—
What *Tranio* did, myſelf enforc'd him to;
Then pardon him, ſweet father, for my ſake.
" *Vin.* I'll ſlit the villain's noſe, that would have ſent
" me to the jail.
Bap. But do you hear, ſir? [*to Luc.*] have you marry'd my daughter without aſking my good will?
Vin. Fear not, *Baptiſta*; we will content you, go to:
—But I will in, to be reveng'd for this villany.
[*Exit* Vin.
Bap. And I, to ſound the depth of this knavery.
[*Exit* Bap.
Luc. Look not pale, *Bianca*; thy father will not frown. [*Exeunt* Luc. *and* Bia.
Gre. My cake is dough: But I'll in among the reſt;
Out of hope of all,—but my ſhare of the feaſt.
[*Exit* Gre.
Cat. Huſband, let's follow, to ſee the end of this ado.
Pet. Firſt kiſs me, *Kate*, and we will.
Cat. What, in the midſt of the ſtreet?
Pet. What, art thou aſham'd of me?
Cat. No, ſir; (Heav'n forbid!) but aſham'd to kiſs.
Pet. Why, then let's home again:—Come, ſirrah, let's away.
Cat. Nay, I'll give thee a kiſs: [*kiſſes him.*] now pray thee, love, ſtay.
Pet. Is not this well?—Come, my ſweet *Kate*;
Better once than never, for never too late. [*Exeunt.*
" Lor. *Who's within there?*— [Seeing *Sly* aſleep.
" Enter *Servants*.
" *Aſleep again!—go, take him eaſily up,*
" *And*

" *And put him in his own apparel again;*
" *But ſee you wake him not in any caſe.*
" 1. S. *It ſhall be done, my lord:—Come, help to bear*
" *him hence.* [Exeunt *Ser.* with *Sly**.

SCENE III. *The ſame. A Room in the Houſe. Muſic. A Banquet ſet out.*

Enter Baptiſta, Vincentio, Gremio, *Pedant*, &c. Petruchio, *and* Catherine; Lucentio, *and* Bianca; Hortenſio, *and* Widow: Tranio, Grumio, Biondello, *and others, attending.*

Luc. At laſt, though long, our jarring notes agree:
And time it is, when raging war is done,
To ſmile at 'ſcapes and perils overblown.—
My fair *Bianca*, bid my father welcome,
While I with ſelf-ſame kindneſs welcome thine:—
Brother *Petruchio*,—ſiſter *Catherina*,—
And thou, *Hortenſio*, with thy loving widow,—
Feaſt with the beſt, and welcome to my houſe;
My banquet is to cloſe our ſtomachs up,
After our great good cheer: Pray you, ſit down;
For now we ſit to chat, as well as eat.
[*Company ſit to Table.*

Pet. Nothing but ſit and ſit, and eat and eat.
Bap. *Padua* affords this kindneſs, ſon *Petruchio*.
Pet. *Padua* affords nothing but what is kind.
Hor. For both our ſakes, I would that word were true.
Pet. Now, for my life, *Hortenſio* fears his widow.
Wid. Then never truſt me, if I be afeard.
Pet. You are very ſenſible, and yet you miſs my ſenſe; I mean, *Hortenſio* is afeard of you.
Wid. He that is giddy, thinks the world turns round.
Pet. Roundly reply'd.
Cat. Miſtreſs, how mean you that?
Wid. Thus I conceive by him:—
Pet. Conceive by me!—
How likes *Hortenſio* that?

* As we wiſh *Sly* totally omitted, we have marked this little unneceſſary intervention.

Her. My widow ſays,
Thus ſhe conceives her tale.
Pet. Very well mended.—
Kiſs him for that, good widow.
Cat. He that is giddy, thinks the world turns round:
I pray you, tell me what you meant by that.
Wid. Your huſband, being troubled with a ſhrew,
Meaſures my huſband's ſorrow by his woe:
And now you know my meaning.
Cat. A very mean meaning.
Wid. Right, I mean you.
Cat. And I am mean indeed,
Reſpecting you.
Pet. To her, *Kate!*
Her. To her, widow!
Pet. A hundred marks, my *Kate* does put her down.
Her. That is my office.
Pet. Spoke like an officer:—
Ha' to thee, lad. [*Drinks to him.*
Bap. And how likes *Gremio* theſe quick-witted folks?
Gre. Believe me, ſir, they but heads well together.
Bia. How! head, and but? an haſty-witted body
Would ſay, your head and but were head and horn.
Vin. Ay, miſtreſs bride, hath that awaken'd you?
Bia. Ay, but not frighted me; therefore I'll ſleep again.
Pet. Nay, that you ſhall not; ſince you have begun,
Have at you for a bitter jeſt or two.
Bia. Am I your bird? I mean to ſhift my buſh,
And then purſue me as you draw your bow:— [*riſing.*
You're welcome all. [*Exit*; Cat. *and* Wid. *follow.*
Pet. She hath prevented me.—Here, ſignior *Tranio,*
[*Filling.*
This bird you aim'd at, though you hit her not;
Therefore, a health to all that ſhot and miſs'd. [*Drinks.*
Tra. O, ſir, *Lucentio* ſlipt me like his grey-hound,
Which runs himſelf, and catches for his maſter.
Pet. A good ſwift ſimile,—but ſomething curriſh.
Tra. 'Tis well, ſir, that you hunted for yourſelf;
'Tis thought, your deer does hold you at a bay.
Bap. Oh ho, *Petruchio, Tranio* hits you now.

Luc. I thank you for that gird, good *Tranio.*
Hor. Confeſs, confeſs, hath he not hit you here?
Pet. 'A has a little gall'd me, I confeſs;
And, as the jeſt did glance away from me,
'Tis ten to one it maim'd you two out-right.
Bap. Now, in good ſadneſs, ſon *Petruchio,*
I think thou haſt the verieſt ſhrew of all.
Pet. Well, I ſay—no: and therefore, for aſſurance,
Pleaſe you, let's each one ſend unto his wife;
And he, whoſe wife is moſt obedient
To come at firſt when he doth ſend for her,
Shall win the wager which we will propoſe.
Hor. Content: The wager?
Luc. Twenty crowns.
Pet. Twenty crowns!
I'll venture ſo much on my hawk, or hound,
But twenty times ſo much upon my wife.
Luc. A hundred then.
Hor. Content.
Pet. A match; 'tis done.
Hor. Who ſhall begin?
Luc. That will I.—Here, where are you?
Go, *Biondello,* bid your miſtreſs come to me.
Bio. I go. [*Exit.*
Bap. Son, I will be your half, *Bianca* comes.
Luc. I'll have no halves; I'll bear it all myſelf.—

Re-enter Biondello.

How now! what news?
Bio. Sir, my miſtreſs ſends you word
That ſhe is buſy, and ſhe cannot come.
Pet. How! ſhe is buſy, and ſhe cannot come?
Is that an anſwer?
Gre. Ay, and a kind one too:
Pray Heav'n, ſir, your wife ſend you not a worſe.
Pet. I hope, a better.
Hor. Sirrah *Biondello,* go, and entreat my wife
To come to me forthwith. [*Exit* Bio.
Pet. Oh ho, entreat her!
Nay, then ſhe muſt needs come.

Hor. I am afraid, ſir,
Do what you can, yours will not be entreated.—

Re-enter Biondello.

Now, where's my wife?

Bio. She ſays, you have ſome goodly jeſt in hand,
She will not come; ſhe bids you come to her.

Pet. Worſe and worſe;
She will not come! O vile, intolerable,
Not to be endur'd!—Here, ſirrah *Grumio*,
Go to your miſtreſs; ſay, I command her come to me.
[*Exit* Gru.

Hor. I know her anſwer.

Pet. What?

Hor. That ſhe will not.

Pet. The fouler fortune mine, and there's an end.

Enter Catherine.

Bap. Now, by my holidam, here comes *Catherina!*

Cat. What is your will, ſir, that you ſend for me?

Pet. Where is your ſiſter, and *Hortenſio*'s wife?

Cat. They ſit conferring by the parlor fire.

Pet. Go, fetch them hither; if they deny to come,
Swindge me them ſoundly forth unto their huſbands:
Away, I ſay, and bring them hither ſtraight.
[*Exit* Catherine.

Luc. Here is a wonder, if you talk of a wonder.

Hor. And ſo it is; I wonder what it bodes.

Pet. Marry, peace it bodes, and love, and quiet life,
And awful rule, and right ſupremacy;
And, to be ſhort, what not, that's ſweet and happy.

Bap. Now fair befal thee, good *Petruchio!*
The wager thou haſt won, and I will add
Unto their loſſes twenty thouſand crowns;
Another dowry to another daughter,
For ſhe is chang'd as ſhe had never been.

Pet. Nay, I will win my wager better yet;
And ſhow more ſign of her obedience,
Her new-built virtue of obedience.—

Re-enter Catherine, *with* Bianca, *and the* Widow.

See, where ſhe comes; and brings your froward wives
As priſoners to her womanly perſuaſion.—
Catherine, that cap of yours becomes you not;
Off with that bauble, throw it under foot.
[Cat. *pulls off her cap, and throws it down.*
Wid. Lord, let me never have a cauſe to ſigh,
'Till I be brought to ſuch a ſilly paſs!
Bia. Fie! what a fooliſh duty call you this?
Luc. I would, your duty were as fooliſh too:
The wiſdom of your duty, fair *Bianca*,
Coſt me a hundred crowns ſince ſupper-time.
Bia. The more fool you, for laying on my duty.
Pet. Catherine, I charge thee, tell theſe head-ſtrong women
What duty they do owe their lords and huſbands.
Wid. Come, come, you're mocking; we will have no telling.
Pet. Come on, I ſay; and firſt begin—
Wid. She ſhall not.
Pet. I ſay, ſhe ſhall;—and firſt begin with her.
Cat. Fie, fie! unknit that threat'ning unkind brow;
[*to the Widow.*
And dart not ſcornful glances from thoſe eyes,
To wound thy lord, thy king, thy governor:
It blots thy beauty, as froſts bite the meads;
Confounds thy fame, as whirlwinds ſhake fair buds;
And in no ſenſe is meet, or amiable.
" A woman mov'd, is like a fountain troubl'd,
" Muddy, ill-ſeeming, thick, bereft of beauty;
" And, while it is ſo, none ſo dry or thirſty
" Will deign to ſip, or touch one drop of it.
Thy huſband is thy lord, thy life, thy keeper,
Thy head, thy ſovereign; one that cares for thee,
And for thy maintenance: commits his body
To painful labour, both by ſea and land;
To watch the night in ſtorms, the day in cold,
Whilſt thou ly'ſt warm at home, ſecure and ſafe;
And craves no other tribute at thy hands,
But love, fair looks, and true obedience,—

Too little payment for ſo great a debt.
Such duty as the ſubject owes the prince,
Even ſuch a woman oweth to her huſband:
And, when ſhe's froward, peeviſh, ſullen, ſour,
And not obedient to his honeſt will,
What is ſhe, but a foul contending rebel,
And graceleſs traitor to her loving lord?
I am aſham'd, that women are ſo ſimple,
To offer war where they ſhould kneel for peace;
Or ſeek for rule, ſupremacy, and ſway,
When they are bound to ſerve, love, and obey *.
" Why are our bodies ſoft, and weak, and ſmooth,
" Unapt to toil and trouble in the world;
" But that our ſoft conditions, and our hearts,
" Should well agree with our external parts?
" Come, come, you froward and unable worms!
" My mind hath been as big as one of yours,
" My heart as great; my reaſon, haply, more,
" To bandy word for word, and frown for frown:
" But now, I ſee, our lances are but ſtraws;
" Our ſtrength is weak, our weakneſs paſt compare,—
" That ſeeming to be moſt, which we indeed leaſt are.
" Then vail your ſtomachs, for it is no boot;
" And place your hands below your huſband's foot:
" In token of which duty, if he pleaſe,
" My hand is ready, may it do him eaſe.

Pet. Why, there's a wench!—Come on, and kiſs me, *Kate.* [*Pulls her to him, and kiſſes her.*

Luc. Well, go thy ways, old lad; for thou ſhalt ha't.

Vin. 'Tis a good hearing, when children are toward.

Luc. But a harſh hearing, when women are froward.

Pet. Come, *Kate*, we'll to bed:— [*Riſing.*
We three are marry'd, but you two are ſped.
'Twas I won the wager, though you hit the white;
And, being a winner, Heav'n give you good night!
[*Exit, leading out* Catherine.

* This ſpeech muſt ever ſtamp credit on its author. There is a fine diſplay of relative knowledge, thrown out in a nervous, yet very intelligible manner; and we wiſh that, not only every unmarried, but alſo married lady, were perfect in the words and practice; however, it is too long for ſtage utterance.

" *Her.* Now go thy ways, thou haſt tam'd a curſt
" ſhrew.
" *Luc.* 'Tis a wonder, by your leave, ſhe will be
" tam'd ſo. [*Exeunt omnes.*

" SCENE III. The Alehouſe. *Sly* upon his Bench
" as before; *Tapſter* at the Door.

" Sly. [waking.] Sim, *give's ſome more wine.—What!*
" *all the players gone?—Am not I a lord?*
" Tap. *A lord, with a murrain!—Come, art thou*
" *drunk ſtill?* [rouzing him.
" Sly. *Who's this? tapſter?—O, I have had the*
" *braveſt dream that ever thou heard'ſt in all thy life.*
" Tap. *Yea, marry; but thou hadſt beſt get thee home,*
" *for your wife will courſe you for dreaming here all night.*
" Sly. *Will ſhe? I know how to tame a ſhrew; I*
" *dreamt upon it all this night, and thou haſt wak'd me*
" *out of the beſt dream that ever I had. But I'll to my*
" *wife, and tame her too, if ſhe anger me* †. [Exeunt.

† This piece ſhould undoubtedly end at the line marked note (*) in the preceding page; all that follows is monſtrouſly inſipid; and we are rather ſorry to add, that the fifth Act does not riſe above the others as it ought; in point of merit we think it ſtands but ſecond.

End of the TAMING OF THE SHREW.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA

Act V. Scene II.

E. Edwards del. J. Hall sculp.

Here Diomede keep this Sleeve

Publish'd according to Act of Parliament Nov.r 8th 1774. by J. Bell in the Strand.

TROILUS

AND

CRESSIDA,

A TRAGEDY, by SHAKESPEARE.

AN INTRODUCTION,

AND

NOTES CRITICAL and ILLUSTRATIVE,

ARE ADDED, BY THE

AUTHORS of the DRAMATIC CENSOR.

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TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

INTRODUCTION.

THE great end of every drama is, or ſhould be, inſtruction reliſhed by amuſement; ſo far as any production fails of this, it fails in value. Judging ſimilarly of Troilus *and* Creſſida, *it is a very cenſurable effuſion of dramatic fancy; for except ſome very fine ſentiments ſcattered up and down, it is void of the eſſential requiſites; beſides, characters are ſo oddly blended, the ſcenes are ſo multiplied, and the plot ſo very ſtrangely wound up, that we think it ſtands but a poor chance of giving either public or private ſatisfaction.*

PROLOGUE*.

IN Troy, *there lies the ſcene. From Iſles of* Greece
The princes orgillous, their high blood chaf'd,
Have to the port of Athens *ſent their ſhips*
Fraught with the miniſters and inſtruments
Of cruel war: Sixty and nine, that wore
Their crownets regal, from the Athenian *bay*
Put forth toward Phrygia: *and their vow is made,*
To ranſack Troy; *within whoſe ſtrong immures*
The raviſh'd Helen, Menelaus' *queen,*
With wanton Paris *ſleeps; and that's the quarrel.*
To Tenedos *they come;*
And the deep-drawing barks do there diſgorge
Their warlike fraughtage: Now on Dardan *plains*
The freſh and yet unbruiſed Greeks *do pitch*
Their brave pavilions: Priam's *ſix-gated city*
(Dardan *and* Thymbria, Ilias, Chetas, Troyan,
And Antenoridas) *with maſſy ſtaples,*
And correſpondive and fulfilling bolts,
Sperrs up the ſons of Troy.
Now expectation, tickling ſkittiſh ſpirits,
On one and other ſide, Trojan *and* Greek,
Sets all on hazard: And hither am I come,
A prologue arm'd,—but not in confidence
Of author's pen, or actor's voice; but ſuited
In like condition as our argument,—
To tell you, fair beholders, that our play
Leaps o'er the vaunt and firſtlings of thoſe broils,
'Ginning in the middle; ſtarting thence away
To what may be digeſted in a play.
Like, or find fault; do as your pleaſures are,
Now good, or bad, 'tis but the chance of war.

* This Prologue, chiefly hiſtorical, makes a neceſſary, though not powerful apology for taking up ſo disjointed a ſubject, as that of the following drama; there is a conſiderable ſhare of poetical merit in this preamble.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

AGAMEMNON.
MENELAUS.
ACHILLES.
PATROCLUS.
THERSITES.
ULYSSES.
NESTOR.
AJAX.
DIOMEDES.
CALCHAS.
Servant to DIOMEDES.
PRIAM.
HECTOR.
PARIS.
TROILUS.
HELENUS.
DEIPHOBUS.
MARGARELON.
ÆNEAS.
PANDARUS, *Uncle to* Creſſida.
Serv. to Creſſida; *Serv. to* Troilus; *Serv. to* Paris.

HELEN.
ANDROMACHE.
CASSANDRA.
CRESSIDA.

Soldiers and divers Attendants, Greek *and* Trojan.

Scene, Troy; *and Plains adjoining.*

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA*.

ACT I.

SCENE I. Troy. *Before* Priam's *Palace.*

Enter Troilus *arm'd*; Pandarus *following.*

TROILUS.

CALL here my varlet, I'll unarm again:
Why ſhould I war without the walls of *Troy*,
That find ſuch cruel battle here within?
Each *Trojan*, that is maſter of his heart,
Let him to field; *Troilus*, alas, hath none.

Pan. Will this geer ne'er be mended?

Tro. The *Greeks* are ſtrong, and ſkilful to their ſtrength,
Fierce to their ſkill, and to their fierceneſs valiant;
But I am weaker than a woman's tear,
Tamer than ſleep, fonder than ignorance;

* From ſo grand an aſſemblage of eminent characters, as we perceive in the drama of this play, ſome tranſactions, ſituations, and ſentiments, particularly intereſting, may reaſonably be expected; inveſtigation will gratify, or defeat our hopes.

Leſs

Leſs valiant than the virgin in the night,
And ſkill-leſs as unpractis'd infancy *.

Pan. Well, I have told you enough of this: for my part, I'll not meddle nor make no farther. He, that will have a cake out of the wheat, muſt tarry the grinding.

Tro. Have I not tarry'd?

Pan. Ay, the grinding; but you muſt tarry the boulting.

" *Tro.* Have I not tarry'd?

" *Pan.* Ay, the boulting; but you muſt tarry the " leav'ning.

" *Tro.* Still have I tarry'd.

" *Pan.* Ay, to the leav'ning: but here's yet in the " word—hereafter, the kneading, the making of the " cake, the heating the oven, and the baking; nay, " you muſt ſtay the cooling too, or you may chance " burn your lips.

" *Tro.* Patience herſelf, what goddeſs e'er ſhe be,
" Doth leſſer blench at ſufferance than I do,
" At *Priam*'s royal table do I ſit;
" And when fair *Creſſid* comes into my thoughts,—
" So, traitor!—when ſhe comes,—When is ſhe thence?

" *Pan.* Well, ſhe look'd yeſter-night fairer than ever " I ſaw her look; or any woman elſe.

" *Tro.* I was about to tell thee,—When my heart,
" As wedged with a ſigh, would rive in twain;
" Leſt *Hector* or my father ſhould perceive me,
" I have (as when the ſun doth light a ſtorm)
" Bury'd this ſigh in wrinkle of a ſmile:
" But ſorrow, that is couch'd in ſeeming gladneſs,
" Is like that mirth fate turns to ſudden ſadneſs †.

" *Pan.* An her hair were not ſomewhat darker than " *Helen*'s, (well, go to) there were no more compariſon " between the women.—But, for my part, ſhe is my " kinſwoman; I would not, as they term it, praiſe her, " —But I would, ſomebody had heard her talk yeſter-

* *Troilus* here finely deſcribes himſelf, in a ſar gone ſtate of amorous imbecillity.

† There is infinite beauty and ſtrength of expreſſion in this paſſage.

" day,

" day, as I did. I will not diſpraiſe your ſiſter *Caſſan-*
" *dra*'s wit: but—

Tro. O, *Pandarus!* I tell thee, *Pandarus*,—
When I do tell thee, there my hopes lie drown'd,
Reply not in how many fathoms deep
They lie indrench'd. I tell thee, I am mad
In *Creſſid*'s love: Thou anſwer'ſt, She is fair;
Pour'ſt in the open ulcer of my heart
Her eyes, her hair, her cheek, her gait; her voice
Handl'ſt in thy diſcourſe:—O that her hand!
In whoſe compariſon all whites are ink,
Writing their own reproach; to whoſe ſoft ſeizure
• The cygnet's down is harſh, in ſpirit of ſenſe
Hard as the palm of ploughman!—This thou tell'ſt me,
As true thou tell'ſt me, when I ſay, I love her:
But, ſaying thus, inſtead of oil and balm,
Thou lay'ſt in ev'ry gaſh that love hath given me
The knife that made it.

Pan. I ſpeak no more than truth.

Tro. Thou doſt not ſpeak ſo much.

Pan. 'Faith, I'll not meddle in't. Let her be as ſhe is: if ſhe be fair, 'tis the better for her; an ſhe be not, ſhe has the mends in her own hands.

Tro. Good *Pandarus!* Why, how now, *Pandarus?*

Pan. I have had my labour for my travel; ill-thought on of her, and ill-thought on of you: gone between and between, but ſmall thanks for my labour.

Tro. What, art thou angry, *Pandarus?* what, with me?

Pan. Becauſe ſhe's kin to me, therefore ſhe's not ſo fair as *Helen*: an ſhe were not kin to me, ſhe would be as fair o'Friday as *Helen* is on Sunday. But what care I? I care not, an ſhe were a black-a-moor; 'tis all one to me.

Tro. Say I, ſhe is not fair?

Pan. I do not care whether you do or no. She's a fool to ſtay behind her father; let her to the *Greeks*;

• Such far-fancied alluſions as this are peculiar to *Shakeſpeare*; as he introduces and expreſſes them, though ſtrongly tinged with hyperbole, they muſt highly delight every intelligent reader.

and

and ſo I'll tell her, the next time I ſee her: for my part, I'll meddle nor make no more i'th' matter.

Tro. Pandarus,—

Pan. Not I.

Tro. Sweet *Pandarus,*—

Pan. Pray you, ſpeak no more to me; I will leave all as I found it, and there's an end.

[*Exit* Pandarus. *Alarums heard.*

Tro. Peace, you ungracious clamours! peace, rude ſounds!

Fools on both ſides! *Helen* muſt needs be fair,
When with your blood you daily paint her thus.
I cannot fight upon this argument;
It is too ſtarv'd a ſubject for my ſword.
But *Pandarus*—O, gods, how do you plague me!
I cannot come to *Creſſid*, but by *Pandar*;
And he's ſo teachy to be woo'd to woo,
As ſhe is ſtubborn-chaſt againſt all ſuit.
Tell me, *Apollo*, for thy *Daphne's* love,
What *Creſſid* is, what *Pandar*, and what we?
Her bed is *India*; there ſhe lies, a pearl:
Between our *Ilium*, and where ſhe reſides,
Let it be call'd the wild and wand'ring flood;
Ourſelf, the merchant; and this ſailing *Pandar*,
Our doubtful hope, our convoy, and our bark *.

Other alarums. Enter Æneas †.

Æne. How now, prince *Troilus?* wherefore not afield?

Tro. Becauſe not there; this woman's anſwer ſorts,
For womaniſh it is to be from thence.
What news, *Æneas*, from the field to-day?

Æne. That *Paris* is returned home, and hurt.

Tro. By whom, *Æneas?*

Æne. Troilus, by *Menelaus*.

* Lovers are allowed ſtrange flights, therefore this ſpeech, however fanciful and extravagant, is far from being unnatural in the mouth of *Troilus*.

† It is rather a pity our author ſhould bring on ſuch a character as *Æneas*, and give him ſo ſlight a ſhare in the drama.

Tro. Let *Paris* bleed: 'tis but a ſcar to ſcorn;
Paris is gor'd with *Menelaus'* horn. [*Alarums.*
Æne. Hark! what good ſport is out of town to-day!
Tro. Better at home, if *would I might*, were *may*.
But, to the ſport abroad;—are you bound thither?
Æne. In all ſwift haſte.
Tro. Come, go we then together. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The ſame. A Street**.

Enter Creſſida *and Servant.*

Cre. Who were thoſe went by?
Ser. Queen *Hecuba*, and *Helen*.
Cre. And whither go they?
Ser. Up to the eaſtern tower,
Whoſe height commands, as ſubject, all the vale,
To ſee the battle. *Hector*, whoſe patience
Is, as the virtue, fix'd, to-day was mov'd:
He chid *Andromache*, and ſtrook his armorer;
And, like as there were huſbandry in war,
Before the ſun roſe, he was harneſs'd light,
And to the field goes he; where every flower
Did, as a prophet, weep what it foreſaw
In *Hector's* wrath †.
Cre. What was his cauſe of anger?
Ser. The noiſe goes, this: There is among the *Greeks*
A lord of *Trojan* blood, nephew to *Hector*;
They call him, *Ajax*.
Cre. Good; and what of him?
Ser. They ſay, he is a very man *per ſe*,
And ſtands alone.
Cre. So do all men; unleſs they are drunk, ſick, or have no legs.
Ser. This man, lady, hath robb'd many beaſts of their particular additions; he is as valiant as the lion, churliſh as the bear, ſlow as the elephant: a man into whom

* If the play began here it would be as well, or, as we think, better than with the preceding ſcene; but that we ſhould, in that caſe, be leſs acquainted with the diſpoſition of *Troilus*.

† A moſt beautiful idea this, to make even the vegetable world weep for, and ſympathize in the carnage and devaſtation of war.

nature hath ſo crouded humours, that his valour is cruſh'd into folly, his folly ſauced with diſcretion: there is no man hath a virtue, that he hath not a glimpſe of; nor any man an attaint, but he carries ſome ſtain of it: he is melancholy without cauſe, and merry againſt the hair: He hath the joints of every thing: but every thing ſo out of joint, that he is a gouty *Briareus*, many hands and no uſe; or purblinded *Argus*, all eyes and no ſight*.

Cre. But how ſhould this man, that makes me ſmile, make *Hector* angry?

Ser. They ſay, he yeſterday cop'd *Hector* in the battle, and ſtrook him down; the diſdain and ſhame whereof hath ever ſince kept *Hector* faſting and waking.

Enter Pandarus.

Cre. Who comes here?

Ser. Madam, your uncle *Pandarus*.

Cre. *Hector*'s a gallant man.

Ser. As may be in the world, lady.

Pan. What's that? what's that?

Cre. Good morrow, uncle *Pandarus*.

Pan. Good morrow, couſin *Creſſid*: What do you talk of?—Good morrow, *Alexander*:—How do you, couſin? When were you at *Ilium*?

Cre. This morning, uncle.

Pan. What were you talking of, when I came? Was *Hector* arm'd, and gone, ere ye came to *Ilium*? *Helen* was not up, was ſhe?

Cre. *Hector* was gone; but *Helen* was not up.

Pan. E'en ſo; *Hector* was ſtirring early.

Cre. That were we talking of, and of his anger.

Pan. Was he angry?

Cre. So he ſays here.

Pan. True, he was ſo; I know the cauſe too; he'll lay about him to-day, I can tell them that: and there's *Troilus* will not come far behind him; let them take heed of *Troilus*; I can tell them that too.

* This ſpeech is replete with deſcription admirably picturesque; exceedingly characteriſtic, and as pointed as any thing we have ever met; the alluſions are very extenſive, but applied in a maſterly and juſtifiable manner.

Cre. What, is he angry too?

Pan. Who, *Troilus*? *Troilus* is the better man of the two.

Cre. O *Jupiter!*—there's no compariſon.

Pan. What, not between *Troilus* and *Hector*? Do you know a man, if you ſee him?

Cre. Ay; if I ever ſaw him before, and knew him.

Pan. Well, I ſay, *Troilus* is *Troilus* †.

" *Cre.* Then you ſay as I ſay; for, I am ſure, he is " not *Hector*.

" *Pan.* No, nor *Hector* is not *Troilus*, in ſome de- " grees.

" *Cre.* 'Tis juſt to each of them; he is himſelf.

" *Pan.* Himſelf? Alas, poor *Troilus!* I would, he " were,—

" *Cre.* So he is.

" *Pan.* —condition, I had gone bare-foot to *India*.

" *Cre.* He is not *Hector*.

" *Pan.* Himſelf? no, he's not himſelf; 'Would, a " were himſelf! Well, the gods are above; time muſt " friend, or end: Well, *Troilus*, well,—I would, my " heart were in her body! No, *Hector* is not a better " man than *Troilus*.

" *Cre.* Excuſe me.

" *Pan.* He is elder.

" *Cre.* Pardon me, pardon me.

" *Pan.* The other's not come to't; you ſhall tell me " another tale, when th' other's come to't. *Hector* ſhall " not have his wit this year.

" *Cre.* He ſhall not need it, if he have his own.

" *Pan.* Nor his qualities:

" *Cre.* No matter.

" *Pan.* Nor his beauty.

" *Cre.* 'Twould not become him, his own's better.

" *Pan.* You have no judgment, niece: *Helen* herſelf " ſwore th' other day, that *Troilus*, for a brown favour, " (for ſo 'tis, I muſt confeſs)—not brown neither—

" *Cre.* No, but brown.

† All from this line we have preſumed to mark, as fitter to be omitted than retained.

" *Pan.* 'Faith, to ſay truth, brown and not brown.
" *Cre.* To ſay the truth, true and not true.
" *Pan.* She prais'd his complexion above *Paris*.
" *Cre.* Why, *Paris* hath colour enough.
" *Pan.* So he has.
" *Cre.* Then, *Troilus* ſhould have too much: if ſhe " prais'd him above, his complexion is higher than his; " he having colour enough, and the other higher, is too " flaming a praiſe for a good complexion. I had as " lieve, *Helen*'s golden tongue had commended *Troilus* " for a copper noſe.
" *Pan.* I ſwear to you, I think *Helen* loves him better " than *Paris*.
" *Cre.* Then ſhe's a merry *Greek*, indeed.
" *Pan.* Nay, I am ſure ſhe does. She came to him " th' other day into the compaſt window,—and, you " know, he has not paſt three or four hairs on his chin.
" *Cre.* Indeed, a tapſter's arithmetic may ſoon bring " his particulars therein to a total.
" *Pan.* Why, he is very young: and yet will he, " within three pound, lift as much as his brother *Hector*.
" *Cre.* Is he ſo young a man, and ſo old a lifter?
" *Pan.* But to prove to you that *Helen* loves him;— " ſhe came, and puts me her white hand to his cloven " chin.—
" *Cre.* *Juno* have mercy!—how came it cloven?
" *Pan.* Why, you know 'tis dimpl'd: I think, his " ſmiling becomes him better than any man in all " *Phrygia*.
" *Cre.* O, he ſmiles valiantly.
" *Pan.* Does he not?
" *Cre.* O, yes; an 'twere a cloud in autumn.
" *Pan.* Why, go to then: But to prove to you that " *Helen* loves *Troilus*;—
" *Cre.* *Troilus* will ſtand to the proof, if you'll prove " it ſo.
" *Pan.* *Troilus*? why, he eſteems her no more than I " eſteem an addle egg.
" *Cre.* If you love an addle egg as well as you love an " idle head, you would eat chickens i'th' ſhell.

" *Pan.* I cannot chooſe but laugh, to think how ſhe " tickl'd his chin; indeed, ſhe has a marvel's white " hand, I muſt needs confeſs.

" *Cre.* Without the rack.

" *Pan.* And ſhe takes upon her to ſpy a white hair " on his chin:

" *Cre.* Alas, poor chin, many a wart is richer.

" *Pan.* But, there was ſuch laughing.—Queen *Hecuba* laughed, that her eyes ran o'er:

" *Cre.* With milſtones.

" *Pan.* And *Caſſandra* laugh'd:

" *Cre.* But there was more temperate fire under the " pot of her eyes.—Did her eyes run o'er too?

" *Pan.* And *Hector* laugh'd:

" *Cre.* At what was all this laughing?

" *Pan.* Marry, at the white hair that *Helen* ſpy'd on " *Troilus'* chin.

" *Cre.* An't had been a green hair, I ſhould have " laugh'd too.

" *Pan.* They laugh'd not ſo much at the hair, as at " his pretty anſwer.

" *Cre.* What was his anſwer?

" *Pan.* Quoth ſhe, *Here's but one and fifty hairs on* " *your chin, and one of them is white.*

" *Cre.* This is her queſtion.

" *Pan.* That's true; make no queſtion of that. *One* " *and fifty hairs*, quoth he, *and one white: That white* " *hair is my father, and all the reſt are his ſons.* Jupiter! " quoth ſhe, *which of theſe hairs is* Paris, *my huſband?* " *The forked one*, quoth he; *pluck't out and give it him.* " But, there was ſuch laughing! and *Helen* ſo bluſh'd, " and *Paris* ſo chaf'd, and all the reſt ſo laugh'd, that " it paſs'd.

" *Cre.* So let it now; for it has been a great while " going by.

" *Pan.* Well, couſin, I told you a thing yeſterday; " think on't.

" *Cre.* So I do.

" *Pan.* I'll be ſworn, 'tis true; he will weep you— " an 'twere a man born in *April.*

" *Cre.* And I'll ſpring up in his tears, an 'twere a " nettle againſt *May*. [*Retreat heard.*

Pan. Hark, they are coming from the field: Shall we ſtand up here, and ſee them, as they paſs toward *Ilium?* good niece, do; ſweet niece *Creſſida*.

Cre. At your pleaſure.

Pan. Here, here, here's an excellent place; here we may ſee moſt bravely: I'll tell you them all by their names, as they paſs by; but mark *Troilus* above the reſt.

Flouriſh. Enter certain Troops, and paſs over; Æneas with them.

Cre. Speak not ſo loud.

Pan. That's *Æneas*; is not that a brave man? he's one of the flowers of *Troy*, I can tell you; but mark *Troilus:* you ſhall ſee anon.

Antenor *paſſes over.*

Cre. Who's that?

Pan. That's *Antenor*; he has a ſhrewd wit, I can tell you; and he's man good enough: he's one o'th' ſoundeſt judgments in *Troy*, whoſoever; and a proper man of perſon:—When comes *Troilus?*—I'll ſhew you *Troilus* anon; if he ſee me, you ſhall ſee him nod at me.

Cre. Will he give you the nod?

Pan. You ſhall ſee.

Cre. If he do, the rich ſhall have more.

Hector *paſſes over.*

Pan. That's *Hector*, that, that, look you, that; There's a fellow!—Go thy way, *Hector*;—There's a brave man, niece;—O brave *Hector!*—Look how he looks; there's a countenance; is't not a brave man?

Cre. O, a brave man.

Pan. Is a not? it does a man's heart good—Look you, what hacks are on his helmet? look you yonder, do you ſee? look you there: There's no jeſting: laying on; take't off who will, as they ſay: there be hacks.

Cre. Be thoſe with ſwords?

Pan. Swords? any thing, he cares not; an the devil come to him, it's all one: By god's lid, it does one's heart good:—Yonder comes *Paris*, yonder comes *Paris:*

Paris *paſſes over.*

Look ye yonder, niece; Is't not a gallant man too, is't not?—Why, this is brave now. Who ſaid, he came hurt home to-day? he's not hurt: why, this will do *Helen*'s heart good now. Ha! 'would I could ſee *Troilus* now!—you ſhall ſee *Troilus* anon.

Helenus *paſſes over.*

Cre. Who's that?

Pan. That's *Helenus*;—I marvel, where *Troilus* is;—that's *Helenus*;—I think, he went not forth to-day;—that's *Helenus*.

Cre. Can *Helenus* fight, uncle?

Pan. Helenus? no;—yes, he'll fight indifferent well;—I marvel, where *Troilus* is!—Hark; do you not hear the people cry, *Troilus? Helenus* is a prieſt.

Troilus *paſſes over.*

Cre. What ſneaking fellow comes yonder?

Pan. Where? yonder? that's *Deiphobus*: 'Tis *Troilus!* There's a man, niece!—hem!—Brave *Troilus!* the prince of chivalry!

Cre. Peace, for ſhame, peace.

Pan. Mark him; note him;—O brave *Troilus!*—look well upon him, niece; look you, how his ſword is bloody'd, and his helm more hack'd than *Hector*'s; And how he looks, and how he goes! O admirable youth!—he ne'er ſaw three and twenty. Go thy way, *Troilus*, go thy way; had I a ſiſter were a grace, or a daughter a goddeſs, he ſhould take his choice. *Paris? Paris* is dirt to him; and, I warrant, *Helen*, to change *, would give money to boot.

" *Other Troops paſs over.*

" *Cre.* Here come more.

" *Pan.* Aſſes, fools, dolts; chaff and bran, chaff and " bran, porridge after meat. I could live and die i'the " eyes of *Troilus*. Ne'er look, ne'er look; the eagles

* There is no doubt but *Shakeſpeare* meant *Pandarus* as a character of humour, but it is in a very peculiar ſtile, and requires very extraordinary talents to perſonate him exact to the author's intention.

" are gone; crows and daws, crows and daws, I had " rather be ſuch a man as *Troilus*, than *Agamemnon* and " all *Greece*.

" *Cre.* There is among the *Greeks*, *Achilles*; a better " man than *Troilus*.

" *Pan. Achilles?* a drayman, a porter, a very camel.

" *Cre.* Well, well.

" *Pan.* Well, well? Why, have you any diſcretion? " have you any eyes? do you know what a man is? Is " not birth, beauty, good ſhape, diſcourſe, manhood, " learning, gentleneſs, virtue, youth, liberality, and " ſuch like, the ſpice and ſalt that ſeaſon a man?

" *Cre.* Ay, a minc'd man: and then to be bak'd " with no date in the pye,—for then the man's date's " out.

" *Pan.* You are ſuch a woman! a man knows not at " what ward you lye.

" *Cre.* Upon my back, to defend my belly; upon " my wit, to defend my wiles; upon my ſecrecy, to " defend mine honeſty; my maſk, to defend my beauty; " and you, to defend all theſe: and at all theſe wards " I lye, at a thouſand watches.

" *Pan.* Say one of your watches.

" *Cre.* Nay, I'll watch you for that; and that's one " of the chiefeſt of them too: if I cannot ward what I " would not have hit, I can watch you for telling how " I took the blow; unleſs it ſwell paſt hiding, and then " it's paſt watching.

" *Pan.* You are ſuch another!

" *Enter* Troilus's *Boy.*

" *Boy.* Sir, my lord would inſtantly ſpeak with you.

" *Pan.* Where?

" *Boy.* At your own houſe; there he unarms him.

" *Pan.* Good boy, tell him I come: [*Exit* Boy.] I " doubt, he be hurt."—Fare ye well, good niece.

Cre. Adieu, uncle.

Pan. I'll be with you, niece, by and by.

Cre. To bring, uncle,—

Pan. Ay, a token from *Troilus*. [*Exit.*

Cre. By the ſame token—you are a bawd.—

Words,

Words, vows, gifts, tears, and love's full ſacrifice,
He offers in another's enterprize:
But more in *Troilus* thouſand fold I ſee,
Than in the glaſs of *Pandar*'s praiſe may be;
Yet hold I off. Women are angels, wooing;
Things won are done, joy's ſoul lies in the doing:
That ſhe belov'd knows nought, that knows not this,—
Men prize the thing ungain'd more than it is:
That ſhe was never yet, that ever knew
Love got ſo ſweet, as when deſire did ſue:
Therefore this maxim out of love I teach,—
Atchievement is, command; ungain'd, beſeech:
Then though my heart's content firm love doth bear,
Nothing of that ſhall from mine eyes appear. [*Exeunt.*

*SCENE III. *The* Grecian *Camp. Before a Tent.*

Enter Agamemnon, Neſtor, Ulyſſes, Menelaus, *and others.*

Aga. Princes,
What grief hath ſet this jaundice on your cheeks†?
The ample propoſition, that hope makes
In all deſigns begun on earth below,
Fails in the promis'd largeneſs: checks and diſaſters
Grow in the veins of actions higheſt rear'd;
As knots, by the conflux of meeting ſap,
Infect the ſound pine, and divert his grain
Tortive and errant from his courſe of growth.
Nor, princes, is it matter new to us,
That we come ſhort of our ſuppoſe ſo far,
That, after ſeven years' ſiege, yet *Troy* walls ſtand;
Sith every action that hath gone before,
Whereof we have record, trial did draw
Bias and thwart, not anſwering the aim,
And that unbody'd figure of the thought

* It is again matter of doubt whether the piece would not begin better here, than with the firſt or the ſecond ſcene; but for one reaſon already cited.

† The idea of particular concern of *jaundicing* the cheeks is excellently conceived; and all the ſentiments in *Agamemnon*'s mouth are pleaſingly and ſtrongly expreſſed.

That gave't ſurmiſed ſhape. Why then, you princes,
Do you with cheeks abaſh'd behold our works;
And think them ſhames, which are, indeed, nought elſe
But the protractive trials of great *Jove*,
To find perſiſtive conſtancy in men?
The fineneſs of which metal is not found
In fortune's love: for then, the bold and coward,
The wiſe and fool, the artiſt and unread,
The hard and ſoft, ſeem all affin'd and kin:
But, in the wind and tempeſt of her frown,
Diſtinction, with a broad and powerful fan,
Puffing at all, winnows the light away;
And what hath maſs, or matter, by itſelf
Lies, rich in virtue, and unmingled.

Neſ. With due obſervance of thy godlike ſeat,
Great *Agamemnon*, *Neſtor* ſhall apply
Thy lateſt words. In the reproof of chance
Lies the true proof of men: The ſea being ſmooth,
How many ſhallow bauble boats dare ſail
Upon her patient breaſt, making their way
With thoſe of nobler bulk?
But let the ruffian *Boreas* once enrage
The gentle *Thetis*, and, anon, behold
The ſtrong-ribb'd bark through liquid mountains cut,
Bounding between the two moiſt elements
Like *Perſeus'* horſe: Where's then the ſaucy boat,
Whoſe weak untimber'd ſides but even now
Co-rival'd greatneſs? either to harbour fled,
Or made a toaſt for *Neptune*. Even ſo
Doth valour's ſhew, and valour's worth, divide
In ſtorms of fortune: For, in her ray and brightneſs,
The herd hath more annoyance by the brize,
Than by the tiger: but when the ſplitting wind
Makes flexible the knees of knotted oaks,
And flies flee under ſhade, Why, then, the thing of courage,
As rouz'd with rage, with rage doth ſympathize,
And, with an accent tun'd in ſelf-ſame key,
Returns to chiding fortune.

Uly. *Agamemnon*,—
Thou great commander, nerve and bone of *Greece*,
Heart

Heart of our numbers, ſoul and only ſpirit,
In whom the tempers and the minds of all
Should be ſhut up,—hear what *Ulyſſes* ſpeaks.
Beſides the applauſe and approbation,
The which,—moſt mighty for thy place and ſway,—
And thou moſt reverend for thy ſtretcht-out life,—
I give to both your ſpeeches,—which were ſuch,
As *Agamemnon* and the hand of *Greece*
Should hold up high in braſs ‡; and ſuch again,
As venerable *Neſtor*, hatch'd in ſilver ‡,
Should with a bond of air (ſtrong as the axle-tree
On which heaven rides) knit all the *Greekiſh* ears
To his experienc'd tongue,—let it pleaſe both,—
Thou great,—and wiſe,—to hear *Ulyſſes* ſpeak.

Aga. Speak, prince of *Ithaca*: and we leſs expect
That matter needleſs, of importleſs burthen,
Divide thy lips; than we are confident,
When rank *Therſites* opes his maſtiff jaws,
We ſhall hear muſick, wit, and oracle.

Uly. *Troy*, yet upon her baſis, had been down,
And the great *Hector*'s ſword had lack'd a maſter,
But for theſe inſtances.
The ſpecialty of rule hath been neglected;
And, look, how many *Grecian* tents do ſtand
Hollow upon this plain, ſo many hollow factions.
When that the general is not like'd o'the hive,
To whom the foragers ſhall all repair,
What honey is expected? Degree being vizarded,
The unworthieſt ſhews as fairly in the maſk.
" The heavens themſelves, the planets, and this centery,
" Obſerve degree, priority, and place,
" Inſiſture, courſe, proportion, ſeaſon, form,
" Office, and cuſtom, in all line of order ‖:
" And therefore is the glorious planet, *Sol*,
" In noble eminence enthron'd and ſpher'd
" Amidſt the other; whoſe med'cinable eye

‡ Though *Neſtor* is confeſſedly *ſilvered* with age, yet we know not, how he can be ſaid to be *hatched* in ſilver, unleſs we form the predictive idea of having been born to a ſtate of longevity.

‖ The ſubject of ſubordination is admirably delineated in this ſpeech.

" Corrects the ill aſpects of planets evil,
" And poſts, like the commandment of a king,
" Sans check, to good and bad: But, when the planets,
" In evil mixture, to diſorder wander,
" What plagues, and what portents? what mutiny?
" What raging of the ſea? ſhaking of earth?
" Commotion in the winds? frights, changes, horrors,
" Divert and crack, rend and deracinate
" The unity and marry'd calm of ſtates
" Quite from their fixure?" O, when degree is ſhak'd,
Which is the ladder of all high deſigns,
The enterprize is ſick! How could communities,
Degrees in ſchools, and brotherhoods in cities,
Peaceful commerce from dividable ſhores,
The primogeniture and due of birth,
Prerogative of age, crowns, ſcepters, laurels,
But by degree, ſtand in authentic place?
" Take but degree away, untune that ſtring,
" And, hark, what diſcord follows! each thing meets
" In meer oppugnancy: The bounded waters
" Should lift their boſoms higher than the ſhores,
" * And make a ſop of all this ſolid globe:
" Strength ſhould be lord of imbecillity,
" And the rude ſon ſhould ſtrike his father dead:
" Force ſhould be right; or, rather, right and wrong
" (Between whoſe endleſs jar juſtice reſides)
" Should loſe their names, and ſo ſhould juſtice too.
" Then every thing includes itſelf in power,
" Power into will, will into appetite;
" And appetite, an univerſal wolf,
" So doubly ſeconded with will and power,
" Muſt make perforce an univerſal prey,
" And, laſt, eat up himſelf." Great *Agamemnon*,
This chaos, when degree is ſuffocate,
Follows the choaking.
And this neglection of degree it is,
That by a pace goes backward in a purpoſe

* In *Neſtor*'s ſpeech (page 172, line 29) there is the ſingularly odd idea of the globe's, that is the terrene parts of it, being made a *toaſt* for *Neptune*; here it is deſcribed as a *ſop*.

It

It hath to climb: The general's diſdain'd
By him one ſtep below; he, by the next;
That next, by him beneath: ſo every ſtep,
Exampl'd by the firſt pace that is ſick
Of his ſuperior, grows to an envious fever
Of pale and bloodleſs emulation:
And 'tis this fever that keeps *Troy* on foot,
Not her own ſinews. To end a tale of length,
Troy in our weakneſs ſtands, not in her ſtrength *.

Neſ. Moſt wiſely hath *Ulyſſes* here diſcover'd
The fever, whereof all our power is ſick.

Aga. The nature of the ſickneſs found, *Ulyſſes*,
What is the remedy?

Uly. The great *Achilles*,—whom opinion crowns
The ſinew and the forehand of our hoſt,—
Having his ear full of his airy fame,
Grows dainty of his worth, and in his tent
Lies mocking our deſigns: With him, *Patroclus*,
Upon a lazy bed, the livelong day
Breaks ſcurril jeſts;
And with ridiculous and aukward action
(Which, ſlanderer, he imitation calls)
He pageants us. Sometime, great *Agamemnon*,
Thy topleſs deputation he puts on;
And, like a ſtrutting player,—whoſe conceit
Lies in his ham-ſtring, and doth think it rich
To hear the wooden dialogue and ſound
'Twixt his ſtretch'd footing and the ſcaffoldage,—
Such to-be-pity'd and o'er-reſted ſeeming
He acts thy greatneſs in: and when he ſpeaks,
'Tis like a chime a-mending; with terms unſquar'd,
Which, from the tongue of roaring *Typhon* dropp'd,
Would ſeem hyperboles. At this fuſty ſtuff,
The large *Achilles*, on his preſs'd bed lolling,
From his deep cheſt laughs out a loud applauſe;
Cries, *Excellent! 'tis* Agamemnon *juſt.*
Now play me Neſtor; *hem, and ſtroke thy beard,*

* However ſhrewdly characteriſtic this ſpeech may be, we think it much too long, and too redundant for ſtage-delivery; therefore we have marked thoſe lines which, in our view, may be beſt ſpared, if this piece ſhould ever encounter the ſtage.

As he, being 'drest to some oration.
That's done; as near as the extremest ends
Of parallels, like as *Vulcan* and his wife:
Yet good *Achilles* still cries, *Excellent!*
'Tis Neſtor *right: Now play him me,* Patroclus,
Arming to anſwer in a night alarm.
And then, forſooth, the faint defects of age
Muſt be the ſcene of mirth; to cough, and ſpit,
And, with a palſy fumbling on his gorget,
Shake in and out the rivet: and at this ſport
Sir Valour dies; cries, *O, enough,* Patroclus;
Or give me ribs of ſteel! I ſhall ſplit all
In pleaſure of my ſpleen. And in this faſhion
All our abilities, gifts, natures, ſhapes,
Severals and generals of grace exact,
Atchievements, plots, orders, preventions,
Excitements to the field, or ſpeech for truce,
Succeſs, or loſs, what is, or is not, ſerves
As ſtuff for theſe two to make paradoxes *.

Neſ. And in the imitation of theſe twain
(Whom, as *Ulyſſes* ſays, opinion crowns
With an imperial voice) many are infect.
Ajax is grown ſelf-will'd; and bears his head
In ſuch a rein, in full as proud a place
As broad *Achilles:* keeps his tent like him;
Makes factious feaſts; rails on our ſtate of war,
Bold as an oracle: and ſets *Therſites*
(A ſlave, whoſe gall coins ſlanders like a mint)
To match us in compariſons with dirt;
To weaken and diſcredit our expoſure,
How rank ſoever rounded in with danger.

Uly. They tax our policy, and call it cowardice;
Count wiſdom as no member of the war;
Foreſtal preſcience, and eſteem no act
† But that of hand: the ſtill and mental parts,—

* This ſpeech has ſtrong painting in it, letting us well and pleaſingly into the characters of *Achilles* and *Patroclus.*

† There is a very commendable idea broached here againſt thoſe who prefer immediate action to preſcient calculation; but with deference to our author, we think he makes *Ulyſſes* deliver himſelf in terms too complicate and cramp.

That do contrive how many hands ſhall ſtrike,
When fitneſs calls them on; and know, by meaſure
Of their obſervant toil, the enemies' weight,—
Why, this hath not a finger's dignity;
They call this—bed work mappery, cloſet war:
So that the ram, that batters down the wall,
For the great ſwing and rudeneſs of his poize,
They place before his hand that made the engine;
Or thoſe, that with the fineneſs of their ſouls
By reaſon guide his execution.

Neſ. Let this be granted, and *Achilles'* horſe
Makes many *Thetis'* ſons. [*Trumpet heard.*

Aga. What trumpet's that? look, *Menelaus.*

Men. From *Troy.*

Enter Æneas.

Aga. What would you 'fore our tent?

Æne. Is this great *Agamemnon's* tent, I pray you?

Aga. Even this.

Æne. May one, that is a herald, and a prince,
Do a fair meſſage to his kingly ears?

" *Aga.* With ſurety ſtronger than *Achilles'* arm
" 'Fore all the *Grecian* heads, which with one voice
" Call *Agamemnon* head and general.

Æne. Fair leave, and large ſecurity. How may
" A ſtranger to thoſe moſt imperial looks
" Know them from eyes of other mortals?

" *Aga.* How?

" *Æne.* I aſk, that I might waken reverence,
" And bid the cheek be ready with a bluſh
" Modeſt as morning, when ſhe coldly eyes
" The youthful *Phœbus:*
" Which is that god in office, guiding men?
" Which is the high and mighty *Agamemnon?*

" *Aga.* This *Trojan* ſcorns us; or the men of *Troy*
" Are ceremonious courtiers.

" *Æne.* Courtiers as free, as debonair, unarm'd,
" As bending angels; that's their fame in peace:
" But when they would ſeem ſoldiers, they have galls,
" Good arms, ſtrong joints, true ſwords; and, *Jove's*
" accord,

" Nothing ſo full of heart. But peace, *Æneas*,
" Peace, *Trojan*; lay thy finger on thy lips!
" The worthineſs of praiſe diſtains his worth,
" If that the prais'd himſelf bring the praiſe forth:
" What the repining enemy commends,
" That breath fame blows; that praiſe, ſole pure, tran-
" ſcends.
" *Aga.* Sir, you of *Troy*, call you yourſelf *Æneas*?
" *Æne.* Ay, *Greek*, that is my name.
" *Aga.* What's your affair, I pray you?
" *Æne.* Sir, pardon; 'tis for *Agamemnon*'s ears.
" *Aga.* He hears nought privately, that comes from
" *Troy*.
" *Æne.* Nor I from *Troy* come not to whiſper him:
" I bring a trumpet to awake his ear;
" To ſet his ſenſe on the attentive bent,
" And then to ſpeak.
Aga. Speak frankly as the wind;
" It is not *Agamemnon*'s ſleeping hour:
" That thou ſhalt know, *Trojan*, he is awake,
" He tells thee ſo himſelf.
Æne. Trumpet, blow loud,
Send thy braſs voice through all theſe lazy tents:—
And every *Greek* of mettle, let him know,
What *Troy* means fairly ſhall be ſpoke aloud.
[*Trumpet ſounds.*
We have, great *Agamemnon*, here in *Troy*
A prince called *Hector*, *Priam* is his father,
Who in this dull and long continu'd truce
Is ruſty grown; he bad me take a trumpet,
And to this purpoſe ſpeak. Kings, princes, lords!
If there be one, among the fair'ſt of *Greece*,
That holds his honour higher than his eaſe;
That ſeeks his praiſe more than he fears his peril;
That knows his valour, and knows not his fear;
That loves his miſtreſs more than in confeſſion,
(With truant vows to her own lips he loves)
And dare avow her beauty, and her worth,
In other arms than hers,—to him this challenge.
Hector, in view of *Trojans* and of *Greeks*,
Shall make it good, or do his beſt to do it,

He hath a lady, wiſer, fairer, truer,
Than ever *Greek* did compaſs in his arms;
And will to-morrow with his trumpet call,
Mid-way between your tents and walls of *Troy*,
To rouſe a *Grecian* that is true in love:
If any come, *Hector* ſhall honour him;
If none, he'll ſay in *Troy*, when he retires,
The *Grecian* dames are ſun-burnt, and not worth
The ſplinter of a lance. Even ſo much *.

Aga. This ſhall be told our lovers, lord *Æneas*;
If none of them have ſoul in ſuch a kind,
We left them all at home: But we are ſoldiers;
And may that ſoldier a mere recreant prove,
That means not, hath not, or is not in love!
If then one is, or hath, or means to be,
That one meets *Hector*; if none elſe, I am he.

Neſ. Tell him of *Neſtor*, one that was a man
When *Hector*'s grandſire ſuck'd: he is old now;
But, if there be not in our *Grecian* hoſt
One noble man, that hath one ſpark of fire
To anſwer for his love, tell him from me,—
I'll hide my ſilver breaſt-plate beard in a gold beaver,
And in my vauntbrace put this wither'd brawn;
And, meeting him, will tell him, That my lady
Was fairer than his grandame, and as chaſte
As may be in the world: His youth in flood,
I'll pawn this truth with my three drops of blood.

Æne. Now heavens forbid ſuch ſcarcity of youth!

Aga. Amen.—
Fair lord *Æneas*, let me touch your hand;
To our pavilion ſhall I lead you, ſir.
Achilles ſhall have word of this intent;
So ſhall each lord of *Greece*, from tent to tent:
Yourſelf ſhall feaſt with us before you go,
And find the welcome of a noble foe.

[*Exeunt all but* Uly. *and* Neſ.

Uly. Neſtor,—

Neſ. What ſays *Ulyſſes*?

* This challenge, though a whimſical one in its nature, has ſomething very manly and ſpirited in it.

Uly. I have a young conception in my brain,
Be you my time to bring it to ſome ſhape.
Neſ. What is't?
Uly. Blunt wedges rive hard knots: The ſeeded pride
That hath to this maturity blown up
In rank *Achilles*, muſt or now be cropp'd,
Or, ſhedding, breed a nurſery of like evil,
To over-bulk us all.
Neſ. Well, ſir, and how?
Uly. This challenge that the gallant *Hector* ſends,
However it is ſpread in general name,
Relates in purpoſe only to *Achilles*.
Neſ. The purpoſe is perſpicuous even as ſubſtance,
" Whoſe groſſneſs little characters ſum up:
" And, in the publication, make no ſtrain,
" But that *Achilles*, were his brain as barren
" As banks of *Lybia*,—though, *Apollo* knows,
" 'Tis dry enough,—will with great ſpeed of judgment,
" Ay, with celerity, find *Hector*'s purpoſe
" Pointing on him.
" *Uly.* And wake him to the anſwer, think you?
" *Neſ.* Yes;
It is moſt meet; whom may you elſe oppoſe,
That can from *Hector* bring thoſe honours off,
If not *Achilles*? " Though't be a ſportful combat,
" Yet in the trial much opinion dwells;
" For here the *Trojans* take our dear'ſt repute
" With their fin'ſt palate: And truſt to me, *Ulyſſes*,
" Our imputation ſhall be oddly poiz'd
" In this wild action; for the ſucceſs,
" Although particular, ſhall give a ſcantling
" Of good or bad unto the general;
" And in ſuch indexes, although ſmall pricks
" To their ſubſequent volumes, there is ſeen
" The baby-figure of the giant maſs
" Of things to come at large." It is ſuppos'd,
He, that meets *Hector*, iſſues from our choice;
And choice, being mutual act of all our ſouls,
Makes merit her election; and doth boil,
As 'twere, from forth us all, a man diſtill'd
Out of our virtues; who miſcarrying,

What

What heart receives from hence, a conquering part,
To ſteel a ſtrong opinion to themſelves?
Uly. Give pardon to my ſpeech;—therefore 'tis meet,
Achilles meet not *Hector:* Let us, like merchants,
Firſt ſhew foul wares, and think perchance they'll ſell;
If not,
The luſtre of the better ſhall exceed,
By ſhewing the worſe firſt. Do not conſent,
That ever *Hector* and *Achilles* meet;
For both our honour and our ſhame, in this,
Are dog'd with two ſtrange followers.
Neſ. What are they?
I ſee them not with my old eyes; what are they?
Uly. What glory our *Achilles* ſhares from *Hector*,
Were he not proud, we all ſhould ſhare with him:
But he already is too inſolent;
And we were better parch in *Afric* ſun,
Than in the pride and ſalt-ſcorn of his eyes,
Should he 'ſcape *Hector* fair: If he were foil'd,
Why, then we did our main opinion cruſh
In taint of our beſt man. No, make a lottery;
And, by device, let blockiſh *Ajax* draw
The ſort to fight with *Hector:* Among ourſelves,
Give him allowance for the better man;
For that will phyſic the great *Myrmidon*,
Who broils in loud applauſe; and make him fall
His creſt, that prouder than blue *Iris* bends.
If the dull brainleſs *Ajax* come ſafe off,
We'll dreſs him up in voices: if he fail,
Yet go we under our opinion ſtill,
That we have better men. But, hit or miſs,
Our project's life this ſhape of ſenſe aſſumes,—
Ajax employ'd plucks down *Achilles'* plumes *.
Neſ. Now I begin to reliſh thy advice;
And I will give a taſte of it forthwith
To *Agamemnon:* go we to him ſtraight,
Two curs ſhall tame each other; pride alone
† Muſt tar the maſtiffs on, as 'twere their bone. [*Exeunt.*

* *Ulyſſes* ſhows much of the ſly, ſlow politician, reſpecting *Achilles*; but no great degree of honeſty.

† A moſt low idea concludes this Act; which is through the whole unintereſting, and by no means advantageouſly calculated for repreſentation.

ACT II.

SCENE I. *The ſame. Another Part of it.*

Enter Therſites, Ajax *following.*

" AJAX.

" *THERSITES,—*

" *Ther. Agamemnon,*—how if he had biles? full, all " over generally?

" *Aja. Therſites,—*

" *Ther.* And thoſe biles did run? Say ſo, did not the " general run then? were not that a botchy core?

" *Aja.* Dog,—

" *Ther.* Then there would come ſome matter from " him; I ſee none now.

" *Aja.* Thou bitch-wolf's ſon, can'ſt thou not hear? " Feel then. [*Striking him.*

" *Ther.* The plague of *Greece* upon thee, thou mungrel " beef-witted lord!

" *Aja.* Speak then, thou unſalted leaven, ſpeak: I " will beat thee into handſomeneſs.

" *Ther.* I ſhall ſooner rail thee into wit and holineſs: " but, I think, thy horſe will ſooner con an oration, than " thou learn a prayer without book. Thou canſt ſtrike, " canſt thou? a red murrain o'thy jade's tricks!

" *Aja.* Toad-ſtool, learn me the proclamation.

" *Ther.* Doſt thou think, I have no ſenſe, thou ſtrik'ſt " me thus?

" *Aja.* The proclamation.

" *Ther.* Thou art proclaim'd a fool, I think.

" *Aja.* Do not, porcupine, do not; my fingers itch.

" *Ther.* I would, thou did'ſt itch from head to foot, " and I had the ſcratching of thee; I would make thee " the loathſom'ſt ſcab in *Greece.*

" *Aja.* I ſay, the proclamation.

" *Ther.* Thou grumbl'ſt and rail'ſt every hour on " *Achilles:* and thou art as full of envy at his greatneſs, " as *Cerberus* is at *Proſerpina*'s beauty; ay, that thou " bark'ſt at him.

" *Aja.* Miſtreſs *Therſites!*
" *The.* Thou ſhould'ſt ſtrike him.
" *Aja.* Cob-loaf!
" *The.* He would pound thee into ſhivers with his fiſt,
" as a ſailor breaks a biſket.
" *Aja.* You whorſon cur! [*beating him.*
" *The.* Do, do.
" *Aja.* Thou ſtool for a witch!
" *The.* Ay, do, do: Thou ſodden-witted lord! thou
" haſt no more brain, than I have in mine elbows; an
" *aſſinego* may tutor thee: thou ſcurvy valiant aſs! thou
" art here but to thraſh *Trojans*; and thou art bought
" and ſold among thoſe of any wit, like a *Barbarian*
" ſlave. If thou uſe to beat me, I will begin at thy heel,
" and tell what thou art by inches, thou thing of no
" bowels, thou!
" *Aja.* You dog! [*beating him.*
" *The.* You ſcurvy lord!
" *Aja.* You cur!
" *The.* *Mars* his ideot! do, rudeneſs; do, camel;
" do, do.

" *Enter* Achilles *and* Patroclus.

" *Ach.* Why, how now, *Ajax?* wherefore do you
" thus?—
" How now, *Therſites?* what's the matter, man?
" *The.* You ſee him there, do you?
" *Ach.* Ay; what's the matter?
" *The.* Nay, look upon him.
" *Ach.* So I do; what's the matter?
" *The.* Nay, but regard him well.
" *Ach.* Well, why I do ſo.
" *The.* But yet you look not well upon him; for,
" whoſoever you take him to be, he is *Ajax.*
" *Aja.* I know that, fool.
" *The.* Ay, but that fool knows not himſelf.
" *Aja.* Therefore I beat thee.
" *The.* Lo, lo, lo, lo, what modicums of wit he ut-
" ters! his evaſions have ears thus long. I have bobb'd
" his brain, more than he has beat my bones: I will buy
" nine ſparrows for a penny, and his *pia mater* is not
" worth

" worth the ninth part of a ſparrow. This lord, *Achilles*,
" *Ajax*,—who wears his wit in his belly, and his guts
" in his head,—I tell you what I ſay of him:
" *Ach.* What?
" *Ther.* I ſay, this *Ajax*—
" *Ach.* Nay, good *Ajax.* [*Staying him.*
" *Ther.* Has not ſo much wit—
" *Ach.* Nay, I muſt hold you.
" *Ther.* As will ſtop the eye of *Helen's* needle, for whom
" he comes to fight.
" *Ach.* Peace, fool!
" *Ther.* I would have peace and quietneſs, but the fool
" will not: he there; that he; look you there.
" *Aja.* O thou damn'd cur! I ſhall—
" *Ach.* Will you ſet your wit to a fool's?
" *Ther.* No, I warrant you; for a fool's will ſhame it.
" *Pat.* Good words, *Therſites*.
" *Ach.* What's the quarrel?
" *Aja.* I bade the vile owl, go learn me the tenure of
" the proclamation, and he rails upon me.
" *Ther.* I ſerve thee not.
" *Aja.* Well, go to, go to.
" *Ther.* I ſerve here voluntary.
" *Ach.* Your laſt ſervice was ſufferance, 'twas not vo-
" luntary; no man is beaten voluntary: *Ajax* was here
" the voluntary, and you as under an impreſs.
" *Ther.* E'en ſo? a great deal of your wit too lies in
" your ſinews, or elſe there be liars: *Hector* ſhall have
" a great catch, if he knock out either of your brains;
" a' were as good crack a fuſty nut with no kernel.
" *Ach.* What, with me too, *Therſites*?
" *Ther.* There's *Ulyſſes* and old *Neſtor*,—whoſe wit was
" mouldy ere your grandſires had nails on their toes,—
" yoke you like draught oxen, and make you plough
" up the wars.
" *Ach.* What, what?
" *Ther.* Yes, good ſooth; *to*, Achilles! *to*, Ajax! *to!*
" *Aja.* I ſhall cut out your tongue.
" *Ther.* 'Tis no matter; I ſhall ſpeak as much wit as
" thou, afterwards.
" *Pat.* No more words, *Therſites*; peace.

" *Tbe.* I will hold my peace when *Achilles*'s brach
" bids me, ſhall I?
" *Ach.* There's for you, *Patroclus.*
" *Tbe.* I will ſee you hang'd, like clot-poles, ere I
" come any more to your tents; I will keep where there
" is wit ſtirring, and leave the faction of fools. [*Exit.*
" *Pat.* A good riddance.
" *Ach.* Marry, this, ſir, is proclaim'd through all
" our hoſt:
" That *Hector*, by the firſt hour of the ſun,
" Will, with a trumpet, 'twixt our tents and *Troy*,
" To-morrow morning, call ſome knight to arms,
" That hath a ſtomach; and ſuch a one, that dare
" Maintain—I know not what; 'tis traſh. Farewel.
" *Aja.* Farewel. Who ſhall anſwer him?
" *Ach.* I know not, it is put to lottery; otherwiſe,
" He knew his man. [*Exeunt* Ach. *and* Pat.
" *Aja.* O, meaning you: I'll go learn more of it.
[*Exit.*

SCENE II. Troy. *A Room in* Priam's *Palace* *.

Enter Priam, Hector, Troilus, Paris, *and* Helenus.

Pri. After ſo many hours, lives, ſpeeches ſpent,
Thus once again, ſays *Neſtor* from the *Greeks*;
Deliver Helen, *and all damage elſe—*
As honour, loſs of time, travel, expence,
Wounds, friends, and what elſe dear that is conſum'd
In hot digeſtion of this cormorant war,—
Shall be ſtrook off: Hector, what ſay you to't?
Hec. Though no man leſſer fears the *Greeks* than I,
As far as toucheth my particular, yet,
Dread *Priam*,
There is no lady of more ſofter bowels,
More ſpungy to ſuck in the ſenſe of fear,
More ready to cry out—*Who knows what follows?*
Than *Hector* is: the wound of peace is ſurety,

* It is preſumed, that the ſecond Act would begin here to advantage; the preceding ſcene is ſurely too immaterial to be retained.

Surety

Surety ſecure; but modeſt doubt is call'd
The beacon of the wiſe, the tent that ſearches
To the bottom of the worſt. Let *Helen* go:
Since the firſt ſword was drawn about this queſtion,
Every tithe ſoul, 'mongſt many thouſand diſmes,
Hath been as dear as *Helen*; I mean, of ours:
If we have loſt ſo many tenths of ours,
To guard a thing not ours; nor worth to us,
Had it our name, the value of one ten;
What merit's in that reaſon, which denies
The yielding of her up?

Tro. Fie, fie, my brother!
Weigh you the worth and honour of a king,
So great as our dread father, in a ſcale
Of common ounces? will you with counters ſum
The vaſt proportion of his infinite?
Or buckle-in a waiſte moſt fathomleſs,
With ſpans and inches ſo diminutive
As fears and reaſons? fie, for godly ſhame!

Hel. No marvel, though you bite ſo ſharp at reaſons,
You are ſo empty of them. Should not our father
Bear the great ſway of his affairs with reaſons,
Becauſe your ſpeech hath none, that tells him ſo?

Tro. You are for dreams and ſlumbers, brother prieſt,
You fur your gloves with reaſon. "Here are your
"reaſons:
"You know, an enemy intends you harm;
"You know, a ſword employ'd is perilous,
"And reaſon flies the object of all harm:
"Who marvels then, when *Helenus* beholds
"A *Grecian* and his ſword, if he do ſet
"The very wings of reaſon to his heels;
"And fly like chidden *Mercury* from *Jove*,
"Or like a ſtar diſorb'd? Nay, if we talk of reaſon,
"Let's ſhut our gates, and ſleep: Manhood and ho-
"nour
"Should have hare hearts, would they but fat their
"thoughts
"With this cramm'd reaſon: reaſon and reſpect
"Make livers pale, and luſtihood deject.

" *Hec.* Brother, ſhe is not worth what ſhe doth coſt
" The holding.
" *Tro.* What is aught, but as 'tis valu'd?
" *Hec.* But value dwells not in particular will;
" It holds his eſtimate and dignity
" As well wherein 'tis precious of itſelf,
" As in the prizer: 'tis mad idolatry,
" To make the ſervice greater than the god;
" And the will doats, that is inclinable
" To what infectiouſly itſelf affects,
" Without ſome image of the affected's merit.
" *Tro.* I take to-day a wife, and my election
" Is led on in the conduct of my will;
" My will enkindled by mine eyes and ears,
" Two traded pilots 'twixt the dangerous ſhores
" Of will and judgment; how may I avoid,
" Although my will diſtaſte what it elected,
" The wife I choſe? there can be no evaſion
" To blench from this, and to ſtand firm by honour:
" We turn not back the ſilks upon the merchant,
" When we have ſoil'd them; nor the remainder viands
" We do not throw in unreſpective place,
" Becauſe we now are full." It was thought meet,
Paris ſhould do ſome vengeance on the *Greeks*:
Your breath of full conſent belly'd his ſails;
The ſeas and winds (old wranglers) took a truce,
And did him ſervice: he touch'd the ports deſir'd;
And, for an old aunt, whom the *Greeks* held captive,
He brought a *Grecian* queen, whoſe youth and freſhneſs
Wrinkles *Apollo*'s, and makes pale the morning.
Why keep we her? the *Grecians* keep our aunt:
Is ſhe worth keeping? why, ſhe is a pearl,
Whoſe price hath launch'd above a thouſand ſhips,
And turn'd crown'd kings to merchants.
If you'll avouch, 'twas wiſdom *Paris* went,
(As you muſt needs, for you all cry'd—*Go, go*)
If you'll confeſs, he brought home noble prize,
(As you muſt needs, for you all clapp'd your hands,
And cry'd—*Ineſtimable!*) why do you now
The iſſue of your proper wiſdoms rate;
And do a deed that fortune never did,

Beggar

Beggar the eſtimation which you priz'd
Richer than ſea and land? O theft moſt baſe;
That we have ſtoln what we do fear to keep!
Baſe thieves, unworthy of a thing ſo ſtoln;
That in their country did them that diſgrace,
We fear to warrant in our native place!

Caſ. [*within.*] Cry, *Trojans*, cry!

Pri. What noiſe, what ſhriek is this?

Tro. 'Tis our mad ſiſter, I do know her voice.

Caſ. [*within.*] Cry, *Trojans!*

Hec. 'Tis *Caſſandra*.

Enter Caſſandra *wildly*.

Caſ. Cry, *Trojans*, cry! lend me ten thouſand eyes,
And I will fill them with prophetic tears.

Hec. Peace, ſiſter, peace.

Caſ. Virgins and boys, mid-age and wrinkl'd old,
Soft infancy, that nothing can'ſt but cry,
Add to my clamours! let us pay betimes
A moiety of that maſs of moan to come.
Cry, *Trojans*, cry, practiſe your eyes with tears!
Troy muſt not be, nor goodly *Ilion* ſtand;
Our fire-brand brother *Paris* burns us all.
Cry, *Trojans*, cry! a *Helen* and a woe:
Cry, cry! *Troy* burns, or elſe let *Helen* go.

[*Exit* Caſſandra †.

Hec. Now, youthful *Troilus*, do not theſe high ſtrains
Of divination in our ſiſter work
Some touches of remorſe? or is your blood
So madly hot, that no diſcourſe of reaſon,
Nor fear of bad ſucceſs in a bad cauſe,
Can qualify the ſame?

Tro. Why, brother *Hector*,
We may not think the juſtneſs of each act
Such, and no other, than event doth form it;
Nor once deject the courage of our minds,
Becauſe *Caſſandra*'s mad; her brain-ſick raptures

† Though we doubt whether this frenſied propheteſs would have a ſerious effect in repreſentation, yet we think ſhe is not unaptly introduced here; had there been more fancy, more enthuſiaſm of ideas thrown in, it muſt have enlivened the ſcene much.

Cannot

Cannot diſtaſte the goodneſs of a quarrel,
Which hath our ſeveral honours all engag'd
To make it gracious. For my private part,
I am no more touch'd than all *Priam*'s ſons:
And *Jove* forbid, there ſhould be done amongſt us
Such things as might offend the weakeſt ſpleen
To fight for and maintain!

Par. Elſe might the world convince of levity
As well my undertakings, as your counſels:
But I atteſt the gods, your full conſent
Gave wings to my propenſion, and cut off
All fears attending on ſo dire a project.
For what, alas, can theſe my ſingle arms?
What propugnation is in one man's valour,
To ſtand the puſh and enmity of thoſe
This quarrel would excite? Yet, I proteſt,
Were I alone to paſs the difficulties,
And had as ample power as I have will,
Paris ſhould ne'er retract what he hath done,
Nor faint in the purſuit.

Pri. Paris, you ſpeak
Like one beſotted on your ſweet delights:
You have the honey ſtill, but theſe the gall;
So to be valiant, is no praiſe at all.

Par. Sir, I propoſe not meerly to myſelf
The pleaſures ſuch a beauty brings with it;
But I would have the ſoil of her fair rape
Wip'd off in honourable keeping her.
What treaſon were it to the ranſack'd queen,
Diſgrace to your great worths, and ſhame to me,
Now to deliver her poſſeſſion up
On terms of baſe compulſion? can it be,
That ſo degenerate a ſtrain as this
Should once ſet footing in your generous boſoms?
There's not the meaneſt ſpirit on our party,
Without a heart to dare, or ſword to draw,
When *Helen* is defended; nor none ſo noble,
Whoſe life were ill beſtow'd, or death unfam'd,
Where *Helen* is the ſubject: then, I ſay,
Well may we fight for her, whom, we know well,
The world's large ſpaces cannot parallel.

Hec. Paris, and *Troilus*, you have both ſaid well;
And on the cauſe and queſtion now in hand
Have gloz'd, but ſuperficially; not much
Unlike young men, whom *Ariſtotle* thought
Unfit to hear moral philoſophy:
The reaſons, you alledge, do more conduce
To the hot paſſion of diſtemper'd blood,
Than to make up a free determination
'Twixt right and wrong; for pleaſure, and revenge,
Have ears more deaf than adders, to the voice
Of any true deciſion. Nature craves,
All dues be render'd to their owners; now
What nearer debt in all humanity,
Than wife is to the huſband? if this law
Of nature be corrupted through affection;
And that great minds, of partial indulgence
To their benummed wills, reſiſt the ſame;
There is a law in each well-order'd nation,
To curb thoſe raging appetites that are
Moſt diſobedient and refractory:
If *Helen* then be wife to *Sparta*'s king,—
As, it is known, ſhe is,—theſe moral laws
Of nature, and of nations, ſpeak aloud
To have her back return'd: Thus to perſiſt
In doing wrong, extenuates not wrong †,
But makes it much more heavy. *Hector*'s opinion
Is this, in way of truth: yet, ne'ertheleſs,
My ſpritely brethren, I propend to you
In reſolution to keep *Helen* ſtill;
For 'tis a cauſe that hath no mean dependance
Upon our joint and ſeveral dignities.

Tro. Why, there you touch'd the life of our deſign:
Were it not glory that we more affected
Than the performance of our heaving ſpleens,
I would not wiſh a drop of *Trojan* blood

† The ſoft moral ſenſations, which appear in this ſpeech, deſerve great approbation and ſtrict attention, as ſenſibly appealing to one of the tendereſt feelings of life, though ſeldom properly attended to; we mean, matrimonial chaſtity.

Spent

Spent more in her defence. But, worthy *Hector*,
She is a theme of honour and renown;
A ſpur to valiant and magnanimous deeds;
Whoſe preſent courage may beat down our foes,
And fame, in time to come, canonize us:
For, I preſume, brave *Hector* would not loſe
So rich advantage of a promis'd glory,
As ſmiles upon the forehead of this action,
For the wide world's revenue.

Hec. I am yours,
You valiant off-ſpring of great *Priamus*.—
I have a roiſting challenge ſent amongſt
The dull and factious nobles of the *Greeks*,
Will ſtrike amazement to their drowſy ſpirits:
I was advertis'd, their great general ſlept,
Whilſt emulation in the army crept;
This, I preſume, will wake him †. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The* Greek *Camp. Before* Achilles's *tent.*

Enter Therſites.

Ther. How now, *Therſites?* what, loſt in the labyrinth of thy fury? Shall the elephant *Ajax* carry it thus? he beats me, and I rail at him: O worthy ſatisfaction! 'would, it were otherwiſe; that I could beat him, whilſt he rail'd at me: 'Sfoot, I'll learn to conjure and raiſe devils, but I'll ſee ſome iſſue of my ſpiteful execrations. Then there's *Achilles*,—a rare engineer. If *Troy* be not taken 'till theſe two undermine it, the walls will ſtand 'till they fall of themſelves. O thou great thunder-darter of *Olympus*, forget that thou art *Jove* the king of gods; and, *Mercury*, loſe all the ſerpentine craft of thy *Caduceus*; if ye take not that little little leſs-than-little wit from them that they have! which ſhort-arm'd ignorance itſelf knows is ſo abundant ſcarce, it will not in circumvention deliver a fly from a ſpider, without drawing the maſſy iron, and cutting the web. After this,

† All the chiefs, both *Trojan* and *Grecian*, require dignified externals, and graceful oratory, for ſtage repreſentation.

the

the vengeance on the whole camp! "or, rather, the "bone-ach! for that, methinks, is the curſe dependant "on thoſe that war for a placket." I have ſaid my prayers! and devil, Envy, ſay amen. What ho! my lord *Achilles?*

Enter Patroclus.

Pat. Who's there? *Therſites?* Good *Therſites*, come in and rail.

The. If I could have remember'd a gilt counterfeit, thou would'ſt not have ſlipt out of my contemplation: but it is no matter, thyſelf upon thyſelf! The common curſe of mankind, folly and ignorance, be thine in great revenue! heaven bleſs thee from a tutor, and diſcipline come not near thee! "Let thy blood be thy direction "'till thy death! then if ſhe, that lays thee out, ſays, "—thou art a fair corſe, I'll be ſworn and ſworn upon't, "ſhe never ſhrouded any but lazars. Amen." Where's *Achilles* *?

Pat. What, art thou devout? waſt thou in prayer?

The. Ay; the heavens hear me!

Enter Achilles.

Ach. Who's there?

Pat. *Therſites*, my lord.

Ach. Where, where?—Art thou come? Why, my cheeſe, my digeſtion, why haſt thou not ſerv'd thyſelf in to my table ſo many meals? Come, what's *Agamemnon?*

The. Thy commander, *Achilles.*—Then tell me, *Patroclus*, what's *Achilles?*

Pat. Thy lord, *Therſites:* Then tell me, I pray thee, what's thyſelf?

The. Thy knower, *Patroclus:* Then tell me, *Patroclus*, what art thou?

Pat. Thou may'ſt tell, that know'ſt.

Ach. O, tell, tell.

The. I'll decline the whole queſtion. *Agamemnon* commands *Achilles*; *Achilles* is my lord; I am *Patroclus'* knower; and *Patroclus* is a fool.

* *Therſites* aims much at the ludicrous, but is a little too licentious in ſome of his ideas, and therefore ſhould be occaſionally retrenched.

Pat. You raſcal!

Ther. Peace, fool; I have not done.

Ach. He is a privileg'd man.—Proceed, *Therſites.*

Ther. *Agamemnon* is a fool; *Achilles* is a fool; *Therſites* is a fool; and, as aforeſaid, *Patroclus* is a fool.

Ach. Derive this; come.

Ther. *Agamemnon* is a fool, to offer to command *Achilles*; *Achilles* is a fool to be commanded of *Agamemnon*; *Therſites* is a fool to ſerve ſuch a fool; and *Patroclus* is a fool poſitive †.

Pat. Why am I a fool?

Ther. Make that demand of thy Creator; it ſuffices me, thou art.—Look you, who comes here?

Enter Agamemnon, Neſtor, Ulyſſes, Diomedes, *and* Ajax.

Ach. *Patroclus*, I'll ſpeak with nobody:—Come in with me, *Therſites.* [*Exit.*

Ther. Here is ſuch patchery, ſuch juggling, and ſuch knavery! all the argument is—a cuckold, and a whore; a good quarrel, to draw emulous factions, and bleed to death upon. Now the dry *ſerpigo* on the ſubject! and war and letchery confound all. [*Exit.*

Aga. Where is *Achilles?*

Pat. Within his tent; but ill-diſpos'd, my lord.

Aga. Let it be known to him that we are here.
He ſent us meſſengers; and we lay by
Our appertainments, viſiting of him:
Let him be told ſo; leſt, perchance, he think
We dare not move the queſtion of our place,
Or know not what we are.

Pat. I ſhall ſo ſay to him. [*Exit.*

Uly. We ſaw him at the op'ning of his tent,
He is not ſick.

Aja. Yes, lion-ſick, ſick of a proud heart: you may call it melancholy, if you will favour the man; but, by

† This converſation gives a moſt whimſical idea of theſe reputed great men; though by no means inconſiſtent with the character, *page* 175, which *Ulyſſes* gives of *Achilles* and *Patroclus*, "*breaking ſcurril* "*jeſts*," &c.

my head, 'tis pride; but why, why? let him ſhew us a cauſe.—A word, my lord.

[*Drawing* Agamemnon *apart.*

Neſ. What moves *Ajax* thus to bay at him?

Uly. *Achilles* hath inveigl'd his fool from him.

Neſ. Who? *Therſites?*

Uly. He.

Neſ. Then will *Ajax* lack matter, if he have loſt his argument.

Uly. No: you ſee, he is his argument, that has his argument; *Achilles.*

Neſ. All the better; their fraction is more our wiſh, than their faction: But it was a ſtrong compoſure, a fool could diſunite.

Uly. The amity, that wiſdom knits not, folly may eaſily untye. Here comes *Patroclus.*

Re-enter Patroclus.

Neſ. No *Achilles* with him.

Uly. The elephant hath joints, but none for courteſy; His legs are for neceſſity, not for flexure.

Pat. *Achilles* bids me ſay—he is much ſorry,
If any thing more than your ſport and pleaſure
Did move your greatneſs, and this noble ſtate,
To call upon him; he hopes, it is no other,
But, for your health and your digeſtion ſake,
An after-dinner's breath.

Aga. Hear you, *Patroclus*;—
We are too well acquainted with theſe anſwers:
But his evaſion, wing'd thus ſwift with ſcorn,
Cannot out-fly our apprehenſions.
Much attribute he hath; and much the reaſon,
Why we aſcribe it to him: yet all his virtues,
Not virtuouſly on his own part beheld,—
Do, in our eyes, begin to loſe their gloſs;
Yea, like fair fruit in an unwholſome diſh,
Are like to rot untaſted. Go, and tell him,
We come to ſpeak with him: And you ſhall not ſin,
If you do ſay—we think him over-proud,
And under-honeſt; in ſelf-aſſumption greater,

Than in the note of judgment: and worthier than himſelf
Here tend the ſavage ſtrangeneſs he puts on;
Diſguiſe the holy ſtrength of their command,
And underwrite in an obſerving kind
His humorous predominance; yea, watch
His petti'ſh lunes, his ebbs, his flows, as if
The paſſage, and whole carriage of this action
Rode on his tide. Go, tell him this, and add,
That, if he over-hold his price ſo much,
We'll none of him; but let him, like an engine
Not portable, lie under this report—
Bring action hither, this cannot go to war:
A ſtirring dwarf we do allowance give
Before a ſleeping giant: Tell him ſo ‡.

Pat. I ſhall, and bring his anſwer preſently.
[*Exit* Patroclus.

Aga. In ſecond voice we'll not be ſatisfy'd,
We come to ſpeak with him:—*Ulyſſes*, enter you.
[*Exit* Ulyſſes.

Aja. What is he more than another?

Aga. No more than what he thinks he is.

Aja. Is he ſo much? Do you not think he thinks himſelf
A better man than I?

Aga. No queſtion.

Aja. Will you ſubſcribe his thought, and ſay—he is?

Aga. No, noble *Ajax*; you are as ſtrong, as valiant,
As wiſe too, no leſs noble, much more gentle,
And altogether more tractable.

Aja. Why ſhould a man be proud?
How doth pride grow? I know not what pride is.

Aga. Your mind's the clearer, *Ajax*, and your virtues
The fairer. He that's proud eats up himſelf:
Pride is his own glaſs, his own trumpet, his
Own chronicle; and whate'er praiſes itſelf
But in the deed, devours the deed i'th' praiſe ‖.

‡ There is a moſt commendable degree of dignity and ſpirit in this ſpeech of *Agamemnon*'s.

‖ This is an excellent ſtroke at ſelf-ſufficiency, which muſt ever impair merit.

Aja. I do hate a proud man, as I hate the engend'ring of toads.

Nef. And yet he loves himſelf; is it not ſtrange?

Re-enter Ulyſſes.

Uly. *Achilles* will not to the field to-morrow.

Aga. What's his excuſe?

Uly. He doth rely on none;
But carries on the ſtream of his diſpoſe,
Without obſervance or reſpect of any,
In will peculiar and in ſelf admiſſion.

" *Aga.* Why will he not, upon our fair requeſt,
" Untent his perſon, and ſhare the air with us?

" *Uly.* Things ſmall as nothing, for requeſt's ſake only,
" He makes important: Poſſeſt he is with greatneſs;
" And ſpeaks not to himſelf, but with a pride
" That quarrels at ſelf breath: imagin'd worth
" Holds in his blood ſuch ſwoln and hot diſcourſe,
" That, 'twixt his mental and his active parts,
" Kingdom'd *Achilles* in commotion rages,
" And batters 'gainſt itſelf: What ſhould I ſay?
" He is ſo plaguy proud, that the death tokens of it
" Cry—*No recovery.*

Aga. Let *Ajax* go to him.—
Dear lord, go you and greet him in his tent:
'Tis ſaid, he holds you well; and will be led,
At your requeſt, a little from himſelf.

Uly. O, *Agamemnon*, let it not be ſo!
We'll conſecrate the ſteps that *Ajax* makes,
When they go from *Achilles:* Shall the proud lord,—
That baſtes his arrogance with his own ſeam;
And never ſuffers matter of the world
Enter his thoughts, ſave ſuch as doth revolve
And ruminate himſelf,—ſhall he be worſhip'd
Of that we hold an idol more than he?
No, this thrice-worthy and right-valiant lord
Muſt not ſo ſtale his palm, nobly acquir'd;
Nor, by my will, aſſubjugate his merit,
As amply titl'd as *Achilles'* is,
By going to *Achilles:*

That

That were to enlard his fat-already pride;
And add more coals to *Cancer*, when he burns
With entertaining great *Hyperion*.
This lord go to him! *Jupiter* forbid;
And ſay in thunder—Achilles, *go to him*.*
Neſ. O, this is well; he rubs the vein of him.
Dio. And how his ſilence drinks up this applauſe!
Aja. If I go to him, with my armed fiſt
I'll paſh him o'er the face.
Aga. O, no, you ſhall not go.
Aja. An he be proud with me, I'll pheeze his pride:—
Let me go to him.
" *Uly.* Not for the worth that hangs upon our quarrel.
" *Aja.* A paltry inſolent fellow,—
" *Neſ.* How he deſcribes himſelf!
" *Aja.* Can he not be ſociable?
" *Uly.* The raven chides blackneſs.
" *Aja.* I'll let his humours blood.
" *Aga.* He will be the phyſician, that ſhould be the
" patient.
" *Aja.* An all men were o'my mind,—
" *Ulyſ.* Wit would be out of faſhion.
" *Aja.* He ſhould not bear it ſo,
" He ſhould eat ſwords firſt: Shall pride carry it?
" *Neſ.* An 'twould, you'd carry half.
" *Uly.* He would have ten ſhares.
" *Aja.* I'll knead him, I will make him ſupple:
" *Neſ.* He's not yet thorough warm: force him with
" praiſes;
" Pour in, pour in; his ambition is dry.
" *Uly.* My lord, you feed too much on this diſlike.
" [*To* Agamemnon.
Neſ. Our noble general, do not do ſo.
Dio. You muſt prepare to fight without *Achilles*.
Uly. Why, 'tis this naming of him does him harm.
Here is a man—but 'tis before his face;
I will be ſilent.

* *Ajax*, like moſt other proud men, declares he knows not what pride is. *Ulyſſes* here, according to the character of his policy, and knowledge of men, ſmooths over the maſter of the ſeven-fold-ſhield very ſhrewdly.

Nef. Wherefore ſhould you ſo?
He is not emulous, as *Achilles* is.
Uly. Know the whole world, he is as valiant.
Aja. A whorſon dog, that ſhall palter thus with us!
'Would, he were a *Trojan!*
Nef. What a vice were it in our *Ajax* now—
Uly. If he were proud?
Dio. Or covetous of praiſe?
Uly. Ay, or ſurly borne?
Dio. Or ſtrange, or ſelf-affected?
Uly. Thank the heavens, lord, thou art of ſweet compoſure;
Praiſe him that got thee, ſhe that gave thee ſuck:
Fam'd be thy tutor; and thy parts of nature
Thrice-fam'd beyond, beyond all erudition:
But he that diſciplin'd thy arms to fight,
Let *Mars* divide eternity in twain,
And give him half: and for thy vigour, lord,
Bull-bearing *Milo* his addition yields
To ſinewy *Ajax.* I will not praiſe thy wiſdom,
Which, like a bourn, a pale, a ſhore, confines
Thy ſpacious and dilated parts: Here's *Neſtor*,—
Inſtructed by the antiquary times,
He muſt, he is, he cannot but be wiſe;—
But pardon, father *Neſtor*, were your days
As green as *Ajax*, and your brain ſo temper'd,
You ſhould not have the eminence of him,
But be as *Ajax.*
Aja. Shall I call you, father?
Uly. Ay, my good ſon.
Dio. Be rul'd by him, lord *Ajax.*
Uly. There is no tarrying here: the hart *Achilles*
Keeps thicket. Pleaſe it our great general,
To call together all his ſtate of war;
Freſh kings are come to *Troy:* To-morrow, ſirs,
We muſt with all our main of power ſtand faſt:
And here's a lord,—come knights from eaſt to weſt,
And cull their flower, *Ajax* ſhall cope the beſt*.

* The principle of flattery is well maintained through this ſcene; and the act in general has much more merit and importance than the former.

Aga. Go we to counſel. Let *Achilles* ſleep:
Light boats ſail ſwift, though greater hulks draw deep.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. Troy. *A Room in* Priam's *Palace.*

Enter a Servant and Pandarus.

"PANDARUS.

"FRIEND, you! pray you, a word: Do not "you follow the young lord *Paris?*

"*Ser.* Ay, ſir, when he goes before me.

"*Pan.* You depend upon him, I mean?

"*Ser.* Sir, I do depend upon the lord.

"*Pan.* You depend upon a noble gentleman; I muſt "needs praiſe him.

"*Ser.* The lord be praiſed!

"*Pan.* You know me, do you not?

"*Ser.* 'Faith, ſir, ſuperficially.

"*Pan.* Friend, know me better: I am the lord *Pan-* "*darus.*

"*Ser.* I hope, I ſhall know your honour better.

"*Pan.* I do deſire it.

"*Ser.* You are in the ſtate of grace?

"*Pan.* Grace! not ſo, friend; honour and lordſhip "are my titles: [*Muſic within.*] What muſic is this?

"*Ser.* I do but partly know, ſir; it is muſic in "parts.

"*Pan.* Know you the muſicians?

"*Ser.* Wholly, ſir.

"*Pan.* Who play they to?

"*Ser.* To the hearers, ſir.

"*Pan.* At whoſe pleaſure, friend?

"*Ser.* At mine, ſir, and theirs that love muſic.

"*Pan.* Command, I mean, friend?

"*Ser.* Who ſhall I command, ſir?

" *Pan.* Friend, we underſtand not one another; I " am too courtly, and thou art too cunning: At whoſe " requeſt do theſe men play?

" *Ser.* That's to't indeed, ſir: Marry, ſir, at the " requeſt of *Paris*, my lord, who's there in perſon; " with him, the mortal *Venus*, the heart-blood of beauty, " love's viſible ſoul,—

" *Pan.* Who, my couſin *Creſſida*?

" *Ser.* No, ſir, *Helen*; could you not find out that " by her attributes?

" *Pan.* It ſhould ſeem, fellow, that thou haſt not " ſeen the lady *Creſſida*. I come to ſpeak with *Paris* " from the prince *Troilus*: I will make a complimental " aſſault upon him, for my buſineſs ſeeths.

" *Ser.* Sodden buſineſs! there's a ſtew'd phraſe, in- " deed!

* *Enter* Paris *and* Helen, *attended*.

Pan. Fair be to you, my lord, and to all this fair company; fair deſires, in all fair meaſure, fairly guide them!—eſpecially to you, fair queen! fair thoughts be your fair pillow!

Hel. Dear lord, you are full of fair words.

Pan. You ſpeak your fair pleaſure, ſweet queen.—Fair prince, here is good broken muſic.

Par. You have broke it, couſin: and, by my life, you ſhall make it whole again; you ſhall piece it out with a piece of your performance:—*Nell*, he is full of harmony.

Pan. Truly, lady, no.

Hel. O, ſir,—

Pan. Rude, in ſooth; in good ſooth, very rude.

Par. Well ſaid, my lord! well you ſay ſo in fits.

Pan. I have buſineſs to my lord, dear queen:—My lord, will you vouchſafe me a word?

Hel. Nay, this ſhall not hedge us out; we'll hear you ſing, certainly.

* The act would certainly begin better here, than with the preceding buffoonery.

Pan. Well, ſweet queen, you are pleaſant with me.—But (marry) thus, my lord.—My dear lord, and moſt eſteemed friend, your brother *Troilus*—

Hel. My lord *Pandarus*; honey-ſweet lord,—

Pan. Go to, ſweet queen, go to:—commends himſelf moſt affectionately to you;—

" *Hel.* You ſhall not bob us out of our melody; if " you do, our melancholy upon your head!

" *Pan.* Sweet queen, ſweet queen; that's a ſweet " queen, i'faith.

" *Par.* And to make a ſweet lady ſad, is a ſour offence.

" *Hel.* Nay, that ſhall not ſerve your turn; that ſhall " it not, in truth, la. Nay, I care not for ſuch words; " no, no.

" *Pan.* And, my lord, he deſires you, that, if the " king call for him at ſupper, you will make his excuſe.

" *Hel.* My lord *Pandarus*,—

" *Pan.* What ſays my ſweet queen; my very very " ſweet queen?

Par. What exploit's in hand? where ſups he to-night?

Hel. Nay, but my lord,—

Pan. What ſays my ſweet queen?—You muſt not know where he ſups.

Par. I'll lay my life, with my diſpoſer, *Creſſida*.

Pan. No, no, no ſuch matter, you are wide; come, your diſpoſer is ſick.

Par. Well, I'll make excuſe.

Pan. Ay, good my lord. Why ſhould you ſay—*Creſſida*? no, your poor diſpoſer's ſick.

Par. I ſpy—

Pan. You ſpy! what do you ſpy?—Come, give me an inſtrument now, ſweet queen.

Hel. Why, this is kindly done.

Pan. My niece is horribly in love with a thing you have, ſweet queen.

Hel. She ſhall have it, my lord, if it be not my lord *Paris*.

Pan. He! no, ſhe'll none of him; they two are twain.—My couſin will fall out with you.

Hel. Falling in, after falling out, may make them three.

Pan. Come, come, I'll hear no more of this; I'll ſing you a ſong now.

Hel. Ay, ay, pr'ythee now. By my troth, ſweet lord, thou haſt a fine forehead.

Pan. Ay, you may, you may.

Hel. Let thy ſong be love: this love will undo us all. Oh, *Cupid, Cupid, Cupid!*

Pan. Love! ay, that it ſhall, i'faith.

Par. Ay, good now, love, love, nothing but love.

Pan. In good troth, it begins ſo.

SONG.

Love, love, nothing but love, ſtill more!
For, O, love's bow
Shoots buck and doe:
The ſhaft confounds
Not that it wounds,
But tickles ſtill the ſore.

II.

Theſe lovers cry—Oh, oh, they die!
Yet that which ſeems the wound to kill,
Doth turn oh oh to ha ha he;
So dying love lives ſtill:
Oh oh a while, but ha ha ha;
Oh oh groans out for ha ha ha;
Hey he !*

Hel. In love, i'faith, to the very tip of the noſe.

Par. He eats nothing but doves, love; and that breeds hot blood, and hot blood begets hot thoughts, and hot thoughts beget hot deeds, and hot deeds is love.

Pan. Is this the generation of love? hot blood, hot thoughts, and hot deeds,—why, they are vipers: Is love a generation of vipers? Sweet lord, who's a-field to-day?

Par. Hector, Deiphobus, Helenus, Antenor, and all the gallantry of *Troy:* I would fain have arm'd to-day,

* What muſic might make of this ſong we will not pretend to determine, but in its preſent appearance there is more jingle than meaning. We muſt however recollect the whimſical character of the ſinger.

but

but my *Nell* would not have it ſo. How chance my brother *Troilus* went not?

Hel. He hangs the lip at ſomething;—you know all, my lord *Pandarus*.

Pan. Not I, honey-ſweet queen.—I long to hear how they ſped to-day.—You'll remember your brother's excuſe?

Par. To a hair.

Pan. Farewel, ſweet queen.

Hel. Commend me to your niece.

Pan. I will, ſweet queen. [*Exit. Retreat ſounded.*

Par. They're come from field: let us to *Priam*'s hall,
To greet the warriors. Sweet *Helen*, I muſt woo you
To help unarm our *Hector*: his ſtubborn buckles,
With theſe your white enchanting fingers touch'd,
Shall more obey, than to the edge of ſteel,
Or force of *Greekiſh* ſinews; you ſhall do more
Than all the iſland kings, diſarm great *Hector*.

Hel. 'Twill make us proud to be his ſervant, *Paris*:
Yea, what he ſhall receive of us in duty
Gives us more palm in beauty than we have;
Yea, over-ſhines ourſelf.

Par. Sweet, above thought I love thee. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The ſame.* Pandarus's *Garden.*

Enter a Servant and Pandarus, *meeting.*

Pan. How now? where's thy maſter? at my couſin *Creſſida*'s?

Ser. No, ſir; he ſtays for you to conduct him thither.

Enter Troilus.

Pan. O, here he comes.—How now, how now?

Tro. Sirrah, walk off. [*Exit Servant.*

Pan. Have you ſeen my couſin?

Tro. No, *Pandarus*: I ſtalk about her door,
Like a ſtrange ſoul upon the *Stygian* banks
Staying for waftage. O, be thou my *Charon*,
And give me ſwift tranſportance to thoſe fields,
Where I may wallow in the lilly beds
Propos'd for the deſerver! O gentle *Pandarus*,

From *Cupid*'s moulder pluck his painted wings,
And fly with me to *Creſſid!*

Pan. Walk here i'th'orchard, I'll bring her ſtraight.
[*Exit* Pandarus.

Tro. I am giddy; expectation whirls me round.
The imaginary reliſh is ſo ſweet,
That it enchants my ſenſe; what will it be,
When that the watry palate taſtes indeed
Love's thrice-reputed nectar? death, I fear me;
Swooning deſtruction; or ſome joy too fine,
Too ſubtle-potent, and too ſharp in ſweetneſs,
For the capacity of my ruder powers:
I fear it much; and I do fear beſides,
That I ſhall loſe diſtinction in my joys*;
As doth a battle, when they charge on heaps
The enemy flying.

Re-enter Pandarus.

Pan. She's making her ready, ſhe'll come ſtraight; you muſt be witty now. She does ſo bluſh, and fetches her wind ſo ſhort, as if ſhe were fray'd with a ſprite: I'll fetch her. It is the prettieſt villain,—ſhe fetches her breath as ſhort as a new-ta'en ſparrow.
[*Exit* Pandarus.

Tro. Even ſuch a paſſion doth embrace my boſom:
My heart beats thicker than a fev'rous pulſe;
And all my powers do their beſtowing loſe,
Like vaſſalage at unawares encount'ring
The eye of majeſty.

Re-enter Pandarus, *with* Creſſida

Pan. Come, come, what need you bluſh? ſhame's a baby.—Here ſhe is now: ſwear the oaths now to her, that you have ſworn to me.—What, are you gone again? you muſt be watch'd ere you be made tame, muſt you? Come your ways, come your ways; an you draw backward, we'll put you i'th'files.—Why do you not ſpeak to her?—Come, draw this curtain, and let's ſee your

* The ideas in this ſpeech are of a very glowing and poetical nature; they ſpeak powerfully to ſuſceptible minds.

picture.

picture. Alas the day, how loth you are to offend day-light! an 'twere dark, you'd cloſe ſooner.—So, ſo; rub on, and kiſs the miſtreſs. How now, a kiſs in fee-farm! build there, carpenter; the air is ſweet. Nay, you ſhall fight your hearts out, ere I part you. The falcon as the tercel, for all the ducks i'th' river: go to, go to.

Tro. You have bereft me of all words, lady.

Pan. Words pay no debts, give her deeds: but ſhe'll bereave you o'th' deeds too, if ſhe call your activity in queſtion. What, billing again? here's—*In witneſs whereof the parties interchangeably*—Come in, come in; I'll go get a fire. [*Exit* Pandarus.

Cre. Will you walk in, my lord?

Tro. O *Creſſida*, how often have I wiſh'd me thus?

Cre. Wiſh'd, my lord?—The gods grant!—O my lord.

Tro. What ſhould they grant? what makes this pretty abruption? What too-curious dreg eſpies my ſweet lady in the fountain of our love?

Cre. More dregs than water, if my fears have eyes.

Tro. Fears make devils of cherubims; they never ſee truly.

Cre. Blind fear, that ſeeing reaſon leads, finds ſafer footing than blind reaſon ſtumbling without fear: To fear the worſt, oft cures the worſt.

Tro. O, let my lady apprehend no fear: in all *Cupid*'s pageant there is preſented no monſter.

Cre. Nor nothing monſtrous neither?

Tro. Nothing, but our undertakings; when we vow to weep ſeas, live in fire, eat rocks, tame tigers; thinking it harder for our miſtreſs to deviſe impoſition enough, than for us to undergo any difficulty impoſed. This is the monſtruoſity in love, lady,—that the will is infinite, and the execution confin'd; that the deſire is boundleſs, and the act a ſlave to limit.

Cre. They ſay, all lovers ſwear more performance than they are able, and yet reſerve an ability that they never perform; vowing more than the perfection of ten, and diſcharging leſs than the tenth part of one. They that have the voice of lions, and the act of hares, are they not monſters?

" *Tro.* Are there ſuch? ſuch are not we: Praiſe us
" as we are taſted, allow us as we prove; our head ſhall
" go bare, 'till merit crown it: no perfection in rever-
" ſion ſhall have a praiſe in preſent: we will not name
" deſert, before his birth; and, being born, his addi-
" tion ſhall be humble. Few words to fair faith: *Troi-*
" *lus* ſhall be ſuch to *Creſſid*, as what envy can ſay
" worſt, ſhall be a mock for his truth; and what truth
" can ſpeak trueſt, not truer than *Troilus*.

Cre. Will you walk in, my lord?

Re-enter Pandarus.

Pan. What, bluſhing ſtill? have you not done talk-ing yet?

Cre. Well, uncle, what folly I commit, I dedicate to you.

Pan. I thank you for that; " if my lord get a boy of
" you, you'll give him me:" Be true to my lord; if he flinch, chide me for't.

Tro. You know now your hoſtages; your uncle's word, and my firm faith.

Pan. Nay, I'll give my word for her too: our kin-dred, though they be long ere they are wooed, they are conſtant being won: they are burs, I can tell you; they'll ſtick where they are thrown.

Cre. Boldneſs comes to me now, and brings me heart:—

Prince *Troilus*, I have lov'd you night and day,
For many weary months.

Tro. Why was my *Creſſid* then ſo hard to win?

Cre. Hard to ſeem won; but I was won, my lord,
With the firſt glance that ever—Pardon me;
If I confeſs much, you will play the tyrant.
I love you now; but not, 'till now, ſo much
But I might maſter it: in faith, I lie;
My thoughts were like unbridl'd children, grown
Too headſtrong for their mother: See, we fools!
Why have I blab'd? who ſhall be true to us,
When we are ſo unſecret to ourſelves?
But, though I lov'd you well, I woo'd you not;
And yet, good faith, I wiſh'd myſelf a man;

Or,

Or, that we women had men's privilege
Of ſpeaking firſt. Sweet, bid me hold my tongue;
For, in this rapture, I ſhall ſurely ſpeak
The thing I ſhall repent. See, ſee, your ſilence,
Cunning in dumbneſs, from my weakneſs draws
My very ſoul of counſel: Stop my mouth.
Tro. And ſhall, albeit ſweet muſick iſſues thence.
Pan. Pretty, i'faith.
Cre. My lord, I do beſeech you, pardon me;
'Twas not my purpoſe, thus to beg a kiſs:
I am aſham'd;—O heavens, what have I done!—
For this time will I take my leave, my lord.
Tro. Your leave, fair *Creſſid?*
Pan. Leave! an you take leave 'till to-morrow morning,—
Cre. Pray you, content you. [*To Pan.*
Tro. What offends you, lady?
Cre. Sir, mine own company.
Tro. You cannot ſhun yourſelf.
Cre. Let me go try:
I have a kind of ſelf reſides with you:
But an unkind ſelf; that itſelf will leave,
To be another's fool. I would be gone:—
Where is my wit? I know not what I ſpeak.
Tro. Well know they what they ſpeak, that ſpeak ſo wiſely.
Cre. Perchance, my lord, I ſhow more craft than love;
And fell ſo roundly to a large confeſſion,
To angle for your thoughts: But you are wiſe;
And then you love not; for to be wiſe, and love,
Exceeds man's might; that dwells with gods above.
Tro. O, that I thought it could be in a woman,
(As, if it can, I will preſume in you)
To feed for aye her lamp and flames of love;
To keep her conſtancy in plight and youth,
Out-living beauty's outward, with a mind
That doth renew ſwifter than blood decays!
Or, that perſuaſion could but thus convince me,—
That my integrity and truth to you
Might be affronted with the match and weight
Of ſuch a winnow'd purity in love;

How

How were I then uplifted! but, alas,
I am as true as truth's ſimplicity,
And ſimpler than the infancy of truth.
" *Cre.* In that I'll war with you.
" *Tro.* O virtuous fight,
" When right with right wars who ſhall be moſt right!
" True ſwains in love ſhall, in the world to come,
" Approve their truths by *Troilus*: when their rimes,
" Full of proteſt, of oath, and big compare,
" Want ſimilies, truth tir'd with iteration.—
As true as ſteel, as plantage to the moon,
As ſun to day, as turtle to her mate,
As iron to adamant, as earth to the center,—
Yet, after all compariſons of truth,
As truth's authentic author to be cited,
As true as *Troilus* ſhall crown up the verſe,
And ſanctify the numbers.
Cre. Prophet may you be!
If I be falſe, or ſwerve a hair from truth,
When time is old and hath forgot itſelf,
When water-drops have worn the ſtones of *Troy*,
And blind oblivion ſwallow'd cities up,
And mighty ſtates characterleſs are grated
To duſty nothing; yet let memory,
From falſe to falſe, among falſe maids in love,
Upbraid my falſehood! when they've ſaid—as falſe
As air, as water, wind, or ſandy earth,
As fox to lamb, as wolf to heifer's calf,
Pard to the hind, or ſtep-dame to her ſon;
Yea, let them ſay, to ſtick the heart of falſehood,
As falſe as *Creſſid* *.

Pan. Go to, a bargain made: ſeal it, ſeal it; I'll be the witneſs. Here I hold your hand; here, my couſin's; If ever you prove falſe one to another, ſince I have taken ſuch pains to bring you together, let all pitiful goers-between be call'd to the world's end after my name, call them all—*Pandars*; let all inconſtant men be *Troilus's*,

* This ſcene is rich with very fanciful feeling ideas, worthy of our author, but *Pandarus* is a very great diſgrace to them, and the concluſion is rather fulſome; ſome lines are therefore marked for omiſſion.

all

all falſe women *Creſſids*, and all brokers-between *Pandars!* ſay, Amen.

Tro. Amen.

Cre. Amen.

" *Pan.* Amen. Whereupon I will ſhew you a cham-
" ber, and a bed; which bed, becauſe it ſhall not ſpeak
" of your pretty encounters, preſs it to death: away.
" [*Exeunt* Tro. *and* Cre.
" And *Cupid* grant all tongue-ty'd maidens here
" Bed, chamber, *Pandar* to provide this geer! [*Exit.*

SCENE III. *The* Grecian *Camp.*

Enter Agamemnon, Menelaus, Ulyſſes, Neſtor, Diomed, Ajax, *and* Calchas.

Cal. Now, princes, for the ſervice I have done you,
The advantage of the time prompts me aloud
To call for recompence. Appear it to your mind,
That, through the ſight I bear in things to come,
I have abandon'd *Troy*, left my poſſeſſions,
Incurr'd a traitor's name; expos'd myſelf,
From certain and poſſeſt conveniences,
To doubtful fortunes; ſequeſt'ring from me all
That time, acquaintance, cuſtom, and condition,
Made tame and moſt familiar to my nature;
And here, to do you ſervice, am become
As new unto the world, ſtrange, unacquainted:
I do beſeech you, as in way of taſte,
To give me now a little benefit,
Out of thoſe many regiſter'd in promiſe,
Which, you ſay, live to come in my behalf.

Aga. What would'ſt thou of us, *Trojan?* make demand.

Cal. You have a *Trojan* priſoner, call'd *Antenor*,
Yeſterday took; *Troy* holds him very dear.
Oft have you (often have you thanks therefore)
Deſir'd my *Creſſid* in right great exchange,
Whom *Troy* hath ſtill deny'd: But this *Antenor*,
I know, is ſuch a wreſt in their affairs,
That their negociations all muſt ſlack,
Wanting his manage; and they will almoſt

Give

Give us a prince of blood, a ſon of *Priam*,
In change of him: let him be ſent, great princes,
And he ſhall buy my daughter; and her preſence
Shall quite ſtrike off all ſervice I have done,
In moſt accepted pay.

Aga. Let *Diomedes* bear him,
And bring us *Creſſid* hither; *Calchas* ſhall have
What he requeſts of us.—Good *Diomed*,
Furniſh you fairly for this interchange:
Withal, bring word—if *Hector* will to-morrow
Be anſwer'd in his challenge; *Ajax* is ready.

Dio. This ſhall I undertake; and 'tis a burthen
Which I am proud to bear. [*Exeunt* Dio. *and* Cal.

Enter, before their Tent, Achilles, *and* Patroclus.

Uly. *Achilles* ſtands i'the entrance of his tent:—
Pleaſe it our general to paſs ſtrangely by him,
As if he were forgot;—and, princes all,
Lay negligent and looſe regard upon him:—
I will come laſt: 'Tis like, he'll queſtion me,
Why ſuch unplauſive eyes are bent, why turn'd on him:
If ſo, I have deciſion med'cinable,
To uſe between your ſtrangeneſs and his pride,
Which his own will ſhall have deſire to drink;
It may do good: Pride hath no other glaſs
To ſhow itſelf, but pride; for ſupple knees
Feed arrogance, and are the proud man's fees.

Aga. We'll execute your purpoſe, and put on
A form of ſtrangeneſs as we paſs along;—
So do each lord; and either greet him not,
Or elſe diſdainfully, which ſhall ſhake him more
Than if not look'd on. I will lead the way.

[*They paſs forward.*

Ach. What, comes the general to ſpeak with me?
You know my mind, I'll fight no more 'gainſt *Troy*.

Aga. What ſays *Achilles*? would he ought with us?

Neſ. Would you, my lord, ought with the general?

Ach. No.

Neſ. Nothing, my lord.

Aga. The better. [*Exeunt* Aga. *and* Neſ.

Ach. Good day, good day.

Men. How do you? how do you? [*Exit* Men.

Ach. What, does the cuckold ſcorn me?
Aja. How now, *Patroclus?*
Ach. Good morrow, *Ajax.*
Aja. Ha?
Ach. Good-morrow.
Aja. Ay, and good next day too. [*Exit* Ajax.
Ach. What mean theſe fellows? know they not *Achilles?*

Pat. They paſs by ſtrangely: they were us'd to bend,
To ſend their ſmiles before them to *Achilles*;
To come as humbly, as they us'd to creep
To holy altar.

Ach. What, am I poor of late?
'Tis certain, Greatneſs, once fall'n out with fortune,
Muſt fall out with men too: What the declin'd is,
He ſhall as ſoon read in the eyes of others,
As feel in his own fall: for men, like butterflies,
Shew not their mealy wings, but to the ſummer;
And not a man, for being ſimply man,
Hath any honour; but's honour'd for thoſe honours
That are without him, as place, riches, favour,
Prizes of accident as oft as merit:
Which when they fall, as being ſlippery ſtanders,
The love that lean'd on them as ſlippery too,
Do one pluck down another, and together
Die in the fall. But 'tis not ſo with me:
Fortune and I are friends; I do enjoy
At ample point all that I did poſſeſs,
Save theſe men's looks; who do, methinks, find out
Something not worth in me ſuch rich beholding
As they have often given. Here is *Ulyſſes:*
I'll interrupt his reading.—
How now, *Ulyſſes?*

Uly. Now, great *Thetis'* ſon?
Ach. What are you reading?
Uly. A ſtrange fellow here
Writes me, That man—how dearly ever parted:

* Whoever has read cardinal *Wolſey*'s admirable ſoliloquy upon the decline of fortune, would imagine our author had exhauſted his ideas on the ſubject; but the preceding lines, with many other ſimilar paſſages in his works, ſhow he was inexhauſtible.

How

How much in having, or without, or in,—
Cannot make boaſt to have that which he hath,
Nor feels not what he owes, but by reflection;
As when his virtues ſhining upon others
Heat them, and they retort that heat again
To the firſt giver.

Ach. This is not ſtrange, *Ulyſſes.*
The beauty that is born here in the face,
The bearer knows not, but commends itſelf
To others' eyes: nor doth the eye itſelf,
* (That moſt pure ſpirit of ſenſe) behold itſelf,
Not going from itſelf; but eye to eye oppos'd
Salutes each other with each other's form.
For ſpeculation turns not to itſelf,
'Till it hath travel'd, and is marry'd there
Where it may ſee itſelf: this is not ſtrange at all.

Uly. I do not ſtrain at the poſition,
It is familiar; but at the author's drift:
Who, in his circumſtance, expreſly proves—
That no man is the lord of any thing,
(Though in and of him there is much conſiſting)
'Till he communicate his parts to others:
Nor doth he of himſelf know them for ought,
'Till he behold them form'd in the applauſe
Where they're extended; which, like an arch, reverberates
The voice again; or like a gate of ſteel
Fronting the ſun, receives and renders back
His figure and his heat. I was much rapt in this;
And apprehended here immediately
The unknown *Ajax.*
" Heavens, what a man is there! a very horſe;
" That has he knows not what. Nature, what things
" there are,
" Moſt abject in regard, and dear in uſe!
" What things again moſt dear in the eſteem,
" And poor in worth! Now ſhall we ſee to-morrow
" An act that very chance doth throw upon him,

* *That moſt pure ſpirit of ſenſe* is a very refined alluſion to the optic powers.

" *Ajax* renown'd. O heavens, what ſome men do,
" While ſome men leave to do!
" How ſome men creep in ſkittiſh fortune's hall,
" While others play the ideots in her eyes!
" How one man eats into another's pride,
" While pride is faſting in his wantonneſs!
" To ſee theſe *Grecian* lords!—why, even already
" They clap the lubber *Ajax* on the ſhoulder;
" As if his foot were on brave *Hector*'s breaſt,
" And great *Troy* ſhrinking.
" *Ach.* I do believe it: for they paſs'd by me,
" As miſers do by beggars; neither gave to me
" Good word, nor look:" What, are my deeds forgot?
Uly. Time hath, my lord, a wallet at his back,
Wherein he puts alms for oblivion,
A great-ſiz'd monſter of ingratitudes:
Thoſe ſcraps are good deeds paſt; which are devour'd
As faſt as they are made, forgot as ſoon
As done: Perſeverance keeps honour bright:
To have done, is to hang quite out of faſhion,
Like ruſty mail in monumental mockery.
Then, dear my lord, take you the inſtant way:
For honour travels in a ſtreight ſo narrow,
Where one but goes abreaſt: keep then the path:
For emulation hath a thouſand ſons,
That one by one purſue; if you give way,
Or turn aſide from the direct forthright,
Like to an enter'd tide, they all ruſh by,
And leave you hindermoſt; and there you lye,
Like to a gallant horſe fall'n in firſt rank,
For pavement to the abject rear, o'er-run
And trampl'd on. Then what they do in preſent,
Though leſs than yours in paſt, muſt o'er-top yours:
For time is like a faſhionable hoſt;
That ſlightly ſhakes his parting gueſt by the hand;
And with his arms out-ſtretch'd, as he would fly,
Graſps-in the comer: " Welcome ever ſmiles,
" And farewel goes out ſighing. O, let not virtue ſeek
" Remuneration for the thing it was;
" For beauty, wit, high birth, deſert in ſervice,
" Love, friendſhip, charity, are ſubjects all

" To

" To envious and calumniating time.
" One touch of nature makes the whole world kin,—
" That all, with one conſent, praiſe new born gawds,
" Though they are made and molded of things paſt;
" And give to duſt, that is a little gilt,
" More laud than they will give to gold o'er-duſted.
" The preſent eye praiſes the preſent object:
" Then marvel not, thou great and compleat man,
" That all the *Greeks* begin to worſhip *Ajax*;
" Since things in motion ſooner catch the eye,
" Than what not ſtirs." The cry went once on thee,
And ſtill it might, and yet it may again,
If thou would'ſt not entomb thyſelf alive,
And caſe thy reputation in thy tent;
Whoſe glorious deeds, but in theſe fields of late,
Made emulous miſſions 'mongſt the gods themſelves,
And drave great *Mars* to faction *.

Ach. Of this my privacy
I have ſtrong reaſons.

Uly. But 'gainſt your privacy
The reaſons are more potent and heroical:
'Tis known, *Achilles*, that you are in love
With one of *Priam*'s daughters.

Ach. Ha! known?

Uly. Is that a wonder?
" The providence that's in a watchful ſtate,
" Knows almoſt every grain of *Pluto*'s gold;
" Finds bottom in the uncomprehenſive deeps;
" Keeps pace with thought; and almoſt, like the gods,
" Does even thoſe thoughts unveil in their dumb cradles.
" There is a myſtery (with whom relation
" Durſt never meddle) in the ſoul of ſtate;
" Which hath an operation more divine,
" Than breath, or pen, can give expreſſure to:
All the commerce that you have had with *Troy*,
As perfectly is ours, as yours, my lord;

* This ſpeech contains much matter, conveyed in a maſterly manner, but is rather too prolix to bear ſpeaking to the general ear; argumentative harangues, on the ſtage, ſhould be conciſe. The lines marked have full as much merit as the others, but may be beſt ſpared.

And

And better would it fit *Achilles* much,
To throw down *Hector*, than *Polixena:*
But it muſt grieve young *Pyrrhus* now at home,
When fame ſhall in our iſlands ſound her trump;
And all the *Greekiſh* girls ſhall tripping ſing,—
Great Hector's *ſiſter did* Achilles *win*;
But our great Ajax *bravely beat down him.*
Farewel, my lord: I, as your lover, ſpeak;
The fool ſlides o'er the ice that you ſhould break.
[*Exit* Ulyſſes.

Pat. To this effect, *Achilles*, have I mov'd you:
A woman impudent and manniſh grown
Is not more loath'd, than an effeminate man
In time of action. I ſtand condemn'd for this;
They think, my little ſtomach to the war,
And your great love to me, reſtrains you thus:
Sweet, rouze yourſelf; and the weak wanton *Cupid*
Shall from your neck unlooſe his amorous fold,
And, like a dew-drop from the lion's mane,
Be ſhook to air †.

Ach. Shall *Ajax* fight with *Hector?*

Pat. Ay; and, perhaps, receive much honour by him.

Ach. I ſee, my reputation is at ſtake,
My fame is ſhrewdly gor'd.

Pat. O, then beware;
Thoſe wounds heal ill, that men do give themſelves:
Omiſſion to do what is neceſſary
Seals a commiſſion to a blank of danger;
And danger, like an ague, ſubtly taints
Even then when we ſit idly in the ſun.

Ach. Go call *Therſites* hither, ſweet *Patroclus:*
I'll ſend the fool to *Ajax*; and deſire him,
To invite the *Trojan* lords after the combat
To ſee us here unarm'd: I have a woman's longing,
An appetite that I am ſick withal,
To ſee great *Hector* in his weeds of peace;
To talk with him, and to behold his viſage
Even to my full view. A labour ſav'd!

† An idea more beautifully expreſſive was never ſuggeſted, than this contraſt between effeminacy and heroiſm.

Enter Therſites.

The. A wonder!

Ach. What?

The. *Ajax* goes up and down the field, aſking for himſelf.

Ach. How ſo?

The. He muſt fight ſingly to-morrow with *Hector*; and is ſo prophetically proud of an heroical cudgelling, that he raves in ſaying nothing.

Ach. How can that be?

The. Why, he ſtalks up and down like a peacock, a-ſtride, and a-ſtand: ruminates, like an hoſteſs, that hath no arithmetic but her brain to ſet down her reck'ning: bites his lip with a politic regard, as who ſhould ſay—there were wit in this head, an 'twould out; and ſo there is; but it lies as coldly in him, as fire in a flint, which will not ſhew without knocking. The man's undone for ever; for if *Hector* break not his neck i' th' combat, he'll break't himſelf in vain-glory. He knows not me: I ſaid, *Good morrow*, Ajax; and he replies, *Thanks*, Agamemnon: what think you of this man, that takes me for the general? He's grown a very land-fiſh, languageleſs, a monſter. A plague of opinion! a man may wear it on both ſides, like a leather jerkin *.

Ach. Thou muſt be my embaſſador to him, *Therſites*.

The. Who, I? why, he'll anſwer no body; he profeſſes not anſwering; ſpeaking is for beggars; he wears his tongue in's arms: I will put on his preſence; let *Patroclus* make demands to me, you ſhall ſee the pageant of *Ajax*.

Ach. To him, *Patroclus*; tell him,—I humbly deſire the valiant *Ajax*, to invite the moſt valorous *Hector* to come unarm'd to my tent; and to procure ſafe-conduct for his perſon, of the magnanimous, and moſt illuſtrious ſix-or-ſeven-times-honour'd captain-general of the *Grecian* army, *Agamemnon*: Do this.

* *Therſites* is exceedingly pleaſant and fanciful in this account of *Ajax*'s vain elevation.

Pat. *Jove* bleſs great *Ajax!*

Ther. Hum!

Pat. I come from the worthy *Achilles:*

Ther. Ha!

Pat. Who moſt humbly deſires you, to invite *Hector* to his tent;

Ther. Hum!

Pat. And to procure ſafe-conduct from *Agamemnon.*

Ther. *Agamemnon?*

Pat. Ay, my lord.

Ther. Ha!

Pat. What ſay you to't?

Ther. Heav'n be wi' you, with all my heart.

Pat. Your anſwer, ſir.

Ther. If to-morrow be a fair day, by eleven o'clock it will go one way or other; howſoever, he ſhall pay for me ere he has me.

Pat. Your anſwer, ſir.

Ther. Fare you well, with all my heart.

Ach. Why, but he is not in this tune, is he?

Ther. No, but he's out o'tune thus. What muſic will be in him when *Hector* has knock'd out his brains, I know not: but, I am ſure, none; unleſs the fidler, *Apollo*, get his ſinews to make catlings on.

Ach. Come, thou ſhalt bear a letter to him ſtraight.

Ther. Let me bear another to his horſe; for that's the more capable creature.

Ach. My mind is troubl'd, like a fountain ſtirr'd;
And I myſelf ſee not the bottom of it.

[*Exeunt* Ach. *and* Pat.

Ther. 'Would the fountain of your mind were clear again, that I might water an aſs at it! I had rather be a tick in a ſheep, than ſuch a valiant ignorance. [*Exit* *.

* The ſcene we have noted between *Troilus* and *Creſſida*, the conduct of the *Grecian* leaders towards *Achilles*, and his ſenſibility and reflections thereon, give this Act much more importance than either the firſt or ſecond.

ACT IV.

SCENE I. Troy. *A Street.*

Enter, from one Side, Æneas; *Servant, with a Torch, preceding: from the other,* Paris, Deiphobus, *and others, with* Diomedes, *attended; Torches too with them.*

PARIS.

SEE, ho! who is that there?
Dei. It is the lord *Æneas.*
Æne. Is the prince there in perſon?— [*to his Ser.*
Had I ſo good occaſion to lie long,
As you, prince *Paris*, nothing but heavenly buſineſs
Should rob my bed-mate of my company.
Dio. That's my mind too.—Good morrow, lord *Æneas.*
Par. A valiant *Greek*, *Æneas*, take his hand;
Witneſs the proceſs of your ſpeech, wherein
You told—how *Diomed*, a whole week by days,
Did haunt you in the field.
Æne. Health to you, valiant ſir,
During all queſtion of the gentle truce:
But when I meet you arm'd, as black defiance,
As heart can think, or courage execute.
Dio. The one and other *Diomed* embraces.
Our bloods are now in calm; and, ſo long, health:
But when contention and occaſion meet,
By *Jove*, I'll play the hunter for thy life,
With all my force, purſuit, and policy.
Æne. And thou ſhalt hunt a lion, that will fly
With his face backward. In humane gentleneſs,
Welcome to *Troy!* now, by *Anchiſes'* life,
Welcome indeed! by *Venus'* hand I ſwear,
No man alive can love, in ſuch a ſort,
The thing he means to kill, more excellently.
Dio. We ſympathize:—*Jove*, let *Æneas* live,
If to my ſword his fate be not the glory,
A thouſand compleat courſes of the ſun!

But,

But, in mine emulous honour, let him die,
With every joint a wound; and that to-morrow!
Æne. We know each other well.
Dio. We do; and long to know each other worſe.
Par. This is the moſt deſpightful gentle greeting,
The nobleſt hateful love, that ere I heard of.—
What buſineſs, lord, ſo early?
Æne. I was ſent for to the king; but why, I know not.
Par. His purpoſe meets you: 'Twas to bring this *Greek*
To *Calchas'* houſe; and there to render him,
For the enfreed *Antenor*, the fair *Creſſid*:
Let's have your company;—Or, if you pleaſe,
Haſte there before us: I conſtantly do think,
(Or, rather, call my thought a certain knowledge)
My brother *Troilus* lodges there to-night;
Rouze him, and give him note of our approach,
With the whole quality wherefore: I fear,
We ſhall be much unwelcome.
Æne. That I aſſure you;
Troilus had rather *Troy* were borne to *Greece*,
Than *Creſſid* borne from *Troy*.
Par. There is no help;
The bitter diſpoſition of the time
Will have it ſo. On, lord; we'll follow you.
Æne. Good morrow, all. [*Exit.*
" *Par.* And tell me, noble *Diomed*; 'faith, tell me true*,
" Even in the ſoul of ſound good-fellowſhip,—
" Who, in your thoughts, merits fair *Helen* beſt,
" Myſelf, or *Menelaus?*
" *Dio.* Both alike:
" He merits well to have her, that doth ſeek her
" (Not making any ſcruple of her ſoylure)
" With ſuch a hell of pain, and world of charge;
" And you as well to keep her, that defend her

* The ſubſequent part of this ſcene ſhould unqueſtionably be expunged. It relates not to the ſtory, and *Diomed*'s expreſſions treſpaſs ſtrongly on decorum.

" (Not palating the taſte of her diſhonour)
" With ſuch a coſtly loſs of wealth and friends:
" He, like a puling cuckold, would drink up
" The lees and dregs of a flat tamed piece;
" You, like a letcher, out of whoriſh loins
" Are pleas'd to breed out your inheritors:
" Both merits poiz'd, each weighs nor leſs nor more;
" But he as he, the heavier for a whore.
" *Par.* You are too bitter to your country-woman.
" *Dio.* She's bitter to her country: Hear me, *Paris*,—
" For every falſe drop in her bawdy veins
" A *Grecian*'s life hath ſunk; for every ſcruple
" Of her contaminated carrion weight
" A *Trojan* hath been ſlain; ſince ſhe could ſpeak,
" She hath not given ſo many good words breath,
" As for her *Greeks* and *Trojans* ſuffer'd death.
" *Par.* Fair *Diomed*, you do as chapmen do,
" Diſpraiſe the thing that you deſire to buy:
" But we in ſilence hold this virtue well,—
" We'll not commend what we intend not ſell.
" Here lies our way. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The ſame. Court of* Pandarus's *Houſe.*

Enter Troilus, *and* Creſſida.

Tro. Dear, trouble not yourſelf; the morn is cold.
Cre. Then, ſweet my lord, I'll call my uncle down;
He ſhall unbolt the gates.
Tro. Trouble him not;
To bed, to bed; ſleep kill thoſe pretty eyes,
And give as ſoft attachment to thy ſenſes,
As infants' empty of all thought!
Cre. Good morrow, then.
Tro. I pr'ythee now, to bed.
Cre. Are you aweary of me?
Tro. O *Creſſida*, but that the buſy day,
Wak'd by the lark, hath rouz'd the ribald crows,
And dreaming night will hide our joys no longer,
I would not from thee.
Cre. Night hath been too brief.

Tro. Beſhrew the witch! with venomous wights ſhe ſtays,
As tediouſly as hell; but flies the graſps of love,
With wings more momentary ſwift than thought:
You will catch cold, and curſe me.
Cre. Pr'ythee, tarry;
You men will never tarry:—
O fooliſh *Creſſida!*—I might have ſtill held off,
And then you would have tarry'd. Hark, there's one up.
" *Pan.* [*within.*] What! all the doors open here!
" *Tro.* It is your uncle.
" *Cre.* A peſtilence on him! now will he be mocking;
" I ſhall have ſuch a life.—

Enter Pandarus.

" *Pan.* How now, how now? how go maiden-
" heads?—
" Here, you maid! where's my couſin *Creſſid?*
" *Cre.* Go, hang yourſelf, you naughty mocking
" uncle!
" You bring me to do, and then you flout me too.
" *Pan.* To do what? to do what?—let her ſay, what:—
" What have I brought you to do?
" *Cre.* Come, come; beſhrew your heart! you'll
" ne'er be good,
" Nor ſuffer others.
" *Pan.* Ha, ha!—Alas, poor wench! a poor *capo-*
" *chia!* haſt not ſlept to-night? would he not, a
" naughty man, let it ſleep? a bug-bear take him!
" *Cre.* Did not I tell you?—'would he were knock'd
" o'the head! [*Knocking heard.*
" Who's that at door?—good uncle, go and ſee.—
" My lord, come you again into my chamber:
" You ſmile, and mock me, as if I meant naughtily.
" *Tro.* Ha, ha!
" *Cre.* Come, you're deceiv'd, I think of no ſuch
" thing.— [*Knocking again.*
" How earneſtly they knock!—pray you, come in;
" I would not for half *Troy* have you ſeen here.
" [*Exeunt* Tro. *and* Cre.

" *Pan.* [*going to the Door.*] Who's there? what's the
" matter? will you beat down the door? [*opening it.*]
" How now? what's the matter?

" *Enter* Æneas.

" *Æne.* Good morrow, lord, good morrow.
" *Pan.* Who's there? my lord *Æneas?* by my troth,
" I know you not: What news with you ſo early?
" *Æne.* Is not prince *Troilus* here?
" *Pan.* Here! what ſhould he do here?
" *Æne.* Come, he is here, my lord, do not deny him;
" It doth import him much, to ſpeak with me.
" *Pan.* Is he here, ſay you? 'tis more than I know,
" I'll be ſworn:—for my own part, I came in late:—
" what ſhould he do here?
" *Æne.* Pho! nay, then:—
" Come, come, you'll do him wrong ere you are ware:
" You'll be ſo true to him, to be falſe to him:
" Do not you know of him, but yet fetch him hither;
" Go. [*As* Pandarus *is going out,*

" *Enter* Troilus.

" *Tro.* How now? what's the matter †?
Æne. My lord, I ſcarce have leiſure to ſalute you,
My matter is ſo raſh: there is at hand
Paris your brother, and *Deiphobus*,
The *Grecian Diomed*, and our *Antenor*
Deliver'd to us; and for him forthwith,
Ere the firſt ſacrifice, within this hour,
We muſt give up to *Diomedes'* hand
The lady *Creſſida*.
Tro. Is it ſo concluded?
Æne. By *Priam*, and the general ſtate of *Troy*:
They are at hand, and ready to effect it.
Tro. How my atchievements mock me!—
I will go meet them: and, my lord *Æneas*,
We met by chance; you did not find me here.

† To abridge indecency, trifling, and ſuperfluity, we have marked what precedes for omiſſion.

Æne. Good, good my lord, the ſecret'ſt things of nature
Have not more gift in taciturnity.
[*Exeunt* Tro. *and* Æne.

Pan. Is't poſſible? no ſooner got, but loſt. The devil take *Antenor!* the young prince will go mad. A plague upon *Antenor!* I would they had broke's neck.

Enter Creſſida.

Cre. How now? What is the matter? Who was here?

Pan. Ha, ah!

Cre. Why ſigh you ſo profoundly? Where's my lord gone?
Tell me, ſweet uncle, what's the matter?

Pan. 'Would I were as deep under the earth, as I am above!

Cre. O the gods!—what's the matter?

Pan. Pr'ythee, get thee in; 'would thou had'ſt ne'er been born! I knew, thou would'ſt be his death:—O, poor gentleman!—A plague upon *Antenor!*

Cre. Good uncle, I beſeech you on my knees,
'Beſeech you, what's the matter?

Pan. Thou muſt be gone, wench, thou muſt be gone; thou art chang'd for *Antenor:* thou muſt to thy father, and be gone from *Troilus*; 'twill be his death, 'twill be his bane, he cannot bear it.

Cre. O you immortal gods!—I will not go.

Pan. Thou muſt.

Cre. I will not, uncle: I have forgot my father;
I know no touch of conſanguinity;
No kin, no love, no blood, no ſoul ſo near me,
As the ſweet *Troilus.*—O you gods divine,
Make *Creſſid*'s name the very crown of falſhood,
If ever ſhe leave *Troilus!* Time, force, and death,
Do to this body what extreams you can;
But the ſtrong baſe and building of my love
Is as the very centre of the earth,
Drawing all things to it.—I'll go in, and weep;—

Pan. Do, do.

Cre. Tear my bright hair, and ſcratch my praiſed cheeks;

Crack my clear voice with ſobs, and break my heart
With ſounding *Troilus*. I will not go from *Troy* †.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The ſame. Before* Pandarus' *Houſe.*

Enter Æneas, Paris, Troilus, Diomed, *and others.*

Par. It is great morning; and the hour prefix'd
Of her delivery to this valiant *Greek*
Comes faſt upon:—now, good my brother *Troilus*,
Tell you the lady what ſhe is to do,
And haſte her to the purpoſe.
Tro. Walk in to her houſe;
I'll bring her to the *Grecian* preſently:
And to his hand when I deliver her,
Think it an altar; and thy brother *Troilus*
A prieſt, there off'ring to it his own heart. [*Exit* Tro.
Par. I know what 'tis to love;
And 'would, as I ſhall pity, I could help!—
Pleaſe you, walk in, my lords. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *The ſame. A Room in the ſame.*

Enter Pandarus, *and* Creſſida.

Pan. Be moderate, be moderate.
Cre. Why tell you me of moderation?
The grief is fine, full, perfect, that I taſte,
And violenteth in a ſenſe as ſtrong
As that which cauſeth it; how can I moderate it?
If I could temporize with my affection,
Or brew it to a weak and colder palate,
The like allayment could I give my grief:
My love admits no qualifying droſs;
No more my grief in ſuch a precious loſs.

Enter Troilus.

Pan. Here, here, here he comes.—Ah, ſweet ducks!
Cre. O *Troilus*, *Troilus!* [*throwing herſelf upon him.*

† *Creſſida* ſhould have elegant delicacy, and conſiderable powers of expreſſion.

" *Pan.* What a pair of ſpectacles is here! Let me
" embrace too, *O heart*,—as the goodly ſaying is,—
" ——————*O heart, O heavy heart,*
" *Why ſigh'ſt thou without breaking?*
" where he anſwers again,
" *Becauſe thou can'ſt not eaſe thy ſmart,*
" *By friendſhip, nor by ſpeaking:*
" there was never a truer rhime. Let us caſt away no-
" thing, for we may live to have need of ſuch a verſe;
" we ſee it, we ſee it.—How now, lambs?

Tro. Creſſid, I love thee in ſo ſtrain'd a purity,
That the bleſt gods—as angry with my fancy,
More bright in zeal than the devotion which
Cold lips blow to their deities—take thee from me.

Cre. Have the gods envy?

Pan. Ay, ay, ay, ay; 'tis too plain a caſe.

Cre. And is it true, that I muſt go from *Troy*?

Tro. A hateful truth.

Cre. What, and from *Troilus* too?

Tro. From *Troy*, and *Troilus*.

Cre. Is't poſſible?

Tro. And ſuddenly; where injury of chance
Puts back leave-taking, juſtles roughly by
All time of pauſe, rudely beguiles our lips
Of all rejoindure, forcibly prevents
Our lock'd embraſures, ſtrangles our dear vows
Even in the birth of our own labouring breath:
We two, that with ſo many thouſand ſighs
Did buy each other, muſt poorly ſell ourſelves
With the rude brevity and diſcharge of one.
Injurious time now, with a robber's haſte,
Crams his rich thievery up, he knows not how:
As many farewels as be ſtars in heaven,
With diſtinct breath and conſign'd kiſſes to them,
He fumbles up into a looſe adieu;
And ſcants us with a ſingle famiſh'd kiſs,
Diſtaſted with the ſalt of broken tears *.

* This ſpeech is truely *Shakeſpearean*, and very favourable to the actor.

" *Æne.* [*within.*] My lord! lord *Troilus!* is the lady
" ready?
" *Tro.* Hark! you are call'd: ſome ſay, the Genius ſo
" Cries, *Come,* to him that inſtantly muſt die.—
" Bid them have patience; ſhe ſhall come anon.
" *Pan.* Where are my tears? rain, rain, to lay this
" wind,
" Or my poor heart will be blown up by the root.
[*Exit* Pandarus.
Cre. I muſt then to the *Grecians?*
Tro. No remedy.
" *Cre.* A woeful *Creſſid* 'mongſt the merry *Greeks.*—
" When ſhall we ſee again?
" *Tro.* Hear me, my love: be thou but true of heart—
" *Cre.* I true! how now? what wicked deem is this?
" *Tro.* Nay, we muſt uſe expoſtulation kindly,
" For it is parting from us.
" I ſpeak not, *be thou true,* as fearing thee;
" For I will throw my glove to death himſelf,
" That there's no maculation in thy heart:
" But, *be thou true,* ſay I, to faſhion in
" My ſequent proteſtation; be thou true,
" And I will ſee thee.
" *Cre.* O, you ſhall be expos'd, my lord, to dangers
" As infinite as imminent! but, I'll be true.
" *Tro.* And I'll grow friend with danger. Wear this
" ſleeve.
" *Cre.* And you this glove. When ſhall I ſee you
Tro. I will corrupt the *Grecian* centinels,
To give thee nightly viſitation.
But yet, be true.
Cre. O heavens! be true, again?
Tro. Hear why I ſpeak it, love: The *Grecian* youths
Are well compos'd, with gifts of nature flowing,
And ſwelling o'er with arts and exerciſe;
How novelties may move, and parts with perſon,
Alas, a kind of godly jealouſy
(Which, I beſeech you, call a virtuous ſin)
Makes me afeard.
Cre. O heavens!—
You love me not.

Tro. Die I a villain then!
In this I do not call your faith in queſtion,
So mainly as my merit: I cannot ſing,
Nor heel the high lavolt, nor ſweeten talk,
Nor play at ſubtle games; fair virtues all,
To which the *Grecians* are moſt prompt and pregnant:
But I can tell, that in each grace of theſe
There lurks a ſtill and dumb-diſcourſive devil,
That tempts moſt cunningly; but be not tempted.
Cre. Do you think, I will?
Tro. No.
But ſomething may be done, that we will not;
And ſometimes we are devils to ourſelves,
When we will tempt the frailty of our powers,
Preſuming on their changeful potency.
Æne. [*within.*] Nay, good my lord,—
Tro. Come, kiſs; and let us part.
Par. [*within.*] Brother *Troilus!*
Tro. Good brother, come you hither;
And bring *Æneas*, and the *Grecian*, with you.
Cre. My lord, will you be true?
" *Tro.* Who, I? alas, it is my vice, my fault:
" While others fiſh with craft for great opinion,
" I with great truth catch meer ſimplicity;
" Whilſt ſome with cunning gild their copper crowns,
" With truth and plainneſs I do wear mine bare.
" Fear not my truth; the moral of my wit
" Is—plain, and true,—there's all the reach of it.

Enter Paris, Diomed, *and* Æneas.

Welcome, ſir *Diomed!* here is the lady,
Which for *Antenor* we deliver you:
At the port, lord, I'll give her to thy hand;
And, by the way, poſſeſs thee what ſhe is.
Entreat her fair; and, by my ſoul, fair *Greek*,
If ere thou ſtand at mercy of my ſword,
Name *Creſſid*, and thy life ſhall be as ſafe
As *Priam* is in *Ilion*.
Dio. Fair lady *Creſſid*.
So pleaſe you, ſave the thanks this prince expects:
The luſtre in your eye, heaven in your cheek,

Pleads your fair uſage; and to *Diomed*
You ſhall be miſtreſs, and command him wholly.
" *Tro. Grecian*, thou doſt not uſe me courteouſly,
" To ſhame the zeal of my petition to thee,
" In praiſing her: I tell thee, lord of *Greece*,
" She is as far high-ſoaring o'er thy praiſes,
" As thou unworthy to be call'd her ſervant.
" I charge thee, uſe her well, even for my charge;
" For, by the dreadful *Pluto*, if thou doſt not,
" Though the great bulk *Achilles* be thy guard,
" I'll cut thy throat.
" *Dio.* O, be not mov'd, prince *Troilus*:
" Let me be priviledg'd by my place, and meſſage,
" To be a ſpeaker free; when I am hence,
" I'll anſwer to my luſt: and know you, lord,
" I'll nothing do on charge: to her own worth
" She ſhall be priz'd; but that you ſay—be't ſo,
" I ſpeak it in my ſpirit and honour, no.
Tro. Come, to the port:—" I tell thee, *Diomed*,
" This brave ſhall oft make thee to hide thy head.—
Lady, give me your hand! and, as we walk,
To our own ſelves bend we our needful talk.
[*Exeunt* Tro. *and* Cre. *Trumpet heard.*
Par. Hark! *Hector*'s trumpet.
Æne. How have we ſpent this morning!
The prince muſt think me tardy and remiſs,
That ſwore to ride before him to the field.
Par. 'Tis *Troilus*' fault: come, come, to field with him. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *The* Grecian *Camp: Liſts ſet out; Attendants, and People, waiting. Flouriſh.*

Enter Agamemnon, Neſtor, Achilles, Patroclus, Menelaus, Ulyſſes, *and others; with* Ajax, *arm'd.*

Aga. Here art thou in appointment freſh and fair,
Anticipating time with ſtarting courage.
Give with thy trumpet a loud note to *Troy*,
Thou dreadful *Ajax*; that the appalled air
May pierce the head of the great combatant,
And hale him hither.

Ajax. Thou, trumpet, there's my purſe.
Now crack thy lungs, and ſplit thy brazen pipe;
Blow, villain, 'till thy ſphered bias cheek
Out-ſwell the cholic of puft *Aquilon*:
Come, ſtretch thy cheſt, and let thy eyes ſpout blood;
Thou blow'ſt for *Hector*. [*Parle ſounded.*

Uly. No trumpet anſwers.

Ach. 'Tis but early day.

Aga. Is not yon' *Diomed*, with *Calchas'* daughter?

Uly. 'Tis he, I ken the manner of his gait,
He riſes on the toe; that ſpirit of his
In aſpiration lifts him from the earth.

Enter Diomed *and Attendants, with* Creſſida.

Aga. Is this the lady *Creſſida*?

Dio. Even ſhe.

Aga. Moſt dearly welcome to the *Greeks*, ſweet lady.

Neſ. Our general doth ſalute you with a kiſs.

Uly. Yet is the kindneſs but particular;
'Twere better, ſhe were kiſs'd in general*.

Neſ. And very courtly counſel: I'll begin.—
So much for *Neſtor*.

Ach. I'll take that winter from your lips, fair lady:
Achilles bids you welcome.

Men. I had good argument for kiſſing once.

Pat. But that's no argument for kiſſing now:
For thus popt *Paris* in his hardiment;
And parted thus you and your argument.

" *Uly.* O deadly gall, and theme of all our ſcorns!
" For which we loſe our heads, to gild his horns.

" *Pat.* The firſt was *Menelaus'* kiſs; this, mine:
" *Patroclus* kiſſes you.

" *Men.* O, this is trim!

" *Pat. Paris*, and I, kiſs evermore for him.

" *Men.* I'll have my kiſs, ſir:—Lady, by your leave.

" *Cre.* In kiſſing, do you render, or receive?

" *Pat.* Both take and give.

" *Cre.* I'll make my match to live,
" The kiſs you take is better than you give;
" Therefore no kiſs.

* A poor pun, rather unworthy *Ulyſſes*.

" *Men.* I'll give you boot, I'll give you three for one.
" *Cre.* You're an odd man; give even, or give none.
" *Men.* An odd man, lady? every man is odd.
" *Cre.* No, *Paris* is not; for, you know, 'tis true,
" That you are odd, and he is even with you.
" *Men.* You fillip me o'the head.
" *Cre.* No, I'll be ſworn.
" *Uly.* It were no match, your nail againſt his horn.
" May I, ſweet lady, beg a kiſs of you?
" *Cre.* You may.
" *Uly.* I do deſire it.
" *Cre.* Why, beg then.
" *Uly.* Why then, for *Venus'* ſake, give me a kiſs,
" When *Helen* is a maid again, and his.
" *Cre.* I am your debtor, claim it when 'tis due.
" *Uly.* Never's my day, and then a kiſs of you.
" *Dio.* Lady, a word; I'll bring you to your father.
[*Exeunt* Dio. *and* Cre.
" *Neſ.* A woman of quick ſenſe.
" *Uly.* Fie, fie upon her!
" There's language in her eye, her cheek, her lip,
" Nay, her foot ſpeaks: her wanton ſpirits look out
" At every joint and motive of her body.
" O theſe encounterers, ſo glib of tongue,
" That give a coaſting welcome ere it comes,
" And wide unclaſp the tables of their thoughts
" To every tickling reader! ſet them down
" For ſluttiſh ſpoils of opportunity,
" And daughters of the game. [*Trumpet heard.*
All. The *Trojans'* trumpet.
Aga. Yonder comes the troop.

Flouriſh. Enter Hector, *arm'd*; Troilus, *and other* Trojans, *with him*; Æneas *preceding.*

Æne. Hail all the ſtate of *Greece!* What ſhall be done to him
That victory commands! Or do you purpoſe,
A victor ſhall be known? will you, the knights
Shall to the edge of all extremity
Purſue each other; or ſhall they be divided

By

By any voice or order of the field?
Hector bade ask.
Aga. Which way would *Hector* have it?
Æne. He cares not, he'll obey conditions.
Ach. 'Tis done like *Hector*; but ſecurely done,
A little proudly, and great deal miſprifing
The knight oppos'd.
Æne. If not *Achilles*, ſir,
What is your name?
Ach. If not *Achilles*, nothing.
Æne. Therefore *Achilles*: But, whate'er, know this,—
In the extremity of great and little,
Valour and pride excel themſelves in *Hector*;
The one almoſt as infinite as all,
The other blank as nothing. Weigh him well,
And that, which looks like pride, is courteſy:
This *Ajax* is half made of *Hector*'s blood;
In love whereof, half *Hector* ſtays at home;
Half heart, half hand, half *Hector* comes to ſeek
This blended knight, half *Trojan*, and half *Greek*.
Ach. A maiden battle then? O, I perceive you.

Re-enter Diomed.

Aga. Here is ſir *Diomed*:—Go, gentle knight,
Stand by our *Ajax*: As you and lord *Æneas*
Conſent upon the order of their fight,
So be it; either to the uttermoſt,
Or elſe a breath: the combatants being kin,
Half ſtints their ſtrife before their ſtrokes begin.
[Ajax *and* Hector *enter the Liſts*, Æneas *and* Diomed *marſhaling*: Greeks *range themſelves on one ſide, and* Trojans *upon the other, without.*
Aga. Ulyſſes,
What *Trojan* is that ſame, that looks ſo heavy?
Uly. The youngeſt ſon of *Priam*, a true knight;
Not yet mature, yet matcheſs; firm of word;
Speaking in deeds, and deedleſs in his tongue;
Not ſoon provok'd, nor, being provok'd, ſoon calm'd:
His heart and hand both open, and both free;
For what he has, he gives, what thinks, he ſhews;
Yet gives he not 'till judgment guide his bounty,

Nor

Nor dignifies an impair thought with breath:
Manly as *Hector*, but more dangerous;
For *Hector* in his blaze of wrath, ſubſcribes
To tender objects; but he, in heat of action,
Is more vindicative than jealous love:
• They call him, *Troilus*; and on him erect
A ſecond hope, as fairly built as *Hector*.
Thus ſays *Æneas*; one that knows the youth
Even to his inches, and, with private ſoul,
Did in great *Ilion* thus tranſlate him to me.

[*Trumpets blow to arms.* Ajax *and* Hector *fight.*

Aga. They are in action.
Neſ. Now, *Ajax*, hold thine own.
Tro. Hector thou ſleep'ſt, awake thee.
Aga. His blows are well diſpos'd:—there, *Ajax*.
Dio. You muſt no more. } *Interpoſing.*
Æne. Princes, enough, ſo pleaſe you. } *Trumpets ceaſe.*
Aja. I am not warm yet, let us fight again.
Dio. As *Hector* pleaſes.
Hec. Why then, will I no more:—
Thou art, great lord, my father's ſiſter's ſon,
A couſin-german to great *Priam*'s ſeed;
The obligation of our blood forbids
A gory emulation 'twixt us twain:
Were thy commixtion *Greek* and *Trojan* ſo,
That thou could'ſt ſay—*This hand is* Grecian *all*,
And this is Trojan; *the ſinews of this leg*
All Greece, *and this all* Troy; *my mother's blood*
Runs on the dexter cheek, and this ſiniſter
Bounds in my father's; by *Jove* multipotent,
Thou ſhould'ſt not bear from me a *Greekiſh* member
Wherein my ſword had not impreſſure made
Of our rank feud: But the juſt gods gainſay,
That any drop thou borrowd'ſt from thy mother,
My ſacred aunt, ſhould by my mortal ſword
Be drained out! Let me embrace thee, *Ajax*:
By him that thunders, thou haſt luſty arms:

• This panegyric upon *Troilus*, ſo ably expreſſed, by ſo eminent a character as *Ulyſſes*, does *Troilus* great honour; if it has a fault, it is ſaying more than almoſt any man can merit.

Hector would have them fall upon him thus:
Couſin, all honour to thee*!
Aja. I thank thee, *Hector:*
Thou art too gentle, and too free a man:
I came to kill thee, couſin, and bear hence
A great addition earned in thy death.
Hec. Not *Neoptolemus'* ſire ſo mirable
(On whoſe bright creſt Fame, with her loud'ſt O yes,
Cries, *This is he*) could promiſe to himſelf
A thought of added honour torn from *Hector.*
Æne. There is expectance here from both the ſides,
What further you will do.
Hec. We'll anſwer it;
The iſſue is embracement:—*Ajax*, farewel.
Aja. If I might in entreaties find ſucceſs,
(As ſeld I have the chance) I would deſire
My famous couſin to our *Grecian* tents.
Dio. 'Tis *Agamemnon's* wiſh; and great *Achilles*
Doth long to ſee unarm'd the valiant *Hector.*
Hec. Æneas, call my brother *Troilus* to me:
And ſignify this loving interview
To the expectors of our *Trojan* part;
Deſire them home.—Give me thy hand, my couſin;
I will go eat with thee, and ſee your knights.
Aja. Great *Agamemnon* comes to meet us here.

Chiefs enter the liſts.

Hec. The worthieſt of them tell me name by name;
But for *Achilles*, my own ſearching eyes
Shall find him by his large and portly ſize.
Aga. Worthy of arms, as welcome as to one
That would be rid of ſuch an enemy,
But that's no welcome: Underſtand more clear,
What's paſt, and what's to come, is ſtrew'd with huſks
And formleſs ruin of oblivion;
But in this extant moment, faith and troth,

* If the arguments which *Hector* uſes are juſt, ſhould they not rather have prevented the encounter entirely, than interrupted it? The ſenſibility of *Hector*, however, in being unwilling to ſpill blood akin to his own, is very conſiſtent with the piety and juſtneſs of his character.

Strain'd

Strain'd purely from all hollow bias-drawing,
Bids thee, with moſt divine integrity,
From heart of very heart, great *Hector*, welcome.
Hec. I thank thee, moſt imperious *Agamemnon*.
Aga. My well-fam'd lord of *Troy*, [*to* Tro.] no leſs to you.
Men. Let me confirm my princely brother's greeting;—
You brace of warlike brothers, welcome hither.
Hec. Whom muſt we anſwer?
Æne. The noble *Menelaus*.
Hec. O, you, my lord? by *Mars* his gauntlet, thanks! Mock not, that I affect the untraded oath;
Your *quondam* wife ſwears ſtill by *Venus'* glove:
She's well, but bad me not commend her to you.
Men. Name her not now, ſir; ſhe's a deadly theme.
Hec. O, pardon; I offend.
Neſ. I have, thou gallant *Trojan*, ſeen thee oft,
Lab'ring for deſtiny, make cruel way
Through ranks of *Greekiſh* youth: And I have ſeen thee,
As hot as *Perſeus*, ſpur thy *Phrygian* ſteed,
Deſpiſing many forfeits and ſubduements,
When thou haſt hung thy advanc'd ſword i'th' air,
Not letting it decline on the declin'd †;
That I have ſaid to ſome my ſtanders-by,
Lo, Jupiter is yonder, dealing life:
And I have ſeen thee pauſe, and take thy breath,
When that a ring of *Greeks* have hem'd thee in,
Like an *Olympian* wreſtling: This have I ſeen;
But this thy countenance, ſtill lock'd in ſteel,
I never ſaw 'till now. I knew thy grandſire,
And once fought with him: he was a ſoldier good;
But, by great *Mars*, the captain of us all,
Never like thee: Let an old man embrace thee;
And, worthy warrior, welcome to our tents.
Æne. 'Tis the old *Neſtor*.
Hec. Let me embrace thee, good old chronicle,
That haſt ſo long walk'd hand in hand with time:
Moſt reverend *Neſtor*, I am glad to claſp thee.

† A delicate and admirable compliment to a brave man's humanity, who, though regardleſs of life himſelf, will not take it unneceſſarily from another.

Nef. I would my arms could match thee in contention,
As they contend with thee in courteſy.
Hec. I would, they could.
Nef. Ha!
By this white beard, I'd fight with thee to-morrow.
Well, welcome, welcome; I have ſeen the time ‡.
Uly. I wonder now how yonder city ſtands,
When we have here her baſe and pillar by us.
Hec. I know your favour, lord *Ulyſſes*, well.
Ah, ſir, there's many a *Greek* and *Trojan* dead,
Since firſt I ſaw yourſelf and *Diomed*
In *Ilion*, on your *Greekiſh* embaſſy.
Uly. Sir, I foretold you then what would enſue:
My propheſy is but half his journey yet;
For yonder walls, that pertly front your town,
Yon' towers, whoſe wanton tops do buſs the clouds,
Muſt kiſs their own feet.
Hec. I muſt not believe you:
There they ſtand yet; and modeſtly I think,
The fall of every *Phrygian* ſtone will coſt
A drop of *Grecian* blood: The end crowns all;
And that old common arbitrator, time,
Will one day end it.
Uly. So to him we leave it.
Moſt gentle, and moſt valiant *Hector*, welcome:
After the general, I beſeech you next
To feaſt with me, and ſee me at my tent.
Ach. I ſhall foreſtal thee, lord *Ulyſſes*; thou!
Now, *Hector*, I have fed mine eyes on thee;
I have with exact view perus'd thee, *Hector*,
And quoted joint by joint.
Hec. Is this *Achilles*?
Ach. I am *Achilles*.
Hec. Stand fair, I pray thee, let me look on thee.
Ach. Behold thy fill.
Hec. Nay, I have done already.
Ach. Thou art too brief; I will the ſecond time,
As I would buy thee, view thee limb by limb.

‡ A moſt natural effuſion this of a brave mind, though encircled with an enervated body.

Hec. O, like a book of ſport thou'lt read me o'er;
But there's more in me, than thou underſtand'ſt.
Why doſt thou ſo oppreſs me with thine eye?

Ach. Tell me, you heav'ns, in which part of his body
Shall I deſtroy him; whether there, there, or there?
That I may give the local wound a name;
And make diſtinct the very breach, whereout
Hector's great ſpirit flew: Anſwer me, heavens.

Hec. It would diſcredit the bleſt gods, proud man,
To anſwer ſuch a queſtion: Stand again:
Think'ſt thou to catch my life ſo pleaſantly,
As to prenominate in nice conjecture
Where thou wilt hit me dead?

Ach. I tell thee, yea.

Hec. Wert thou an oracle to tell me ſo,
I'd not believe thee. Henceforth guard thee well;
For I'll not kill thee there, nor there, nor there;
But, by the forge that ſtythy'd *Mars* his helm,
I'll kill thee every where, yea, o'er and o'er.—
You wiſeſt *Grecians*, pardon me this brag,
His inſolence draws folly from my lips;
But I'll endeavour deeds to match theſe words,
Or may I never—

Aja. Do not chafe thee, couſin;—
And you, *Achilles*, let theſe threats alone,
'Till accident, or purpoſe, bring you to't:
You may have every day enough of *Hector*,
If you have ſtomach; the general ſtate, I fear,
Can ſcarce entreat you to be odd with him.

Hec. I pray you, let us ſee you in the field;
We have had pelting wars, ſince you refus'd
The *Grecians*' cauſe.

Ach. Doſt thou entreat me, *Hector*?
To-morrow do I meet thee, fell as death;
To-night, all friends *.

Hec. Thy hand upon that match.

* The challenge of *Hector* and *Achilles* is brought about ſomewhat in a brutal manner, much beneath ſuch exalted perſonages; however, the fourth act reduced muſt appear the beſt hitherto in repreſentation.

Aga. Firſt, all you peers of *Greece*, go to my tent;
There in the full convive we: afterwards,
As *Hector*'s leiſure and your bounties ſhall
Concur together, ſeverally intreat him.—
Beat loud the tabourines, let the trumpets blow,
That this great ſoldier may his welcome know. [*Flouriſh.*
[*Exeunt.* Troilus *ſtays* Ulyſſes.

Tro. My lord *Ulyſſes*, tell me, I beſeech you,
In what place of the field doth *Calchas* keep?

Uly. At *Menelaus*' tent, moſt princely *Troilus*:
There *Diomed* doth feaſt with him to-night;
Who neither looks upon the heaven, nor earth,
But gives all gaze and bent of amorous view
On the fair *Creſſid*.

Tro. Shall I, ſweet lord, be bound to you ſo much,
After we part from *Agamemnon*'s tent,
To bring me thither?

Uly. You ſhall command me, ſir.
As gentle tell me, of what honour was
This *Creſſida* in *Troy*? had ſhe no lover there,
That wails her abſence?

Tro. O, ſir, to ſuch as boaſting ſhew their ſcars,
A mock is due. Will you walk on, my lord?
She was belov'd, ſhe lov'd; ſhe is, and doth:
But ſtill, ſweet love is food for fortune's tooth. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. *The* Greek *Camp*. *Before* Achilles's *tent*.

Enter Achilles *and* Patroclus.

" ACHILLES.

" I'LL heat his blood with *Greekiſh* wine to-night,
" Which with my ſcimitar I'll cool to-morrow.—
" *Patroclus*, let us feaſt him to the heighth.

" *Pat.* Here comes *Therſites*.

" *Enter* Therſites *with a letter.*

" *Ach.* How now, thou core of envy?
" Thou cruſty batch of nature, what's the news?
" *Ther.* Why, thou picture of what thou ſeem'ſt, and
" idol of ideot-worſhippers, here's a letter for thee.
" *Ach.* From whence, fragment?
" *Ther.* Why, thou full diſh of fool, from *Troy*.
" [Achilles *reads.*
" *Pat.* Who keeps the tent now?
" *Ther.* The ſurgeon's box, or the patient's wound.
" *Pat.* Well ſaid, adverſity! and what need theſe
" tricks?
" *Ther.* Pr'ythee, be ſilent, boy; I profit not by thy
" talk: thou art thought to be *Achilles'* male harlot.
" *Pat.* Male harlot, you rogue? what's that?
" *Ther.* Why, his maſculine whore. Now the rotten
" diſeaſes of the ſouth, the guts-griping, ruptures, loads
" of gravel i'th' back, catarrhs, lethargies, cold palſies,
" raw eyes, dirt-rotten livers, wheezing lungs, bladders
" full of impoſthume, ſciaticas, lime-kilns i'th' palm,
" incurable bone-ach, and the rivel'd fee-ſimple of the
" tetter, take and take again ſuch prepoſterous diſco-
" veries!
" *Pat.* Why, thou damnable box of envy, thou, what
" meaneſt thou to curſe thus?
" *Ther.* Do I curſe thee?
" *Pat.* Why, no, you ruinous but; you whorſon in-
" diſtinguiſhable cur, no.
" *Ther.* No? thou art then exaſperate, thou idle im-
" material ſkein of ſleeve ſilk, thou green ſarcenet flap
" for a ſore eye, thou toſſel of a prodigal's purſe, thou?
" Ah, how the poor world is peſter'd with ſuch water-
" flies; diminutives of nature!
" *Pat.* Out, gall!
" *Ther.* Finch-egg!
" *Ach.* My ſweet *Patroclus*. I am thwarted quite
" From my great purpoſe in to-morrow's battle:
" Here is a letter from queen *Hecuba*;
" A token from her daughter, my fair love;
" Both taxing me, and gaging me to keep

" An oath that I have ſworn. I will not break it:
" Fall, *Greeks*; fail, fame; honour, or go, or ſtay;
" My major vow lies here, this I'll obey.—
" Come, come, *Therſites*, help to trim my tent;
" This night in banquetting muſt all be ſpent.—
" Away, *Patroclus*. [*Exeunt* Ach. *and* Pat.

" *Ther.* With too much blood, and too little brain, " theſe two may run mad; but if with too much brain, " and too little blood, they do, I'll be a curer of mad- " men. Here's *Agamemnon*,—an honeſt fellow enough, " and one that loves quails; but he has not ſo much " brain as ear-wax: And the goodly transformation of " *Jupiter* there, his brother, the bull,—the primitive " ſtatue, and obeliſque memorial of cuckolds; a thrifty " ſhooing-horn in a chain, hanging at his brother's leg, " —to what form, but that he is of, ſhould wit larded " with malice, and malice forced with wit, turn him " to? to an aſs, were nothing; he is both aſs and ox: " to an ox, were nothing; he is both ox and aſs. To " be a dog, a mule, a cat, a fitchew, a toad, a lizard, " an owl, a puttock, or a herring without a roe, I " would not care: but to be *Menelaus*, I would conſpire " againſt deſtiny. Aſk me not what I would be, if I " were not *Therſites*; for I care not to be the louſe of a " lazar, ſo I were not *Menelaus*. Hey-day! ſprites and " fires!

* *Enter* Agamemnon, Ajax, Hector, Ulyſſes, Neſtor, Diomed, Troilus, *and* Menelaus, *with Lights*.

Aga. We go wrong, we go wrong.
Aja. No, yonder 'tis;
There, where we ſee the lights.
Hec. I trouble you.
Aja. No, not a whit.
Uly. Here comes himſelf to guide you.

Enter Achilles.

Ach. Welcome, brave *Hector*;—welcome, princes all.
Aga. So now, fair prince of *Troy*, I bid good night.

* The Act ſhould undoubtedly begin here; every preceding ſyllable ſeems to us much fitter for rejection than acceptance.

Aja.

Ajax commands the guard to tend on you.

Hec. Thanks, and good night, to the *Greeks'* general.

Men. Good night, my lord.

Hec. Good night, ſweet *Menelaus.*

† *Ther.* Sweet draff: Sweet, quoth a'! ſweet ſink, ſweet ſewer.

Ach. Good night, and welcome, both at once, to thoſe That go, or tarry.

Aga. Good night. [*Exeunt* Aga. *and* Men.

Ach. Old *Neſtor* tarries;—and you too, *Diomed,* Keep *Hector* company an hour or two.

Dio. I cannot, lord; I have important buſineſs, The tide whereof is now.—Good night, great *Hector.*

Hec. Give me your hand. [*To* Dio.

Uly. Follow his torch, he goes to *Calchas'* tent: I'll keep you company.

Tro. Sweet ſir, you honour me.

Hec. And ſo, good night.

[*Exit* Diomed; Uly. *and* Tro. *following.*

Ach. Come, come, enter my tent.

[*Exeunt* Achilles, Hector, Ajax, *and* Neſtor.

Ther. That ſame *Diomed's* a falſe-hearted rogue, a moſt unjuſt knave; I will no more truſt him when he leers, than I will a ſerpent when he hiſſes: he will ſpend his mouth, and promiſe, like *Brabler* the hound; but when he performs, aſtronomers foretel it; it is prodigious, there will come ſome change, the ſun borrows of the moon, when *Diomed* keeps his word. I will rather leave to ſee *Hector,* than not to dog him: they ſay, he keeps a *Trojan* drab, and uſes the traitor *Calchas'* tent: I'll after. Nothing but lechery! all incontinent varlets ‡. [*Exit.*

† A very fulſome, unpleaſing line; attempting that ſatisfaction it deſtroys.

‡ This ſhort part of the firſt ſcene is nearly as ſuperfluous as what goes before it; indeed a number of entries in this play ſeem more calculated for protraction than uſe.

SCENE II. *The ſame. Before* Calchas' *Tent.*

Enter Diomed, *with a Torch.*

Dio. What, are you up here, ho? ſpeak.
Cal. [*within.*] who calls?
Dio. Diomed:
Calchas, where is your daughter?
Cal. [*within.*] She comes to you.

Enter Ulyſſes, *and* Troilus, *at a Diſtance; after them,* Therſites.

Uly. Stand where the torch may not diſcover us.

Enter Creſſida.

Tro. Creſſid come forth to him!
Dio. How now, my charge?
Cre. Now, my ſweet guardian!—Hark.
A word with you. [*Whiſpering him.*
Tro. Yea, ſo familiar!
Uly. She will ſing any man at firſt ſight.
" *The.* And any man
" May ſing her, if he can take her cliff; ſhe's noted *.
Dio. Will you remember?
Cre. Remember? yes.
Dio. Nay, but do then;
And let your mind be coupl'd with your words.
Tro. What ſhould ſhe remember?
Uly. Liſt!
Cre. Sweet honey *Greek*, tempt me no more to folly.
The. Roguery.
Dio. Nay, then,—
Cre. I'll tell you what:
Dio. Pho, pho! come, tell a pin: You are forſworn.
Cre. In faith, I cannot: What would you have me do?
The. A juggling trick, to be—ſecretly open.
Dio. What did you ſwear, you would beſtow on me?
Cre. I pr'ythee, do not hold me to mine oath;
Bid me do any thing but that, ſweet *Greek*.

* This line and half throw out ſomewhat very groſs.

Dio. Good night.
Tro. Hold, patience!
Uly. How now, *Trojan?*
Cre. *Diomed,*—
Dio. No, no, good night; I'll be your fool no more.
Tro. Thy better muſt.
Cre. Hark, one word in your ear.
Tro. O plague and madneſs!
Uly. You are mov'd, prince; let us depart, I pray you,
Leſt your diſpleaſure ſhould enlarge itſelf
To wrathful terms: this place is dangerous;
The time right deadly; I beſeech you, go.
" *Tro.* Behold, I pray you!
" *Uly.* Now, good my lord, go off;
" You flow to great diſtraction: come, my lord.
" *Tro.* I pr'ythee, ſtay.
" *Uly.* You have not patience; come.
" *Tro.* I pray you, ſtay; by hell, and all hell's tor-
" ments,
" I will not ſpeak a word.
" *Dio.* And ſo, good night.
Cre. Nay, but you part in anger.
Tro. Doth that grieve thee?
O wither'd truth!
Uly. How now, my lord?
Tro. By *Jove,*
I will be patient.
Cre. Guardian,—why, *Greek,*—
Dio. Pho, pho! adieu; you palter.
Cre. In faith, I do not; come hither once again.
" *Uly.* You ſhake, my lord, at ſomething: Will
" you go?
" You will break out.
" *Tro.* She ſtrokes his cheek!
" *Uly.* Come, come.
" *Tro.* Nay, ſtay; by *Jove* I will not ſpeak a word:
" There is between my will and all offences
" A guard of patience; ſtay a little while.
" *Ther.* How the devil, luxury, with his fat rump, and
" Potatoe

" * Potatoe finger, tickles theſe together!—
" Fry, lechery, fry!
" *Dio.* But will you then?
" *Cre.* In faith, I will, la; never truſt me elſe.
Dio. Give me ſome token for the ſurety of it.
Cre. I'll fetch you one. [*Exit.*
Uly. You have ſworn patience.
Tro. Fear me not, my lord;
I will not be myſelf, nor have cognition
Of what I feel; I am all patience.

Re-enter Creſſida.

The. Now the pledge; now, now, now!
Cre. Here, *Diomed*, keep this ſleeve.
Tro. O, beauty!
Where is thy faith?
Uly. My lord,—
Tro. I will be patient; outwardly I will.
Cre. You look upon that ſleeve; behold it well:
He lov'd me—O falſe wench!—Giv't me again.
Dio. Whoſe was't?
Cre. It is no matter, now I hav't again.
I will not meet with you to-morrow night:
I pr'ythee, *Diomed*, viſit me no more.
The. Now ſhe ſharpens; well ſaid, whetſtone.
Dio. I ſhall have it again.
Cre. What, this?
Dio. Ay, that.
Cre. O all you gods!—O pretty pretty pledge!
Thy maſter now lies thinking in his bed
Of thee, and me; and ſighs, and takes my glove,
And gives memorial dainty kiſſes to it,
As I kiſs thee.—Nay, do not ſnatch it from me;
He, that takes that, doth take my heart withal.
Dio. I had your heart before, this follows it.
Tro. I did ſwear patience.
Cre. You ſhall not have it, *Diomed*; 'faith, you ſhall not;
I'll give you ſomething elſe.

* How came potatoes known at *Troy*? they were very little known here in *Shakeſpeare*'s time. Beſides, how this root particularly connects with luxury is by no means clear; we wiſh it omitted.

Dio. I will have this: Whoſe was it?
Cre. It is no matter.
Dio. Come, tell me whoſe it was.
Cre. 'Twas one's that lov'd me better than you will. But, now you have it, take it.
Dio. But whoſe was it?
Cre. By all *Diana*'s waiting-women yonder, And by herſelf, I will not tell you whoſe.
Dio. To-morrow I will wear it on my helm; And grieve his ſpirit, that dares not challenge it.
Tro. Wert thou the devil, and wor'ſt it on thy horn, It ſhould be challeng'd *.
Cre. Well, well, 'tis done, 'tis paſt;—and yet it is not; I will not keep my word.
Dio. Why then, farewel; Thou never ſhalt mock *Diomed* again.
Cre. You ſhall not go: One cannot ſpeak a word, But it ſtraight ſtarts you.
Dio. I do not like this fooling.
Tbe. Nor I, by *Pluto*: but that that likes not me, Pleaſes me beſt.
Dio. What, ſhall I come? the hour?
Cre. Ay, come:—O *Jove!* Do, come:—I ſhall be plagu'd.
Dio. Farewel 'till then.
Cre. Good night. I pr'ythee, come. [*Exit* Dio. *Troilus*, farewel! one eye yet looks on thee; But with my heart the other eye doth ſee. Ah, poor our ſex! this fault in us I find, The error of our eye directs our mind: What error leads, muſt err; O then conclude, † Minds, ſway'd by eyes, are full of turpitude. [*Exit* Cre.
" *Tbe.* A proof of ſtrength ſhe could not publiſh more, " Unleſs ſhe ſay, my mind is now turn'd whore.
" *Uly.* All's done, my lord.
" *Tro.* It is.
" *Uly.* Why ſtay we then?

* There is an intolerable quantity of trivial matter to bring about this challenge, without any thing tragically affecting or comically amuſing.

† This remark is practically juſt, but reflects much at preſent on *Creſſida.*

Tro. To make a recordation to my ſoul
Of every ſyllable that here was ſpoke.
But, if I tell how theſe two did co-act,
Shall I not lie in publiſhing a truth?
Sith yet there is a credence in my heart,
An eſperance ſo obſtinately ſtrong,
That doth invert the atteſt of eyes and ears;
As if thoſe organs had deceptious functions,
Created only to calumniate.
Was *Creſſid* here?
" *Uly.* I cannot conjure, *Trojan.*
" *Tro.* She was not, ſure.
" *Uly.* Moſt ſure ſhe was.
" *Tro.* Why, my negation hath no taſte of madneſs.
" *Uly.* Nor mine, my lord: *Creſſid* was here but now.
" *Tro.* Let it not be believ'd for womanhood;
" Think, we had mothers; do not give advantage
" To ſtubborn critics—apt, without a theme,
" For depravation—to ſquare the general ſex
" By *Creſſid*'s rule: rather think this not *Creſſid.*
" *Uly.* What hath ſhe done, prince, that can ſoil our
" mothers?
" *Tro.* Nothing at all, unleſs that this were ſhe.
" *Tho.* Will he ſwagger himſelf out on's own eyes?
" *Tro.* This ſhe? no, this is *Diomed*'s *Creſſida*:
If beauty have a ſoul, this is not ſhe;
If ſouls guide vows, if vows be ſanctimony,
If ſanctimony be the gods' delight,
If there be rule in unity itſelf,
This is not ſhe. O madneſs of diſcourſe,
That cauſe ſets up with and againſt itſelf!
" Bi-fold authority! where reaſon can revolt
" Without perdition, and loſs aſſume all reaſon
" Without revolt: this is, and is not, *Creſſid!*
" Within my ſoul there doth commence a fight
" Of this ſtrange nature, that a thing inſeparate
" Divides more wider than the ſky and earth;
" And yet the ſpacious breadth of this diviſion
" Admits no orifice for a point, as ſubtle
" As is *Arachne*'s broken woof, to enter.
" Inſtance, O inſtance! ſtrong as *Pluto*'s gates;

Creſſid is mine, ty'd with the bonds of heaven:
Inſtance, O inſtance! ſtrong as heaven itſelf;
The bonds of heaven are ſlipt, diſſolv'd, and loos'd;
And with another knot, five finger ty'd,
The fractions of her faith, orts of her love,
The fragments, ſcraps, the bits and greazy relicks
Of her o'er-eaten faith, are bound to *Diomed*.

Uly. May worthy *Troilus* be half attach'd
With that which here his paſſion doth expreſs?

Tro. Ay, *Greek*; and that ſhall be divulged well
In characters as red as *Mars* his heart
Inflam'd with *Venus*: never did young man fancy
With ſo eternal and ſo fixt a ſoul.
Hark, *Greek*,—As much as I do *Creſſid* love,
So much by weight hate I her *Diomed*:
That ſleeve is mine, that he'll bear on his helm;
Were it a caſque compos'd by *Vulcan*'s ſkill,
My ſword ſhould bite it: not the dreadful ſpout,
Which ſhipmen do the hurricano call,
Conſtring'd in maſs by the almighty ſun,
Shall dizzy with more clamour *Neptune*'s ear
In his deſcent, than ſhall my prompted ſword
Falling on *Diomed* *.

Ther. He'll tickle it for his concupy.

Tro. O *Creſſid!* O falſe *Creſſid!* falſe, falſe, falſe!
Let all untruths ſtand by thy ſtained name,
And they'll ſeem glorious.

Uly. O, contain yourſelf;
Your paſſion draws ears hither.

Enter Æneas.

Æne. I have been ſeeking you this hour, my lord:
Hector, by this, is arming him in *Troy*;
Ajax, your guard, ſtays to conduct you home.

Tro. Have with you, prince:—My courteous lord, adieu:—
Farewel, revolted fair!—and, *Diomed*,
Stand faſt, and wear a caſtle on thy head.

* Very hyperbolical the latter part of this ſpeech, but the fancy of *Troilus* juſtifies it.

Uly. I'll bring you to the gates.

Tro. Accept diſtracted thanks.

[*Exeunt* Tro. Æne. *and* Uly.

" *Ther.* 'Would, I could meet that rogue *Diomed!*
" I would croak like a raven; I would bode, I would
" bode. *Patroclus* will give me any thing for the in-
" telligence of this whore: the parrot will not do more
" for an almond, than he for a commodious drab.
" Lechery, lechery; ſtill, wars, and lechery; nothing
" elſe holds faſhion: A burning devil take them †!

[*Exit.*

SCENE III. Troy. *Before* Priam's *Palace.*

Enter Hector *arm'd, and* Andromache.

And. When was my lord ſo much ungently temper'd,
To ſtop his ears againſt admoniſhment?
Unarm, unarm, and do not fight to-day.

Hec. You train me to offend you; get you in:
By all the everlaſting gods, I'll go.

And. My dreams will, ſure, prove ominous to-day.

Hec. No more, I ſay.

Enter Caſſandra.

Caſ. Where is my brother *Hector?*

And. Here, ſiſter; arm'd, and bloody in intent:
Conſort with me in loud and dear petition,
Purſue we him on knees; for I have dreamt
Of bloody turbulence, and this whole night
Hath nothing been but ſhapes and forms of ſlaughter.

Caſ. O, it is true.

Hec. Ho, bid my trumpet ſound!

Caſ. No notes of ſally, for the heavens, ſweet brother.

Hec. Begone, I ſay: the gods have heard me ſwear.

Caſ. The gods are deaf to hot and peeviſh vows;
They are polluted off'rings, more abhorr'd
Than ſpotted livers in the ſacrifice.

And. O, be perſuaded: Do not count it holy,
To hurt by being juſt: it is as lawful,

† *Therſites* is rather too free in his expreſſions again; wherefore the ſcene had better cloſe with the departure of *Troilus.*

For us to count we give what's gain'd by theſts,
And rob in the behalf of charity.
Caſ. It is the purpoſe, that makes ſtrong the vow;
But vows, to every purpoſe, muſt not hold:
Unarm, ſweet *Hector*.
Hec. Hold you ſtill, I ſay;
Mine honour keeps the weather of my fate:
Life every man holds dear; but the brave man
Holds honour far more precious-dear than life ‡.—

Enter Troilus, *arm'd*.

How now, young man? mean'ſt thou to fight to-day?
And. Caſſandra, call my father to perſuade.
[*Exit* Caſſandra.
Hec. No, 'faith, young *Troilus*; doff thy harneſs, youth;
I am to-day i'th' vein of chivalry:
Let grow thy ſinews 'till their knots be ſtrong,
And tempt not yet the bruſhes of the war.
Unarm thee, go; and doubt thou not, brave boy,
I'll ſtand, to-day, for thee, and me, and *Troy*.
Tro. Brother, you have a vice of mercy in you,
Which better fits a lion, than a man.
Hec. What vice is that, good *Troilus*? chide me for it.
Tro. When many times the captive *Grecians* fall,
Even in the fan and wind of your fair ſword,
You bid them riſe, and live.
Hec. O, 'tis fair play.
Tro. Fools' play, by heaven, *Hector*.
Hec. How now? how now?
Tro. For th' love of all the gods,
Let's leave the hermit pity with our mother;
And when we have our armours buckl'd on,
The venom'd vengeance ride upon our ſwords;
Spur them to ruthful work, rein them from ruth.
Hec. Fie, ſavage, fie!
Tro. Hector, thus 'tis in wars.
Hec. Troilus, I would not have you fight to-day.

‡ Nothing could be more conciſely or more emphatically expreſſed than this true principle of courage.

Tro. Who ſhould withhold me?
Not fate, obedience, nor the hand of *Mars*
Beck'ning with fiery truncheon my retire;
Not *Priamus* and *Hecuba* on knees,
Their eyes o'er-galled with recourſe of tears;
Nor you, my brother, with your true ſword drawn,
Oppos'd to hinder me, ſhould ſtop my way,
But by my ruin.

" *Re-enter* Caſſandra, *with* Priam.

" *Caſ.* Lay hold upon him, *Priam*, hold him faſt:
" He is thy crutch; now if thou loſe thy ſtay,
" Thou on him leaning, and all *Troy* on thee,
" Fall all together.
" *Pri.* Come, *Hector*, come, go back:
" Thy wife hath dreamt; thy mother hath had viſions;
" *Caſſandra* doth foreſee; and I myſelf
" Am like a prophet ſuddenly enrapt,
" To tell thee—that this day is ominous:
" Therefore, come back.
" *Hec. Æneas* is a-field;
" And I do ſtand engag'd to many *Greeks*,
" Even in the faith of valour, to appear
" This morning to them.
" *Pri.* Ay, but thou ſhalt not go.
" *Hec.* I muſt not break my faith.
" You know me dutiful; therefore, dear ſir,
" Let me not ſhame reſpect; but give me leave
" To take that courſe by your conſent and voice,
" Which you do here forbid me, royal *Priam*.
" *Caſ.* O *Priam*, yield not to him.
" *And.* Do not, dear father.
" *Hec. Andromache*, I am offended with you:
" Upon the love you bear me, get you in.
" [*Exit* Andromache.
" *Tro.* This, fooliſh, dreaming, ſuperſtitious girl
" Makes all theſe bodements.
" *Caſ.* O, farewel, dear *Hector*.
" Look, how thou dy'ſt! look, how thy eye turns pale!
" Look, how thy wounds do bleed at many vents!
" Hark, how *Troy* roars; how *Hecuba* cries out;

" How poor *Andromache* ſhrills her dolours forth!
" Behold, diſtraction, frenzy, and amazement,
" Like witleſs anticks, one another meet,
" And all cry—*Hector! Hector's* dead! O *Hector!*
" *Tro.* Away, away!
" *Caſ.* Farewel.—Yet, ſoft:—*Hector*, I take my
" leave:
" Thou doſt thyſelf and all our *Troy* deceive.
" [*Exit* Caſſandra.
" *Hec.* You are amaz'd, my liege, at her exclaim:
" Go in, and cheer the town: we'll forth, and fight;
" Do deeds of praiſe, and tell you them at night.
" *Pri.* Farewel: The gods with ſafety ſtand about
" thee! " [*Alarums* ‡.

Tro. They are at it, hark!—proud *Diomed*, believe, I come to loſe my arm, or win my ſleeve. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *Between* Troy *and the* Greek *Camp.*

A Field of Battle. Alarums: Excurſions.

Enter Therſites.

Ther. Now they are clapper-clawing one another; I'll go look on. That diſſembling abominable varlet, *Diomed*, has got that ſame ſcurvy doating fooliſh knave's ſleeve of *Troy*, there, in his helm: I would fain ſee them meet; that that ſame young *Trojan* aſs, that loves the whore there, might ſend that *Greekiſh* whore-maſterly villain, with the ſleeve, back to the diſſembling luxurious drab, of a ſleeveleſs errand. O'th' other ſide, The policy of thoſe crafty ſneering raſcals—that ſtale old mouſe-eaten dry cheeſe, *Neſtor*; and that ſame dog fox, *Ulyſſes*,—is not prov'd worth a black-berry: They ſet me up, in policy, that mungril cur, *Ajax*, againſt that dog of as bad a kind, *Achilles*: and now is the cur *Ajax* prouder than the cur *Achilles*, and will not arm to-day; whereupon the *Grecians* begin to proclaim barbariſm, and policy grows into an ill opinion. Soft! here comes ſleeve, and t'other.

‡ The ſcene would have much more ſpirit to be repreſented as we have marked it.

Enter Diomed, Troilus *following.*

Tro. Fly not; for, ſhould'ſt thou take the river *Styx*, I would ſwim after.

Dio. Thou doſt miſ-call retire:
I do not fly; but advantageous care
Withdrew me from the odds of multitude:
Have at thee!

Thc. Hold thy whore, *Grecian!*—now for thy whore, *Trojan!*—now the ſleeve, now the ſleeve!

[*Exeunt* Diomed *and* Troilus, *fighting.*

Enter Hector.

Hec. What art thou, *Greek?* art thou for *Hector*'s match?
Art thou of blood, and honour?

Thc. No, no: I am a raſcal;
A ſcurvy railing knave; a very filthy rogue.

Hec. I do believe thee; live. [*Exit.*

Thc. God-a-mercy, that thou wilt believe me; but a plague break thy neck, for frighting me! What's become of the wenching rogues? I think, they have ſwallow'd one another: I would laugh at that miracle. Yet, in a ſort, lechery eats itſelf. I'll ſeek them §. [*Exit.*

SCENE V. *The ſame.*

Alarums: Enter Diomed, *and a* Servant.

Dio. Go, go, my ſervant, take thou *Troilus'* horſe;
Preſent the fair ſteed to my lady *Creſſid:*
Fellow, commend my ſervice to her beauty;
Tell her, I have chaſtis'd the amorous *Trojan*,
And am her knight by proof.

Ser. I go, my lord. [*Exit* Servant.

Enter Agamemnon, *haſtily.*

Aga. Renew, renew! the fierce *Polidamas*
Hath beat down *Menon:* baſtard *Margarelon*
Hath *Doreus* priſoner;

§ Unleſs for a ſmall matter of laugh, which muſt enſue from *Therſites* in this ſcene, we could wiſh it conſigned to oblivion.

And ſtands *Coloſſus*-wiſe, waving his beam,
Upon the paſhed corſes of the kings
Epiſtrophus and *Cedius: Polixenes* is ſlain;
Amphimachus, and *Thoas*, deadly hurt;
Patroclus ta'en, or ſlain; and *Palamedes*
Sore hurt and bruis'd: the dreadful Sagittary
Appals our numbers; haſte we, *Diomed*,
To re-inforcement, or we periſh all.

Enter Neſtor.

Neſ. Go, bear *Patroclus'* body to *Achilles*;
[*to his Followers.*
And bid the ſnail-pac'd *Ajax* arm for ſhame.—
There is a thouſand *Hectors* in the field:
Now here he fights on *Galathe* his horſe,
And there lacks work; anon he's there afoot,
And there they fly, or die, like ſcaled ſculls
Before the belching whale; then is he yonder,
And there the ſtrawy *Greeks*, ripe for his edge,
Fall down before him, like the mower's ſwath ‡:
Here, there, and every where, he leaves, and takes;
Dexterity ſo obeying appetite,
That what he will, he does; and does ſo much,
That proof is call'd impoſſibility.

Enter Ulyſſes.

Uly. O, courage, courage, princes! great *Achilles*
Is arming, weeping, curſing, vowing vengeance:
Patroclus' wounds have rouz'd his drowzy blood;
Together with his mangl'd *Myrmidons*,
That noſeleſs, handleſs, hackt and chipt come to him,
Crying on *Hector*. *Ajax* hath loſt a friend,
And foams at mouth, and he is arm'd, and at it,
Roaring for *Troilus*; who hath done to-day
Mad and fantaſtic execution;
Engaging and redeeming of himſelf,
With ſuch a careleſs force, and forceleſs care,
As if that luck, in very ſpite of cunning,
Bad him win all.

‡ The complicate ideas of the whale chaſing a ſcull of ſmall fiſh, or a mower ſweeping down graſs, magnify *Hector*'s character, as an overbearing warrior, very much.

Enter Ajax.

Aja. *Troilus!* thou coward *Troilus!* [*Exit.*

Dio. Ay, there, there.

Neſ. So, ſo, we draw together.

Enter Achilles.

Ach. Where is this *Hector?*
Come, come, thou boy-queller, ſhew me thy face;
Know what it is to meet *Achilles* angry:
Hector! where's *Hector?* I will none but *Hector.*
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. *Another part of the field.*

Enter Ajax.

Aja. *Troilus,* thou coward *Troilus,* ſhew thy head!

Enter Diomed.

Dio. *Troilus,* I ſay! where's *Troilus?*

Aja. What would'ſt thou?

Dio. I would correct him.

Aja. Were I the general, thou ſhouldſt have my office,
Ere that correction:—*Troilus,* I ſay! what, *Troilus!*

Enter Troilus.

Tro. O traitor *Diomed!*—turn thy falſe face, thou traitor,
And pay the life thou ow'ſt me for my horſe.

Dio. Ha! art thou there?

Aja. I'll fight with him alone: ſtand, *Diomed.*

Dio. He is my prize, I will not look upon.

Tro. Come both, you cogging *Greeks;* have at you both. [*Exeunt, fighting.*

Enter Hector.

Hec. Yea, *Troilus?* O, well fought, my youngeſt brother!

Enter Achilles.

Ach. Now do I ſee thee: Ha!—Have at thee, *Hector.*

Hec. Pauſe, if thou wilt. [*Dropping his ſword.*

Ach. I do diſdain thy courteſy, proud *Trojan.*
Be happy, that my arms are out of uſe:
My reſt and negligence befriend thee now,

But thou anon ſhalt hear of me again;
'Till when, go ſeek thy fortune. [*Exit*†.

Hec. Fare thee well:
I would have been much more a freſher man,
Had I expected thee.—How now, my brother?

Re-enter Troïlus *haſtily.*

Tro. *Ajax* hath ta'en *Æneas*; ſhall it be?
No, by the flame of yonder glorious heaven,
He ſhall not carry him; I'll be ta'en too,
Or bring him off:—Fate, hear me what I ſay!
I reck not though I end my life to-day. [*Exit.*

Alarums. *Enter* Grecians, *and paſs over; amongſt them, one in goodly armour.*

Hec. Stand, ſtand, thou *Greek*; thou art a goodly mark!—
No? wilt thou not?—I like thy armour well;
I'll fruſh it, and unlock the rivets all,
But I'll be maſter of it:—Wilt thou not, beaſt, abide?
Why then, fly on, I'll hunt thee for thy hide. [*Exit.*

SCENE VII. *The ſame.*

Alarums. *Enter* Achilles *with Myrmidons.*

Ach. Come here about me, you my *Myrmidons*;
Mark what I ſay,—Attend me where I wheel:
Strike not a ſtroke, but keep yourſelves in breath;
And when I have the bloody *Hector* found,
Empale him with your weapons round about;
In fellest manner execute your aims.
Follow me, ſirs, and my proceedings eye:—
It is decreed—*Hector* the great muſt die. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII. *The ſame*‡.

Alarums. *Enter* Paris *and* Menelaus, *fighting*; Therſites *after them.*

Ther. The cuckold and the cuckold-maker are at it:—
Now, bull! now, dog! 'Loo, *Paris*, 'loo! now my

† This is a very odd whim of *Achilles* to leave his great antagoniſt ſo indeterminately, when a regular challenge had paſſed between them.

‡ All theſe excurſionary ſcenes are much too full of action for repreſentation.

double-

double hen'd ſparrow! loo, *Paris*, loo! The bull has the game:—'ware horns, ho! [*Exeunt* Par. *and* Men.

Enter Margarelon.

Mar. Turn, ſlave, and fight.

Tbe. What art thou?

Mar. A baſtard ſon of *Priam's*.

Tbe. I am a baſtard too; I love baſtards: I am baſtard-begot, baſtard inſtructed, baſtard in mind, baſtard in valour, in every thing illegitimate. One bear will not bite another, and wherefore ſhould one baſtard? Take heed, the quarrel's moſt ominous to us: if the ſon of a whore fight for a whore, he tempts judgment: Farewel, baſtard. [*Exit.*

Mar. The devil take thee, coward! [*Exit.*

SCENE IX. *Another part of the field.*

Alarms. Enter Hector.

Hec. Moſt putrified core, ſo fair without,
Thy goodly armour thus hath coſt thy life.
Now is my day's work done; I'll take good breath:
[*Putting off his helmet.*
Reſt, ſword; thou haſt thy fill of blood and death.

Shouts within. Enter Achilles *and Myrmidons.*

Ach. Look, *Hector*, how the ſun begins to ſet;
How ugly night comes breathing at his heels:
Even with the veil and darking of the ſun,
To cloſe the day up, *Hector's* life is done.
[*Aſſaulting him.*

Hec. I am unarm'd, forego this vantage, *Greek*.

Ach. Strike, fellows, ſtrike, this is the man I ſeek.—
[Hector *falls* †.
So, *Ilion*, fall thou next! now, *Troy*, ſink down;
Here lies thy heart, thy ſinews, and thy bone.—
On, *Myrmidons*; and cry you all amain,
Achilles *hath the mighty* Hector *ſlain.* [*Retreat heard.*
Hark! a retreat upon our *Grecian* part.

† This is a moſt cowardly mean conqueſt of *Hector*.

Myr. The *Trojan* trumpets ſound the like, my lord.
Ach. The dragon wing of night o'erſpreads the earth;
And, ſtickler-like, the armies ſeparate.
My half-ſupt ſword, that frankly would have fed,
Pleas'd with this dainty bit, thus goes to bed.—
[*Putting up his ſword.*
Come, tie his body to my horſe's tail;
Along the field I will the *Trojan* trail ‡.
[*Exeunt, dragging out the body.*

" SCENE X. *The ſame* §.

" *March.* *Enter* Agamemnon, Ajax, Diomed, Neſtor, *and others.* *Shouts within.*
" *Aga.* Hark, hark! what ſhout is that?
" *Nef.* Peace, drums.
" [*Within.*] *Achilles! Achilles! Hector's* ſlain! *Achilles!*
" *Dio.* The bruit is—*Hector's* ſlain, and by *Achilles.*
" *Aja.* If it be ſo, yet bragleſs let it be;
" Great *Hector* was as good a man as he.
" *Aga.* March patiently along:—Let one be ſent,
" To pray *Achilles* ſee us at our tent.—
" If in his death the gods have us befriended,
" Great *Troy* is ours, and our ſharp wars are ended.
" [*Exeunt, marching.*

SCENE XI. *Another part of the field; under* Troy. *Retreat ſounded.* *Enter* Trojans *confuſedly; to them,* Æneas.

Æne. Stand, ho! yet are we maſters of the field:
Never go home; here ſtarve we out the night.

Enter Troilus.

Tro. *Hector* is ſlain.
All. *Hector?* the gods forbid!
Tro. He's dead; and at the murtherer's horſe's tail,
In beaſtly ſort dragg'd through the ſhameful field.—
Frown on, you heavens, effect your rage with ſpeed!

‡ This ſhows a moſt brutal conqueror, or rather warlike aſſaſſin, but is conſiſtent with hiſtory.
§ This ſhort ſcene has no buſineſs here, and had better be omitted.

Sir,

Sit, gods, upon your thrones, and ſmite at *Troy*,
I ſay, at once! let your brief plagues be mercy,
And linger not our ſure deſtructions on.

Æne. My lord, you do diſcomfort all the hoſt.

Tro. You underſtand me not, that tell me ſo:
I do not ſpeak of flight, of fear, of death;
But dare all imminence, that gods and men,
Addreſs their dangers in. *Hector* is gone!
Who ſhall tell *Priam* ſo, or *Hecuba?*
Let him that will a ſcreech-owl aye be call'd,
Go in to *Troy*, and ſay there—*Hector*'s dead:
There is a word will *Priam* turn to ſtone;
Make wells and *Niobes* of the maids and wives,
Cold ſtatues of the youth; and, in a word,
Scare *Troy* out of itſelf. But, march, away:
Hector is dead; there is no more to ſay.
Stay yet; you vile abominable tents,
Thus proudly pight upon our *Phrygian* plains,
Let *Titan* riſe as early as he dare,
I'll through and through you:—And thou great-ſiz'd coward,
No ſpace of earth ſhall ſunder our two hates;
I'll haunt thee like a wicked conſcience ſtill,
That moldeth goblins ſwift as frenzy thoughts.—
Strike a free march to *Troy!* with comfort go;
Hope of revenge ſhall hide our inward woe.

[*As they are going out, and* Troilus *laſt,*

Enter Pandarus.

Pan. Do you hear, my lord; do you hear?

Tro. What now? [*Exeunt* Æneas *and* Trojans.

Pan. Here's a letter come from yon' poor girl.

Tro. Let me read. [*Taking it.*

Pan. A whoreſon ptiſic, a whorſon raſcally ptiſic ſo troubles me, and the fooliſh fortune of this girl; and what one thing, what another, that I ſhall leave you one o'theſe days: And I have a rheum in mine eyes too; and ſuch an ach in my bones, that, unleſs a man were curſt, I cannot tell what to think on't.—What ſays ſhe there?

Tro. Words, words, meer words, no matter from the heart;
The effect doth operate another way.—
Go, wind, to wind, [*tears, and ſcatters about the letter.*] there turn and change together.—
My love with words and errors ſtill ſhe feeds;
But edifies another with her deeds.

Pan. But hear you, hear you.

Tro. Hence, broker, lacquey! ignominy and ſhame
Purſue thy life, and live aye with thy name!
[*Exit* Troilus.

Pan. A goodly med'cine for my aching bones!—O world, world, world! thus is the poor agent deſpis'd! O traitors and bawds, how earneſtly are you ſet a'work, and how ill requited! Why ſhould our endeavour be ſo deſir'd, and the performance ſo loathed? what verſe for it? what inſtance for it? Let me ſee:

Full merrily the humble-bee doth ſing,
'Till he hath loſt his honey and his ſting;
And, being once ſubdu'd in armed tail,
Sweet honey and ſweet notes together fail.—

Good traders in the fleſh, ſet this in your painted cloths.
[*Advancing.*
As many as be here of pander's hall,
Your eyes, half out, weep out at *Pandar*'s fall:
Or, if you cannot weep, yet give ſome groans;
Though not for me, yet for your aching bones.
Brethren, and ſiſters, of the hold-door trade,
Some two months hence my will ſhall here be made;
It ſhould be now, but that my fear is this—
Some galled gooſe of *Winchester* would hiſs:
'Till then, I'll ſweat, and ſeek about for eaſes;
And, at that time, bequeath you my diſeaſes.
[*Exit* Pandarus‡.

‡ This play has a very weak unworthy concluſion. In ſome parts fine fancy and great poetry is to be found; but on the whole, the fable is too incompleat, the ſcenes too ſhort, and too quickly huddled on each other to give much chance for ſucceſs in action.

The End of TROILUS *and* CRESSIDA.

ANTONY

AND

CLEOPATRA,

A TRAGEDY, by SHAKESPEARE.

AN INTRODUCTION,

AND

NOTES CRITICAL and ILLUSTRATIVE,

ARE ADDED, BY THE

AUTHORS of the DRAMATIC CENSOR.

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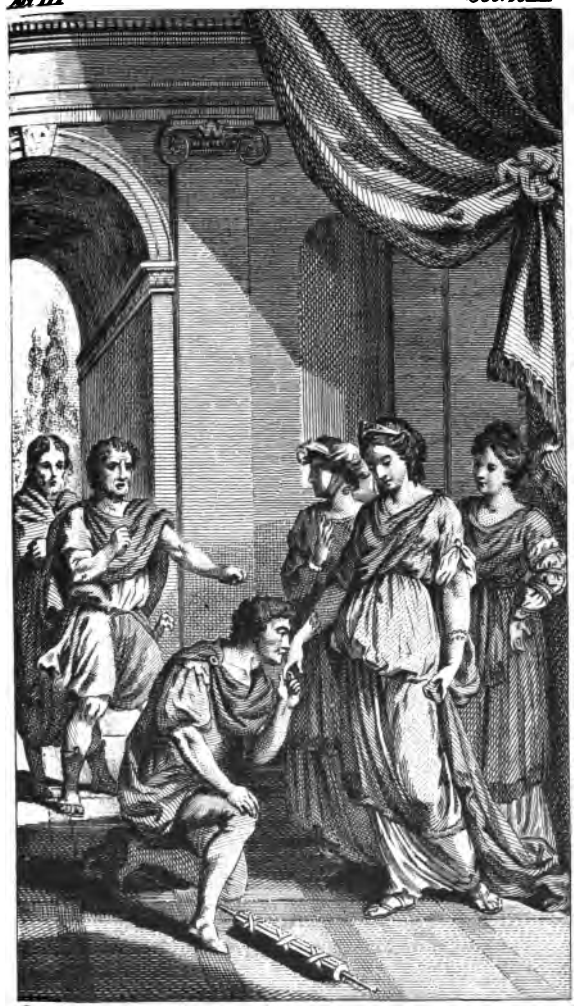
MDCCLXXIV.

ANTHONY AND CLEOPATRA.

Act III *Scene XI*



C. Edwards del. *C. Grignion sculp.*

Favours! by Jove that thunders.

Published according to Act of Parliament Sept.r 1.st 1774. by J. Bell in the Strand.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

INTRODUCTION.

WHETHER this play, tho' excellently wrote, has any chance for long exiſtence on the ſtage, is very doubtful. Twenty years ſince, that very able and ſucceſsful Dramatic Modeller, Mr. Garrick, *produced it under the moſt probable ſtate of reformation; yet, tho' elegantly decorated, and finely performed, it too ſoon languiſhed.* Antony *and* Cleopatra *are the chief marked characters in it: he is a ſlighty infatuated ſlave to an exceſs of love and luxury; ſhe a tinſel pattern of vanity and female cunning, which work the downfal of both. A double moral may be inferred, namely, That indolence and diſſipation may undo the greateſt of men; and that beauty, under the direction of vanity, will not only ruin the poſſeſſor, but admirer alſo.*

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

OCTAVIUS CÆSAR,
MARCUS ANTONIUS,
M. ÆMIL. LEPIDUS,
} *Triumvirs.*

SEXTUS POMPEIUS.

MECÆNAS, AGRIPPA, TAURUS,
THYREUS, DOLABELLA, [GALLUS,] *and*
PROCULEIUS,
} Cæsarians:

Messengers, three; Soldiers, six; the same.

DEMETRIUS, PHILO, ENOBARBUS,
VENTIDIUS, SILIUS, CANIDIUS,
SCARUS, EUPHRONIUS, EROS, *and*
DERCETAS,
} Antonians:

Attendants, five; Messengers, six; Soldiers, (or Guards) nine; the same.

VARRIUS, MENAS, *and*
MENECRATES,
} *Friends to* Pompey

Servants of the same, two.

A Soothsayer.
ALEXAS, MARDIAN *an Eunuch,*
SELEUCUS, DIOMEDES, *and*
Clown,
} *Attendants upon* Cleopatra.

CLEOPATRA, *Queen of* Egypt.
OCTAVIA, *Wife to* Antony.
CHARMIAN,
IRAS,
} *Attendants on* Cleopatra.

Other Attendants, Officers, Soldiers, &c.

SCENE, *dispers'd; in several Parts of the* Roman *Empire.*

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA*.

ACT I.

SCENE I. Alexandria. *A Room in* Cleopatra's *Palace.*

Enter Demetrius, *and* Philo.

PHILO.

NAY, but this dotage of our general's
O'er-flows the meaſure: thoſe his goodly eyes,
That o'er the files and muſters of the war
Have glow'd like plated *Mars*, now bend, now turn,
The office and devotion of their view
Upon a tawny front: his captain's heart,
Which in the ſcuffles of great fights hath burſt
The buckles on his breaſt, reneges all temper;
And is become the bellows, and the fan,

* When we meet two ſuch celebrated names, and conſider our author's great abilities, we are naturally led to expect a very capital piece. Thoſe characters are accordingly very greatly ſupported; but the whole piece, as it ſtands here, ſeems rather too incorrect and confuſed for action.

To cool a gipſy's luſt.—Look, where they come:

Flouriſh. Enter Antony, Cleopatra, *and their Trains; Eunuchs fanning her.*

Take but good note, and you ſhall ſee in him
The triple pillar of the world transform'd
Into a ſtrumpet's fool: behold and ſee.

Cle. If it be love indeed, tell me how much.

Ant. There's beggary in the love that can be reckon'd.

Cle. I'll ſet a bourn how far to be belov'd.

* *Ant.* Then muſt thou needs find out new heaven, new earth.

Enter an Attendant.

Att. News, my good lord, from *Rome.*

Ant. 'T grates me:—The ſum.

Cle. Nay, hear them *Antony:*
Fulvia, perchance, is angry; or, who knows
If the ſcarce-bearded *Cæſar* have not ſent
His powerful mandate to you, *Do this, or this;*
Take in that kingdom, and enfranchiſe that;
Perform't, or elſe we damn thee.

Ant. How, my love!

Cle. Perchance? Nay, and moſt like:—
You muſt not ſtay here longer, your diſmiſſion
Is come from *Cæſar*; therefore hear it, *Antony.*—
Where's *Fulvia*'s proceſs?—*Cæſar*'s, I would ſay?—Both?
Call in the meſſengers.—As I am *Egypt*'s queen,
Thou bluſheſt, *Antony*; and that blood of thine
Is *Cæſar*'s homager: ſo thy cheek pays ſhame,
When ſhrill-tongu'd *Fulvia* ſcolds.—The meſſengers.

Ant. Let *Rome* in *Tyber* melt! and the wide arch
Of the rang'd empire fall! Here is my ſpace;
Kingdoms are clay: our dungy earth alike
Feeds beaſt as man: the nobleneſs of life
Is, to do thus; when ſuch a mutual pair,

* *Antony* and *Cleopatra* ſhould both poſſeſs a compleat elegance of figure, and an emphatic, yet eaſy flow of expreſſion: the former ſhould appear all openneſs; the latter ought to ſhow great art, covered with much inſinuative plauſibility.

And

And ſuch a twain can do't; in which, I bind,
On pain of puniſhment, the world to weet
We ſtand up peerleſs.
Cle. Excellent falſhood!
Why did he marry *Fulvia*, and not love her?—
I ſeem the fool I am not; *Antony*
Will be himſelf.
Ant. But, ſtir'd by *Cleopatra*,—
Now, for the love of love, and his ſoft hours,
Let's not confound the time with conference harſh:
There's not a minute of our lives ſhould ſtretch
Without ſome pleaſure now: what ſport to-night?
Cle. Hear the embaſſadors.
Ant. Fie, wrangling queen!
Whom every thing becomes, to chide, to laugh,
To weep; whoſe every paſſion fully ſtrives
To make itſelf, in thee, fair and admir'd!
No meſſenger, but thine; and all alone,
To-night, we'll wander through the ſtreets, and note
The qualities of people. Come, my queen;
Laſt night you did deſire it: Speak not to us.
[*Exeunt* Antony, Cleopatra, *and Train.*
Dem. Is *Cæſar* with *Antonius* priz'd ſo ſlight?
Phi. Sir, ſometimes, when he is not *Antony*,
He comes too ſhort of that great property
Which ſtill ſhould go with *Antony*.
Dem. I am full ſorry,
That he approves the common liar, who
Thus ſpeaks of him at *Rome*: but I will hope
Of better deeds to-morrow. Reſt you happy! [*Exeunt.*

† "SCENE II. *The ſame. Another Room.*

"*Enter* Alexas, Iras, Charmian, Soothſayer, *and others.*

"*Cha.* ——*Alexas*, ſweet *Alexas*,
"Moſt any thing *Alexas*, nay, almoſt
"Moſt abſolute *Alexas*, where's the ſoothſayer
"That you prais'd ſo to the queen?

† The whole of this ſcene might well be ſpared in repreſentation: it has a blameable reliſh of indecency.

" O, that I knew this husband, which, you say,
" Must charge his horns with garlands!
" *Ale.* Soothsayer,—
" *Soo.* Your will!
" *Cha.* Is this the man?—Is't you, sir, that know
" things?
" *Soo.* In nature's infinite book of secrecy
" A little I can read.
" *Ale.* Shew him your hand.

" *Enter* Enobarbus.

" *Eno.* Bring in the banquet quickly; wine enough,
" *Cleopatra*'s health to drink. [*To some within.*
" *Cha.* Good sir, give me good fortune.
" *Soo.* I make not, but foresee.
" *Cha.* Pray then, foresee me one.
" *Soo.* You shall be yet far fairer than you are.
" *Cha.* He means, in flesh.
" *Ira.* No, you shall paint when you are old.
" *Cha.* Wrinkles forbid!
" *Ale.* Vex not his prescience, be attentive.
" *Cha.* Hush! [*To* Iras.
" *Soo.* You shall be more beloving, than belov'd.
" *Cha.* I had rather heat my liver with drinking.
" *Ale.* Nay, hear him.
" *Cha.* Good now, some excellent fortune: Let me
" be marry'd to three kings in a forenoon, and widow
" them all: let me have a child at fifty, to whom *Herod*
" of *Jewry* may do homage: find me to marry with
" *Octavius Cæsar*, and companion me with my mistress.
" *Soo.* You shall outlive the lady whom you serve.
" *Cha.* O excellent! I love long life better than figs.
" *Soo.* You have seen and prov'd a fairer former
" fortune
" Than that which is to approach.
" *Cha.* Then, belike, my children shall have no
" names: Pr'ythee, how many boys and wenches must
" I have?
" *Soo.* If every of your wishes had a womb,
" And fertile every wish, a million.
" *Cha.* Out, fool! I forgive thee for a witch.

" *Ale.* You think, none but your ſheets are privy to " your wiſhes.

" *Cha.* Nay, come, tell *Iras* hers.

" *Ale.* We'll know all our fortunes.

" *Eno.* Mine, and moſt of our fortunes, to-night, " ſhall be—drunk to bed.

" *Ira.* There's a palm preſages chaſtity, if nothing " elſe.

" *Cha.* E'en as the o'er-flowing *Nilus* preſageth fa- " mine.

" *Ira.* Go, you wild bed-fellow, you cannot ſoothſay.

" *Cha.* Nay, if an oily palm be not a fruitful prog- " noſtication, I cannot ſcratch mine ear.—Pr'ythee, tell " her but a worky-day fortune.

" *Soo.* Your fortunes are alike.

" *Ira.* But how, but how? give me particulars.

" *Soo.* I have ſaid.

" *Ira.* Am I not an inch of fortune better than ſhe?

" *Cha.* Well, if you were but an inch of fortune better " than I, where would you chooſe it?

" *Ira.* Not in my huſband's noſe.

" *Cha.* Our worſer thoughts heavens mend!—*Alexas* " —come, his fortune, his fortune.—O, let him marry " a woman that cannot go, ſweet *Iſis*, I beſeech thee! " And let her die too, and give him a worſe! and let " worſe follow worſe, till the worſt of all follow him " laughing to his grave, fifty-fold a cuckold! Good *Iſis*, " hear me this prayer, though thou deny me a matter of " more weight; good *Iſis*, I beſeech thee!

" *Ira.* Amen. Dear goddeſs, hear that prayer of the " people! for, as it is a heart-breaking to ſee a hand- " ſome man looſe-wiv'd, ſo it is a deadly ſorrow to be- " hold a foul knave uncuckolded; therefore, dear *Iſis*, " keep decorum, and fortune him accordingly!

" *Cha.* Amen.

" *Ale.* Lo, now! if it lay in their hands to make " me a cuckold, they would make themſelves whores, " but they'd do't.

" *Eno.* Huſh! here comes *Antony*.

" *Cha.* Not he, the queen.

Enter Cleopatra, *attended.*

" *Cle.* Saw you my lord?
" *Eno.* No, lady.
" *Cle.* Was he not here?
" *Cha.* No, madam.
" *Cle.* He was diſpos'd to mirth; but on the ſudden
" A *Roman* thought hath ſtrook him.—*Enobarbus,*—
" *Eno.* Madam.
" *Cle.* Seek him, and bring him hither.—Where's
" *Alexas?*
" *Ale.* Here, lady, at your ſervice.—My lord ap-
" proaches.

Enter Antony, *with a* Meſſenger; Attendants *following.*

" *Cle.* We will not look upon him; go with us.
" [*Exeunt* Cleopatra, Enobarbus, Alexas, Iras,
" Charmian, Soothſayer, *and the reſt.*
Meſ. Fulvia thy wife firſt came into the field.
Ant. Againſt my brother *Lucius?*
Meſ. Ay: but ſoon
That war had end, and the time's ſtate made friends
Of them, jointing their forces againſt *Cæſar;*
Whoſe better iſſue in the war from *Italy,*
Upon the firſt encounter, drave them.
Ant. Well,
What worſt?
Meſ. The nature of bad news infects the teller.
Ant. When it concerns the fool, or coward. On:
Things, that are paſt, are done with me: 'Tis thus;
Who tells me true, though in his tale lie death,
I hear him as he flatter'd *
Meſ. Labienus
(This is ſtiff news)
Hath with his *Parthian* force, through extended *Aſia,*
From *Euphrates* his conquering banner ſhook,
From *Syria,* to *Lydia,* and *Ionia;*
Whilſt—

* *Antony* here expreſſes a great degree of philoſophic reſolution, when he ſays, "Things, that are paſt, are done with me."

Ant. *Antony*, thou would'ſt ſay,—
Meſ. O my lord!
Ant. Speak to me home, mince not the general tongue;
Name *Cleopatra* as ſhe's call'd in *Rome*:
Rail thou in *Fulvia*'s phraſe; and taunt my faults
With ſuch full licence, as both truth and malice
Have power to utter. O, then we bring forth weeds,
When our quick winds lie ſtill; and our ills told us,
Is as our earing. Fare thee well a while.
Meſ. At your noble pleaſure. [*Exit.*
Ant. From *Sicyon* how the news? Speak there.
1. *A.* The man from *Sicyon*,—Is there ſuch a one?
2. *A.* He ſtays upon your will.
Ant. Let him appear.—
Theſe ſtrong *Egyptian* fetters I muſt break,

Enter another Meſſenger.

Or loſe myſelf in dotage.—What are you?
Meſ. *Fulvia* thy wife is dead.
Ant. Where dy'd ſhe?
Meſ. In *Sicyon*:
Her length of ſickneſs, with what elſe more ſerious
Importeth thee to know, this bears.
Ant. Forbear me. [*Exit* Meſſenger.
There's a great ſpirit gone: thus did I deſire it:
What our contempts do often hurl from us,
We wiſh it ours again; the preſent pleaſure,
By revolution lowering, does become
The oppoſite of itſelf: ſhe's good, being gone †;
The hand could pluck her back, that ſhov'd her on.
I muſt from this enchanting queen break off;
Ten thouſand harms, more than the ills I know,
My idleneſs doth hatch—Ho! *Enobarbus!*

Enter Enobarbus.

Ene. What's your pleaſure, ſir?
Ant. I muſt with haſte from hence.

† There is no poſition more certain than that advanced in the foregoing lines; many children have wiſhed parents dead, yet have regretted the loſs of them afterwards, and ſo of huſbands and wives.

Eno. Why, then we kill all our women: we ſee how mortal an unkindneſs is to them; if they ſuffer our departure, death's the word.

Ant. I muſt be gone.

Eno. Under a compelling occaſion, let women die: it were pity to caſt them away for nothing; though, between them and a great cauſe, they ſhould be eſteem'd nothing. *Cleopatra*, catching but the leaſt noiſe of this, dies inſtantly; I have ſeen her die twenty times upon far poorer moment: I do think, there is mettle in death, which commits ſome loving act upon her, ſhe hath ſuch a celerity in dying.

Ant. She is cunning paſt man's thought.

Eno. Alack, ſir, no; her paſſions are made of nothing but the fineſt part of pure love: we cannot call her winds and waters, ſighs and tears; they are greater ſtorms and tempeſt than almanacs can report: this cannot be cunning in her; if it be, ſhe makes a ſhower of rain as well as *Jove*.

Ant. Would I had never ſeen her!

Eno. O, ſir, you had then left unſeen a wonderful piece of work; which not to have been bleſt withal, would have diſcredited your travel.

Ant. Fulvia is dead.

Eno. Sir?

Ant. Fulvia is dead.

Eno. Fulvia?

Ant. Dead.

" *Eno.* Why, ſir, give the gods a thankful ſacrifice *.
" When it pleaſeth their deities to take the wife of a
" man from him, it ſhews to man the tailors of the earth;
" comforting therein; that, when old robes are worn
" out, there are members to make new. If there were
" no more women but *Fulvia*, then had you indeed a
" cut, and the caſe to be lamented: this grief is crown'd
" with conſolation; your old ſmock brings forth a new
" petticoat: and, indeed, the tears live in an onion,
" that ſhould water this ſorrow.

* The would-be-wit of *Eutharius* in this ſpeech had better be omitted.

Ant. The buſineſs ſhe hath broached in the ſtate
Cannot endure my abſence.

" *Eno.* And the buſineſs you have broached here can-
" not † be without you; eſpecially that of *Cleopatra*'s,
" which wholly depends on your abode.

Ant. " No more light anſwers." Let our officers
Have notice what we purpoſe: I ſhall break
The cauſe of our expedience to the queen,
And get her love to part. For not alone
The death of *Fulvia*, with more urgent touches,
Do ſtrongly ſpeak to us; but the letters too
Of many our contriving friends in *Rome*.
Petition us at home: *Sextus Pompeius*
Hath given the dare to *Cæſar*, and commands
The empire of the ſea: our ſlippery people
(Whoſe love is never link'd to the deſerver,
‡ 'Till his deſerts are paſt) begin to throw
Pompey the great, and all his dignities,
Upon his ſon; who, high in name and power,
Higher than both in blood and life, ſtands up
For the main ſoldier; whoſe quality, going on,
The ſides o'the world may danger: much is breeding,
Which, like the courſer's hair, hath yet but life,
And not a ſerpent's poiſon. Say, our pleaſure,
To ſuch whoſe place is under us, requires
Our quick remove from hence.

Eno. I ſhall do't. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The ſame. Another Room.*

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, *and* Alexas.

Cle. Where is he?

Cha. I did not ſee him ſince.

Cle. See where he is, who's with him; what he does;—
I did not ſend you;—if you find him ſad,

† This reply to *Antony* ſhould be ſuppreſſed, as conveying a fulſome, needleſs idea; impertinent to *Antony*, and totally beneath the ſubject of converſation.

‡ A fine obſervation is contained in this parenthesis, conſonant to that ſentiment mentioned in the note, page 269.

Say, I am dancing; if in mirth, report
† That I am ſudden ſick: quick, and return.
[*Exit* Alexas.

Cha. Madam, methinks, if you did love him dearly,
You do not hold the method to enforce
The like from him.

Cle. What ſhould I do, I do not?

Cha. In each thing give him way, croſs him in nothing.

Cle. Thou teacheſt like a fool: the way to loſe him.

Cha. Tempt him not ſo too far: I wiſh, forbear;
In time we hate that which we often fear.

Enter Antony.

But here comes *Antony*.

Cle. I am ſick, and ſullen.

Ant. I am ſorry to give breathing to my purpoſe,—

Cle. Help me away, dear *Charmian*, I ſhall fall;
It cannot be thus long, the ſides of nature
Will not ſuſtain it.

Ant. Now, my deareſt queen,—

Cle. Pray you, ſtand farther from me.

Ant. What's the matter?

Cle. I know, by that ſame eye, there's ſome good news:
What ſays the marry'd woman? You may go;
Would, ſhe had never given you leave to come!
Let her not ſay, 'tis I that keep you here,
I have no power upon you; hers you are.

Ant. The gods beſt know,—

Cle. O, never was there queen
So mightily betray'd! Yet, at the firſt,
I ſaw the treaſons planted.

Ant. Cleopatra,—

Cle. Why ſhould I think, you can be mine, and true,
Though you in ſwearing ſhake the throned gods,
Who have been falſe to *Fulvia*? Riotous madneſs,
To be entangl'd with thoſe mouth-made vows,
Which break themſelves in ſwearing!

Ant. Moſt ſweet queen,—

† The fine woman, fond of her own influence, is here well diſplayed.

Cle. Nay, pray you, ſeek no colour for your going,
But bid farewel, and go: when you ſu'd ſtaying,
Then was the time for words: no going then;
Eternity was in our lips, and eyes;
Bliſs in our brows' bent; none our parts ſo poor,
But was a race of heaven: they are ſo ſtill,
Or thou, the greateſt ſoldier of the world,
Art turn'd the greateſt liar.

Ant. How now, lady!

Cle. I would, I had thy inches; thou ſhould'ſt know,
There were a heart in *Egypt*.

Ant. Hear me, queen:
The ſtrong neceſſity of time commands
Our ſervices a while; but my full heart
Remains in uſe with you. Our *Italy*
Shines o'er with civil ſwords: *Sextus Pompeius*
Makes his approaches to the port of *Rome*:
Equality of two domeſtic powers
Breeds ſcrupulous faction: the hated, grown to ſtrength,
Are newly grown to love: the condemn'd *Pompey*,
Rich in his father's honour, creeps apace
Into the hearts of ſuch as have not thriv'd
Upon the preſent ſtate, whoſe numbers threaten;
And quietneſs, grown ſick of reſt, would purge
By any deſperate change: my more particular,
And that which moſt with you ſhould ſafe my going,
Is *Fulvia*'s death.

Cle. Though age from folly could not give me freedom,
It does from childiſhneſs? can *Fulvia* die?

Ant. She's dead, my queen:
Look here, and, at thy ſovereign leiſure, read
The garboils ſhe awak'd; at the laſt, beſt:
See, when, and where ſhe dy'd.

Cle. O moſt falſe love!
Where be the ſacred vials thou ſhould'ſt fill
With ſorrowful water? Now I ſee, I ſee,
In *Fulvia*'s death, how mine ſhall be receiv'd †.

† Nothing could be deviſed more artful, or more natural for a deſigning woman, than the method *Cleopatra* takes, in this ſcene, to avail herſelf of *Antony*'s imprudent attachment.

Ant. Quarrel no more, but be prepar'd to know
The purpoſes I bear; which are, or ceaſe,
As you ſhall give the advices: by the fire †
That quickens *Nilus'* ſlime, I go from hence
Thy ſoldier, ſervant; making peace, or war,
As thou affect'ſt.

" *Cle.* Cut my lace, *Charmian*, come ‡;—
" But let it be; I am quickly ill, and well,
" So *Antony* loves.

" *Ant.* My precious queen, forbear;
" And give true evidence to his love, which ſtands
" An honourable trial.

" *Cle.* So *Fulvia* told me.
" I pr'ythee, turn aſide, and weep for her;
" Then bid adieu to me, and ſay, the tears
" Belong to *Egypt*: good now, play one ſcene
" Of excellent diſſembling; and let it look
" Like perfect honour.

" *Ant.* You'll heat my blood; no more.

" *Cle.* You can do better yet; but this is meetly.

" *Ant.* Now, by my ſword,—

" *Cle.* And target,—ſtill he mends;
" But this is not the beſt:—look, pr'ythee, *Charmian*,
" How this *Herculean Roman* does become
" The carriage of his chaſe.

" *Ant.* I'll leave you, lady.

" *Cle.* Courteous lord, one word.
Sir, you and I muſt part,—but that's not it:
Sir, you and I have lov'd,—but there's not it;
That you know well: ſomething it is I would,—
O, my oblivion is a very *Antony*,
And I am all-forgotten.

" *Ant.* But that your royalty
" Holds idleneſs your ſubject, I ſhould take you
" For idleneſs itſelf.

" *Cle.* 'Tis ſweating labour,
" To bear ſuch idleneſs ſo near the heart
" As *Cleopatra* this. But, ſir, forgive me;

† A fine, but odd method of ſwearing by the ſun.
‡ The marked ſpeeches would reduce this ſcene to advantage.

" Since

" Since my becomings kill me, when they do not
" Eye well to you:" Your honour calls you hence;
Therefore be deaf to my unpity'd folly,
And all the gods go with you! Upon your ſword
Sit laurel'd victory! and ſmooth ſucceſs
Be ſtrew'd before your feet!

Ant. Let us go. Come;
Our ſeparation ſo abides, and flies;
That thou, reſiding here, go'ſt yet with me,
And I, hence fleeting, here remain with thee.
Away. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. Rome. *A Room in* Cæſar's *Houſe.*

Enter Octavius Cæſar, Lepidus, *and their Trains.*

Cæſ. You may ſee, *Lepidus*, and henceforth know,
[*giving him a letter to read.*
It is not *Cæſar*'s natural vice to hate
One great competitor: from *Alexandria*
This is the news, He fiſhes, drinks, and waſtes
The lamps of night in revel: is not more manlike
Than *Cleopatra*; nor the queen of *Ptolemy*
More womanly than he: hardly gave audience, or
Vouchſaf'd to think he had partners: you ſhall find there
A man, who is the abſtract of all faults
That all men follow.

Lep. I muſt not think, there are
Evils enough to darken all his goodneſs:
His faults, in him, ſeem as the ſpots of heaven,
More fiery by night's blackneſs; hereditary,
Rather than purchas'd; what he cannot change,
Than what he chooſes.

Cæſ. You are too indulgent: let us grant, it is not
Amiſs to tumble on the bed of *Ptolemy*;
To give a kingdom for a mirth; to ſit
And keep the turn of tipling with a ſlave;
To reel the ſtreets at noon, and ſtand the buffet
With knaves that ſmell of ſweat: ſay, this becomes him,
(As his compoſure muſt be rare indeed,
Whom theſe things cannot blemiſh) yet muſt *Antony*
No way excuſe his foils, when we do bear

So great weight in his lightneſs: if he fill'd
His vacancy with his voluptuouſneſs,
Full ſurfeits, and the dryneſs of his bones,
Call on him for't: but, to confound ſuch time,—
That drums him from his ſport, and ſpeaks as loud
As his own ſtate, and ours,—'tis to be chid
As we rate boys; who, being mature in knowledge,
Pawn their experience to their preſent pleaſure,
And ſo rebel to judgment †.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Lep. Here's more news.

Meſ. Thy biddings have been done; and every hour,
Moſt noble *Cæſar*, ſhalt thou have report
How 'tis abroad. *Pompey* is ſtrong at ſea;
And it appears, he is belov'd of thoſe
That only have fear'd *Cæſar*: to the ports
The diſcontents repair, and mens' reports
Give him much wrong'd.

Cæſ. I ſhould have known no leſs:—
It hath been taught us from the primal ſtate,
That he, which is, was wiſh'd, until he were;
And the ebb'd man, ne'er lov'd, 'till ne'er worth love,
‡ Comes dear'd, by being lack'd. This common body,
Like to a vagabond flag upon the ſtream,
Goes to, and back, lackying the varying tide,
To rot itſelf with motion.

Enter another Meſſenger.

Meſ. *Cæſar*, I bring thee word,
Menecrates and *Menas*, famous pirates,
Make the ſea ſerve them; which they ear and wound
With keels of every kind: many hot inroads
They make in *Italy*; the borders maritime

† *Octavius*, in this ſhort ſcene, diſplays the contemptible ſituation of *Antony* in a ſpirited and concluſive manner; a man, on whom the public good depends, ſhould be peculiarly attentive to the application of his time, and the ſuppreſſion of private paſſions.

‡ It is no ſmall proof of *Shakeſpeare*'s warm attachment to this juſt and benevolent ſentiment, that he has produced it, though in varied ſhapes, three times ſince the firſt ſcene of the play.

Lack

Lack blood to think on't, and flush youth revolt:
No vessel can peep forth, but 'tis as soon
Taken as seen; for *Pompey*'s name strikes more,
Than could his war resisted.

Cæs. Antony,
Leave thy lascivious wassails: when thou once
Wert beaten from *Modena*, where thou slew'st
Hirtius and *Pansa*, consuls, at thy heel
Did famine follow; whom thou fought'st against,
Though daintily brought up, with patience more
Than savages could suffer: thou didst drink
The stale of horses, and a gilded puddle †
Which beasts would cough at: thy palate then did deign
The roughest berry on the rudest hedge;
Yea, like the stag, when snow the pasture sheets,
The barks of trees thou browsed'st: on the *Alps*,
It is reported, thou didst eat strange flesh,
Which some did die to look on: and all this
(It wounds thine honour, that I speak it now)
Was born so like a soldier, that thy cheek
So much as lank'd not ‡.

Lep. 'Tis pity of him.

Cæs. Let his shames quickly
Drive him to *Rome*: time is it, that we twain
Did shew ourselves i' the field; and, to that end,
Assemble we immediate council: *Pompey*
Thrives in our idleness.

Lep. To-morrow, *Cæsar*,
I shall be furnish'd to inform you rightly
Both what by sea and land I can be able,
To 'front this present time.

Cæs. 'Till which encounter,
It is my business too. Farewel.

Lep. Farewel, my lord: what you shall know meantime

† *Shakespeare*'s minute knowledge is here manifested; as horned cattle love muddled, which may well be called gilded, water.

‡ This contrast of what *Antony* was, to the state when *Octavius* described him, is well contrived, and executed in a masterly manner; the soldier-like picture of past hardiness strikes forcibly at present effeminacy.

Of

Of ſtirs abroad, I ſhall beſeech you, ſir,
To let me be partaker.
Cæſ. Doubt not, ſir;
I knew it for my bond. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. Alexandria. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter Cleopatra, *ſupporting herſelf on* Iras; Charmian, *and* Mardian, *following.*

Cle. Charmian,——
Cha. Madam.
Cle. Ha, ha,—Give me to drink mandragora.
Cha. Why, Madam?
Cle. That I might ſleep out this great gap of time,
My *Antony* is away.
Cha. You think of him
Too much.
Cle. O!—Treaſon!
Cha. Madam, I truſt, not ſo.
" *Cle.* Thou, eunuch, *Mardian*,—†
" *Mar.* What's your highneſs' pleaſure?
" *Cle.* Not now to hear thee ſing; I take no pleaſure
" In ought an eunuch has: 'tis well for thee,
" That, being unſeminar'd, thy freer thoughts
" May not fly forth of *Egypt*. Haſt thou affections?
" *Mar.* Yes, gracious madam.
" *Cle.* Indeed?
" *Mar.* Not in deed, madam; for I can do nothing.
" But what indeed is honeſt to be done:
" Yet have I fierce affections, and think
" What *Venus* did with *Mars*.
" *Cle.* O *Charmian*,
" Where think'ſt thou he is now? Stands he, or ſits he?
" Or does he walk? Or is he on his horſe?—
" O happy horſe, to bear the weight of *Antony!*
" Do bravely, horſe; for wot'ſt thou whom thou mov'ſt?
" The demy *Atlas* of this earth, the arm
" And burgonet of man.—He's ſpeaking now,

† The ſpeeches marked for omiſſion have great indecency, and little matter relative to the piece.

" Or

" Or murmuring, *Where's my ſerpent of old* Nile?
" For ſo he calls me;—now I feed myſelf
" With moſt delicious poiſon:—think on me,
" That am with *Phœbus'* amorous pinches black,
" And wrinkl'd deep in time? Broad-fronted *Cæſar*,
" When thou waſt here above the ground, I was
" A morſel for a monarch: and great *Pompey*
" Would ſtand, and make his eyes grow in my brow;
" There would he anchor his aſpect, and die
" With looking on his life.

Enter Alexas.

Ale. Sovereign of *Egypt*, hail!

Cle. How much unlike art thou *Mark Antony!*
Yet, coming from him, that great med'cine hath
With his tinct gilded thee.—
How goes it with my brave *Mark Antony?*

Ale. Laſt thing he did, dear queen,
He kiſs'd, the laſt of many doubl'd kiſſes,
This orient pearl; his ſpeech ſticks in my heart.

Cle. Mine ear muſt pluck it thence.

Ale. Good friend, quoth he,
Say, The firm *Roman* to great *Egypt* ſends
This treaſure of an oyſter: at whoſe foot,
To mend the petty preſent, I will piece
Her opulent throne with kingdoms; all the eaſt,
Say thou, ſhall call her miſtreſs. So he nodded,
And ſoberly did mount an arm-gaunt ſteed;
Who neigh'd ſo high, that what I would have ſpoke
Was beaſtly dumb'd by him.

Cle. What, was he ſad, or merry?

Ale. Like to the time o'the year, between the extreams
Of hot and cold; he was nor ſad, nor merry.

Cle. O well-divided diſpoſition!—Note him,
Note him, good *Charmian*, 'tis the man, but note him;
He was not ſad; for he would ſhine on thoſe
That make their looks by his: he was not merry;
Which ſeem'd to tell them, his remembrance lay
In *Egypt* with his joy: but between both:
O heavenly mingle!—Be'ſt thou ſad, or merry,

The

The violence of either thee becomes;
So does it no man elſe.—Met'ſt thou my poſts?
Ale. Ay, madam, twenty ſeveral meſſengers:
Why do you ſend ſo thick?
Cle. Who's born that day
When I forget to ſend to *Antony*,
Shall dye a beggar.—Ink and paper, *Charmian*.—
Welcome, my good *Alexas*.—Did I, *Charmian*,
Ever love *Cæſar* ſo?
Cha. O that brave *Cæſar!*
Cle. Be choak'd with ſuch another emphaſis!
Say, the brave *Antony*.
Cha. The valiant *Cæſar!*
Cle. By *Iſis*, I will give thee bloody teeth *,
If thou with *Cæſar* paragon again
My man of men.
Cha. By your moſt gracious pardon,
I ſing but after you.
Cle. My ſallad days;
When I was green in judgment, cold in blood;
To ſay, as I ſaid then!—But, come, away;
Get me ink and paper: he ſhall have every day
A ſeveral greeting, or I'll unpeople *Egypt*. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. Meſſina. *A Room in* Pompey's *Houſe.*

Enter Pompey, Menecrates, *and* Menas.

POMPEY.

IF the great gods be juſt, they ſhall aſſiſt
The deeds of juſteſt men.
Mene. Know, worthy *Pompey*,
That what they do delay, they not deny.

* This is rather an objectionable exclamation, unworthy of a perſon in middling ſtation, much more ſo of a royal character. This act has ſo little matter, though much poetry in it, that we are doubtful of its effect on the ſtage.

Pom. Whiles we are ſuitors to their throne, delay's
The thing we ſue for.
Mene. We, ignorant of ourſelves,
Beg often our own harms, which the wiſe powers
Deny us for our good: ſo find we profit,
By loſing of our prayers *.
Pom. I ſhall do well:
The people love me, and the ſea is mine;
My power's a creſcent, and my auguring hope
Says, it will come to the full. *Mark Antony*
In *Egypt* ſits at dinner, and will make
No wars without doors: *Cæſar* gets money, where
He loſes hearts: *Lepidus* flatters both,
Of both is flatter'd; but he neither loves,
Nor either cares for him.
Mene. *Cæſar* and *Lepidus*
Are in the field; a mighty ſtrength they carry.
Pom. Where had you this? 'tis falſe.
Mene. From *Silvius*, ſir.
Pom. He dreams; I know, they are in *Rome* together,
Looking for *Antony*: But all the charms of love,
Salt *Cleopatra*, ſoften thy wan lip;
Let witch-craft join with beauty, luſt with both!
Tye up the libertine in a field of feaſts,
Keep his brain fuming; *Epicurean* cooks,
Sharpen with cloyleſs ſauce his appetite;
That ſleep and feeding may prorogue his honour,

Enter Varrius.

Even 'till a lethe'd dulneſs.—How now, *Varrius*?
Var. This is moſt certain that I ſhall deliver:
Mark Antony is every hour in *Rome*
Expected; ſince he went from *Egypt*, 'tis
A ſpace for farther travel.
Pom. I could have given leſs matter
A better ear.—*Menas*, I did not think,
This amorous ſurfeiter would have don'd his helm

* This well points out the weakneſs of human ſupplications, and properly inculcates Juvenal's precept, that we ſhould pay due humiliation to Providence, and only pray for, "Mens ſana in corpore ſano."

For

For ſuch a petty war: his ſoldierſhip
Is twice the other twain: But let us rear
The higher our opinion, that our ſtirring
Can from the lap of *Egypt*'s widow pluck
The ne'er luſt-weary'd *Antony*.
Men. I cannot hope,
Cæſar and *Antony* ſhall well greet together:
His wife, that's dead, did treſpaſſes to *Cæſar*;
His brother war'd upon him; although, I think,
Not mov'd by *Antony*.
Pom. I know not, *Menas*,
How leſſer enmities may give way to greater.
Were't not that we ſtand up againſt them all,
'Twere pregnant they ſhould ſquare between themſelves;
For they have entertained cauſe enough
To draw their ſwords: but how the fear of us
May cément their diviſions, and bind up
The petty difference, we yet not know:
Be it as our gods will have it! It only ſtands
Our lives upon, to uſe our ſtrongeſt hands.
Come, *Menas*. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. Rome. *A Room in* Lepidus's *Houſe.*

Enter Enobarbus *and* Lepidus.

Lep. Good *Enobarbus*, 'tis a worthy deed,
And ſhall become you well, to intreat your captain
To ſoft and gentle ſpeech.
Eno. I ſhall intreat him
To anſwer like himſelf: if *Cæſar* move him,
Let *Antony* look over *Cæſar*'s head,
And ſpeak as loud as *Mars*. By *Jupiter*,
Were I the wearer of *Antonio*'s beard,
I would not ſhave't to-day.
Lep. 'Tis not a time
For private ſtomaching.
Eno. Every time
Serves for the matter that is then born in't.
Lep. But ſmall to greater matters muſt give way.
Eno. Not if the ſmall come firſt.

Lep. Your ſpeech is paſſion:
But, pray you, ſtir no embers up. Here comes
The noble *Antony*.

Enter Antony *and* Ventidius.

Eno. And yonder *Cæſar*.

Enter Cæſar, Mecænas, *and* Agrippa.

Ant. If we compoſe well here, to *Parthia*:
Hark you, *Ventidius*.—
Cæſ. I do not know,
Mecænas; aſk *Agrippa*.
Lep. Noble friends,
That which combin'd us was moſt great, and let not
A leaner action rend us. What's amiſs,
May it be gently heard: When we debate
Our trivial difference loud, we do commit
Murther in healing wounds: Then, noble partners,
(The rather, for I earneſtly beſeech)
Touch you the ſoureſt points with ſweeteſt terms,
Nor curſtneſs grow to the matter.
Ant. 'Tis ſpoken well:
Were we before our armies, and to fight,
I ſhould do thus.
Cæſ. Welcome to *Rome*.
Ant. Thank you.
Cæſ. Sit.
Ant. Sit, ſir.
Cæſ. Nay, then.
Ant. I learn, you take things ill, which are not ſo;
Or, being, concern you not.
Cæſ. I muſt be laugh'd at,
If, or for nothing, or a little, I
Should ſay myſelf offended; and with you
Chiefly i'th' world: more laugh'd at, that I ſhould
Once name you derogately, when to ſound your name
It not concern'd me.
Ant. My being in *Egypt*, *Cæſar*,
What was't to you?
Cæſ. No more than my reſiding here at *Rome*
Might be to you in *Egypt*: Yet, if you there

Did

Did practiſe on my ſtate, your being in *Egypt*
Might be my queſtion.
Ant. How intend you, practis'd?
Cæſ. You may be pleas'd to catch at mine intent,
By what did here befal me: Your wife and brother,
Made wars upon me; and their conteſtation
Was them'd for you, you were the word of war.
Ant. You do miſtake your buſineſs; my brother never
Did urge me in his act: I did inquire it;
And have my learning from ſome true reports,
That drew their ſwords with you. Did he not rather
Diſcredit my authority with yours;
And make the wars alike againſt my ſtomach,
Having alike your cauſe? Of this, my letters
Before did ſatisfy you. If you'll patch a quarrel,
(As matter whole you have not to make it with)
It muſt not be with this.
Cæſ. You praiſe yourſelf,
By laying to me defects of judgment: but
You patch'd up your excuſes.
Ant. Not ſo, not ſo:
I know you could not lack, I am certain on't,
Very neceſſity of this thought, That I,
Your partner in the cauſe 'gainſt which he fought,
Could not with grateful eyes attend thoſe wars
Which 'fronted mine own peace. As for my wife,
I would you had her ſpirit in ſuch another:
The third o'th' world is yours; which with a ſnaffle
You may pace eaſy, but not ſuch a wife.
" *Eno.* 'Would we had all ſuch wives, that the men
" might go to wars with the women.
" *Ant.* So much uncurbable, her garboils, *Cæſar*,
" Made out of her impatience, (which not wanted
" Shrewdneſs of policy too) I grieving grant,
" Did you too much diſquiet: for that, you muſt
" But ſay, I could not help it.
" *Cæſ.* I wrote to you,
" When, rioting in *Alexandria*, you
" Did pocket up my letters; and with taunts
" Did gibe my miſſive out of audience.

" *Ant.* Sir,
" He fell upon me, ere admitted; then
" Three kings I had newly feaſted, and did want
" Of what I was i'th' morning: but, next day,
" I told him of myſelf; which was as much
" As to have aſk'd him pardon: Let this fellow
" Be nothing of our ſtrife; if we contend,
" Out of our queſtion wipe him.
Cæſ. You have broken
The article of your oath; which you ſhall never
Have tongue to charge me with.
Lep. Soft, *Cæſar*.
Ant. No,
Lepidus, let him ſpeak;
The honour is ſacred which he talks on now,
Suppoſing that I lack'd it:—but on, *Cæſar*;
The article of my oath.—
Cæſ. To lend me arms, and aid, when I requir'd them;
The which you both deny'd.
Ant. Neglected, rather;
And then, when poiſon'd hours had bound me up
From mine own knowledge. As nearly as I may,
I'll play the penitent to you: but mine honeſty
Shall not make poor my greatneſs, nor my power
Work without it: Truth is, that *Fulvia*,
To have me out of *Egypt*, made wars here;
For which myſelf, the ignorant motive, do
So far aſk pardon, as befits mine honour
To ſtoop in ſuch a caſe *.
" *Lep.* 'Tis nobly ſpoken.
" *Mec.* If it might pleaſe you, to enforce no further
" The griefs between ye: to forget them quite,
" Were to remember that the preſent need
" Speak to atone you.
" *Lep.* Worthily ſpoken, *Mecænas*.
" *Eno.* Or, if you borrow one another's love for the
" inſtant, you may, when you hear no more words of

* This condeſcenſion does *Antony* great credit; it is ſenſibly conceived and ſuitably expreſſed.

" *Pompey*, return it again: you shall have time to
" wrangle in, when you have nothing else to do.
" *Ant.* Thou art a soldier only; speak no more.
" *Eno.* That truth should be silent, I had almost forgot.
" *Ant.* You wrong this presence, therefore speak no
" more.
" *Eno.* Go to then; your considerate stone.
Cæs. I do not much dislike the manner, but
The matter of his speech: for't cannot be,
We shall remain in friendship, our conditions
So differing in their acts. Yet, if I knew
What hoop should hold us staunch, from edge to edge
O'the world I would pursue it.
" *Agr.* Give me leave, *Cæsar*,—
" *Cæs.* Speak, *Agrippa*.
" *Agr.* Thou hast a sister by the mother's side,
" Admir'd *Octavia*: great *Mark Antony*
" Is now a widower.
" *Cæs.* Say not so, *Agrippa*;
" If *Cleopatra* heard you, your reproof
" Were well deserv'd of rashness.
" *Ant.* I am not marry'd, *Cæsar*: let me hear
" *Agrippa* further speak.
Agr. To hold you in perpetual amity,
To make you brothers, and to knit your hearts
With an unslipping knot, take *Antony*
Octavia to his wife: whose beauty claims
No worse a husband than the best of men;
Whose virtue, and whose general graces, speak
That which none else can utter. By this marriage,
All little jealousies, which now seem great,
And all great fears, which now import their dangers,
Would then be nothing: " truths would then be tales,
" Where now half tales be truths: her love to both
" Would, each to other, and all loves to both,
" Draw after her." Pardon what I have spoke;
For 'tis a studied, not a present thought,
By duty ruminated.
Ant. Will *Cæsar* speak?
Cæs. Not 'till he hears how *Antony* is touch'd
With what is spoke already.

" *Ant.* What power is in *Agrippa*,
" If I would ſay, Agrippa, *be it ſo*,
" To make this good?
" *Cæſ.* The power of *Cæſar*, and
" His power unto *Octavia*.
Ant. May I never
To this good purpoſe, that ſo fairly ſhews,
Dream of impediment!—Let me have thy hand:
Further this act of grace; and, from this hour,
The heart of brothers govern in our loves,
And ſway our great deſigns!
Cæſ. There is my hand.
A ſiſter I bequeath you, whom no brother
Did ever love ſo dearly: Let her live
To join our kingdoms, and our hearts; and never
Fly off our loves again!
Lep. Happily! Amen.
Ant. I did not think to draw my ſword 'gainſt *Pompey*;
For he hath laid ſtrange courteſies, and great,
Of late upon me: I muſt thank him only,
Leſt my remembrance ſuffer ill report;
At heel of that, defy him.
Lep. Time calls upon us:
Of us muſt *Pompey* preſently be ſought,
Or elſe he ſeeks out us.
Ant. Where lies he, *Cæſar*?
Cæſ. About the mount *Miſenum*.
Ant. What's his ſtrength
By land?
Cæſ. Great, and increaſing: but by ſea
He is an abſolute maſter.
Ant. So is the fame.
Would we had ſpoke together! Haſte we for it:
Yet, ere we put ourſelves in arms, diſpatch we
The buſineſs we have talk'd of.
Cæſ. With moſt gladneſs;
And do invite you to my ſiſter's view,
Whither ſtraight I'll lead you.
Ant. Let us, *Lepidus*,
Not lack your company.

Lep. Noble *Antony*,
Not ſickneſs ſhould detain me.

[*Exeunt* Cæſar, Antony, *and* Lepidus.

Mec. Welcome from *Egypt*, ſir.

Eno. Half the heart of *Cæſar*, worthy *Mecænas!*—my honourable friend, *Agrippa!*

Agr. Good *Enobarbus!*

Mec. We have cauſe to be glad, that matters are ſo well digeſted. You ſtay'd well by it in *Egypt*.

Eno. Ay, ſir; we did ſleep day out of countenance, and made the night light with drinking.

Mec. Eight wild boars roaſted whole at a breakfaſt, and but twelve perſons there: Is this true?

Eno. This was but as a fly by an eagle: we had much more monſtrous matter of feaſt, which worthily deſerved noting *.

Mec. She's a moſt triumphant lady, if report be ſquare to her.

Eno. When ſhe firſt met *Mark Antony*, ſhe purs'd up his heart, upon the river of *Cydnus*.

Agr. There ſhe appeared indeed; or my reporter Devis'd well for her.

Eno. I will tell you, ſir:
The barge ſhe ſat in, like a burniſh'd throne,
Burnt on the water: the poop was beaten gold;
Purple the ſails, and ſo perfumed, that
The winds were love-ſick with them: the oars were ſilver;
Which to the tune of flutes kept ſtroke, and made
The water, which they beat, to follow faſter,
As amorous of their ſtrokes. For her own perſon,
It beggar'd all deſcription: ſhe did lye
In her pavilion, (cloth of gold, of tiſſue)
O'er-picturing that *Venus*, where we ſee
The fancy out-work nature; on each ſide her
Stood pretty dimpl'd boys, like ſmiling *Cupids*,

* The luxury of *Antony* is well pointed out by *Enobarbus*, and the deſcription he gives ſhortly after of her meeting *Antony* is admirably poetical. *Dryden*, in *All for Love*, has boldly ventured a compariſon upon the identical circumſtance; but, though capital, we think him inferior to *Shakeſpeare*, though he has diſpoſed the deſcription better, by putting it in *Antony*'s mouth.

With

With diverſe-colour'd fans, whoſe wind did ſeem
To glow the delicate cheeks which they did cool,
And what they undid, did.
Agr. O, rare for *Antony!*
Eno. Her gentlewomen, like the *Nereids*,
So many mermaids, tended her i'th' eyes,
And made their bends adornings: at the helm
A ſeeming mermaid ſteers; the ſilken tackle
Swell with the touches of thoſe flower-ſoft hands,
That yarely frame the office. From the barge,
A ſtrange inviſible perfume hits the ſenſe
Of the adjacent wharfs. The city caſt
Her people out upon her: and *Antony*,
Enthron'd i'the market-place, did ſit alone,
Whiſtling to the air; which, but for vacancy,
Had gone to gaze on *Cleopatra* too,
And made a gap in nature.
" *Agr.* Rare *Egyptian!*
" *Eno.* Upon her landing, *Antony* ſent to her,
" Invited her to ſupper: ſhe reply'd,
" It ſhould be better, he became her gueſt;
" Which ſhe intreated: Our courteous *Antony*,
" Whom ne'er the word of *no* woman heard ſpeak,
" Being barber'd ten times o'er, goes to the feaſt;
" And, for his ordinary, pays his heart,
" For what his eyes eat only.
" *Agr.* Royal wench!
" She made great *Cæſar* lay his ſword to bed;
" He plough'd her, and ſhe cropt.
" *Eno.* I ſaw her once
" Hop forty paces through the public ſtreet:
" And having loſt her breath, ſhe ſpoke, and panted;
" That ſhe did make defect, perfection,
" And, breathleſs, power breathe forth.
Mec. Now *Antony*
Muſt leave her utterly.
Eno. Never; he will not:
Age cannot wither her, nor cuſtom ſtale
Her infinite variety: Other women cloy
The appetites they feed; but ſhe makes hungry,
Where moſt ſhe ſatisfies. For vileſt things

Become themſelves in her; that the holy prieſts
Bleſs her, when ſhe is riggiſh.
Mec. If beauty, wiſdom, modeſty, can ſettle
The heart of *Antony*, *Octavia* is
A bleſt allottery to him.
Agr Let us go.—
Good *Enobarbus*, make yourſelf my gueſt,
Whilſt you abide here.
Eno. Humbly, ſir, I thank you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The ſame. A Room in* Cæſar's *Houſe.*

Enter Cæſar, Antony, Octavia *between them; attendants behind, and Soothſayer.*

Ant. The world, and my great office, will ſometimes
Divide me from your boſom.
Oct. All which time,
Before the gods my knee ſhall bow in prayers
To them for you.
Ant. Good night, ſir.—My *Octavia*,
Read not my blemiſhes in the world's report:
I have not kept my ſquare; but that to come
Shall all be done by the rule Good night, dear lady.
Oct. Good night, ſir.
Cæſ. Good night.
[*Exeunt* Cæſar, Octavia, *and attendants.*
" * *Ant.* Now, ſirrah! you do wiſh yourſelf in *Egypt?*
" *Soo.* 'Would I had never come from thence, nor you
" Thither!
" *Ant.* If you can, your reaſon?
" *Soo.* I ſee it in
" My motion, have it not in my tongue: But yet
" Hye you again to *Egypt*.
" *Ant.* Say to me,
" Whoſe fortunes ſhall riſe higher, *Cæſar*'s or mine?
" *Soo. Cæſar*'s.
" Therefore, O *Antony*, ſtay not by his ſide:

* As we hate fortune-telling, and would reſcue *Antony* from a little of the obloquy he throws on himſelf, we have marked this ſhort ſcene for omiſſion.

" Thy

" Thy dæmon, that's thy ſpirit which keeps thee, is
" Noble, courageous, high, unmatchable,
" Where *Cæſar*'s is not; but, near him, thy angel
" Becomes a fear, as being o'er-power'd; and therefore
" Make ſpace enough between you.
" *Ant.* Speak this no more.
" *Soo.* To none but thee; no more, but when to thee.
" If thou doſt play with him at any game,
" Thou art ſure to loſe; and, of that natural luck,
" He beats thee 'gainſt the odds: thy luſtre thickens,
" When he ſhines by: I ſay again, thy ſpirit
" Is all afraid to govern thee near him;
" But, he away, 'tis noble.
" *Ant.* Get thee gone:
" Say to *Ventidius*, I would ſpeak with him:—
[*Exit Soothſayer.*
" He ſhall to *Parthia*. Be it art, or hap,
" He hath ſpoken true: The very dice obey him;
" And, in our ſports, my better cunning faints
" Under his chance: if we draw lots, he ſpeeds:
" His cocks do win the battle ſtill of mine,
" When it is all to nought; and his quails ever
" Beat mine, in whoopt-at odds. I will to *Egypt*:
" And though I make this marriage for my peace,
" I'the eaſt my pleaſure lies."—O, come, *Ventidius*,

Enter Ventidius.

You muſt to *Parthia*; your commiſſion's ready:
Follow me, and receive't. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *The ſame. A Street.*

Enter Lepidus, *attended:* Mecænas *and* Agrippa.

Lep. Trouble yourſelves no farther: pray you, haſten
Your generals after.
Agr. Sir, *Mark Antony*
Will e'en but kiſs *Octavia*, and we'll follow.
Lep. 'Till I ſhall ſee you in your ſoldier's dreſs,
Which will become you both, farewel.
Mec. We ſhall,
As I conceive the journey, be at the mount
Before you, *Lepidus*.

Lep. Your way is ſhorter,
My purpoſes do draw me much about;
You'll win two days upon me.
Mec. Agr. Sir, good ſucceſs!
Lep. Farewel. [*Exeunt ſeverally.*

SCENE V. Alexandria. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, *and* Alexas.

Cle. Give me ſome muſic; muſic, moody food
Of us that trade in love.
Att. The muſic, ho!

Enter Mardian.

Cle. Let it alone; let us to billiards:—come, *Charmian.*
Cha. My arm is ſore, beſt play with *Mardian.*
Cle. As well a woman with an eunuch play'd,
As with a woman:—Come, you'll play with me, ſir?
Mar. As well as I can, madam.
Cle. And when good will is ſhew'd, though't come too ſhort,
The actor may plead pardon. I'll none now:—
Give me mine angle.—We'll to the river: there,
My muſic playing far off, I will betray
Tawny-fin'd fiſhes: my bended hook ſhall pierce
Their ſlimy jaws; and, as I draw them up,
I'll think them every one an *Antony,*
And ſay, Ah, ha! you're caught.
Cha. 'Twas merry, when
You wager'd on your angling; when your diver
Did hang a ſalt-fiſh on his hook, which he
With fervency drew up.
Cle. That time!—O times!—
I laugh'd him out of patience; and that night
I laugh'd him into patience: and next morn,
Ere the ninth hour, I drunk him to his bed;
Then put my tires and mantles on him, whilſt
I wore his ſword *Philippan.* O, from *Italy*;—

Enter a Meſſenger.

Rain thou thy fruitful tidings in mine ears,
That long time have been barren.
Meſ. Madam, madam,—
Cle. Antony's dead:—If thou ſay ſo,
Villain, thou kill'ſt thy miſtreſs: but well, and free,
If thou ſo yield him, there is gold, and here
My blueſt veins to kiſs; a hand, that kings
Have lip'd, and trembl'd kiſſing.
Meſ. Firſt, madam, he is well.
Cle. Why, there's more gold. But, ſirrah, mark; we uſe
To ſay, the dead are well: bring it to that,
The gold, I give thee, will I melt, and pour
Down thy ill-uttering throat.
Meſ. Good madam, hear me.
Cle. Well, go to, I will;
But there's no goodneſs in thy face: If *Antony*
Be free, and healthful, why ſo tart a favour
To trumpet ſuch good tidings? If not well,
Thou ſhould'ſt come like a fury crown'd with ſnakes,
Not like a formal man.
" *Meſ.* Will't pleaſe you hear me?
" *Cle.* I have a mind to ſtrike thee, ere thou ſpeak'ſt;
" Yet if thou ſay, *Antony* lives, is well,
" Or friends with *Cæſar*, or not captive to him,
" I'll ſet thee in a ſhower of gold, and hail
" Rich pearls upon thee.
Meſ. Madam, he's well.
Cle. Well ſaid.
Meſ. And friends with *Cæſar*.
Cle. Thou'rt an honeſt man.
Meſ. *Cæſar* and he are greater friends than ever.
Cle. Mark thee a fortune from me.
Meſ. But yet, madam,—
Cle. I do not like *but yet*, it does allay
The good precedence; fie upon *but yet*:
But yet is as a jailer to bring forth
Some monſtrous malefactor. Pr'ythee, friend,
Pour out thy pack of matter to mine ear,

The good and bad together: He's friends with *Cæſar*;
In ſtate of health, thou ſay'ſt; and, thou ſay'ſt, free.
Meſ. Free, madam! no; I made no ſuch report:
He's bound unto *Octavia*.
" *Cle.* For what good turn?
" *Meſ.* For the beſt turn i'the bed.
Cle. I am pale, *Charmian*.
Meſ. Madam, he's matry'd to *Octavia*.
" *Cle.* The moſt infectious peſtilence upon thee! [* *Strikes him down.*
" *Meſ.* Good madam, patience.
" *Cle.* What ſay you? [*ſtriking him again.*] Hence,
" Horrible villain! or I'll ſpurn thine eyes
" Like balls before me; I'll unhair thy head:
" [*Hales him up and down.*
" Thou ſhalt be whipt with wire, and ſtew'd in brine,
" Smarting in ling'ring pickle.
" *Meſ.* Gracious madam,
" I, that do bring the news, made not the match.
Cle. Say, 'tis not ſo, a province I will give thee,
And make thy fortunes proud: the blow thou had'ſt
Shall make thy peace, for moving me to rage;
And I will boot thee with what gift beſide
Thy modeſty can beg.
Meſ. He's marry'd, madam.
" *Cle.* Rogue, thou haſt liv'd too long.
" [*Draws a dagger.*
" *Meſ.* Nay, then I'll run:—
" What mean you, madam? I have made no fault.
" [*Exit Meſſenger.*
" *Cha.* Good madam, keep yourſelf within yourſelf;
" The man is innocent.
" *Cle.* Some innocents 'ſcape not the thunder-bolt.—
" Melt *Egypt* into *Nile*! and kindly creatures
" Turn all to ſerpents!—Call the ſlave again;
" Though I am mad, I will not bite him; call.
" *Cha.* He is afeard to come.

* The vulgar and virago ſpirit of *Cleopatra*, ſhames every idea of her character; ſhe is in this ſcene a perfect *Covent-Garden* amazon, wherefore, to ſoften her as much as poſſible, we curtail.

" *Cle.* I will not hurt him:—
" Theſe hands do lack nobility, that they ſtrike
" A meaner than myſelf? ſince I myſelf
" Have given myſelf the cauſe.—Come hither, ſir:

" *Re-enter Meſſenger.*

Though it be honeſt, it is never good
To bring bad news: Give to a gracious meſſage
An hoſt of tongues; but let ill tidings tell
Themſelves, when they be felt.
Meſ. I have but done my duty.
Cle. Is he marry'd?
I cannot hate thee worſer than I do,
If thou again ſay, yes.
Meſ. He's marry'd, madam.
Cle. The gods confound thee! doſt thou hold there ſtill?
Meſ. Should I lye, madam?
Cle. O, I would, thou didſt;
So half my *Egypt* were ſubmerg'd, and made
A ciſtern for ſcal'd ſnakes! Go, get thee hence;
Had'ſt thou *Narciſſus* in thy face, to me
Thou would'ſt appear moſt ugly. He is marry'd?
Meſ. I crave your highneſs' pardon.
Cle. He is marry'd?
Meſ. Take no offence, that I would not offend you:
To puniſh me for what you make me do,
Seems much unequal: He's marry'd to *Octavia.*
Cle. O, that his fault ſhould make a knave of thee,
That ſay'ſt but what thou art ſure of! Get thee hence:
The merchandize which thou haſt brought from *Rome,*
Are all too dear for me; lye they upon thy hand,
And be undone by 'em! [*Exit Meſſenger.*
Cha. Good your highneſs, patience.
Cle. In praiſing *Antony,* I have diſprais'd *Cæſar.*
Cha. Many times, madam.
Cle. I am pay'd for't now.
Lead me from hence,
I faint; O *Iras, Charmian,*—'Tis no matter:
Go to the fellow, good *Alexas*; bid him
Report the feature of *Octavia,* her years,

Her inclination, let him not leave out
The colour of her hair: bring me word quickly.
[*Exit* Alexas.
Let him for ever go:—Let him not, *Charmian*:
Though he be painted one way like a *Gorgon*,
The other way's a *Mars*:—Bid you *Alexas*
[*To* Mardian.
Bring me word how tall she is.—Pity me, *Charmian*,
But do not speak to me. Lead me to my chamber.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. *Country near* Misenum.

Flourish. Enter, from opposite Sides, Pompey, Menas, *and others:* Cæsar, Antony, Lepidus, Enobarbus, *and others.*

Pom. Your hostages I have, so have you mine;
And we shall talk before we fight.
Cæs. Most meet,
That first we come to words; and therefore have we
Our written purposes before us sent:
Which if thou hast consider'd, let us know
If 'twill tye up thy discontented sword;
And carry back to *Sicily* much tall youth,
That else must perish here.
Pom. To you all three,
The senators alone of this great world,
Chief factors for the gods,—I do not know,
Wherefore my father should revengers want,
Having a son, and friends; since *Julius Cæsar*,
Who at *Philippi* the good *Brutus* ghosted,
There saw you lab'ring for him. What was't
That mov'd pale *Cassius* to conspire? And what
Made the all-honour'd, honest, *Roman Brutus*,
With the arm'd rest, courtiers of beauteous freedom,
To drench the capitol; but that they would
Have one man but a man? And that is it,
Hath made me rig my navy; at whose burthen
The anger'd ocean foams; with which I meant
To scourge the ingratitude that despightful *Rome*
Cast on my noble father.

Cæſ. Take your time.

Ant. Thou canſt not fear us, *Pompey*, with thy ſails,
We'll ſpeak with thee at ſea: at land, thou know'ſt
How much we do o'er-count thee.

" *Pom.* At land, indeed,
" Thou doſt o'er-count me of my father's houſe:
" But, ſince the cuckoo builds not for himſelf,
" Remain in't, as thou may'ſt.

" *Lep.* Be pleas'd to tell us,
" (For this is from the preſent) how you take
" The offers we have ſent you.

" *Cæſ.* There's the point.

" *Ant.* Which do not be intreated to, but weigh
" What it is worth embrac'd.

" *Cæſ.* And what may follow,
" To try a larger fortune.

Pom. You have made me offer
Of *Sicily*, *Sardinia*; and I muſt
Rid all the ſea of pirates: then, to ſend
Meaſures of wheat to *Rome*: This 'greed upon,
To part with unhack'd edges, and bear back
Our targe undinted.

Cæſ. Ant. Lep. That's our offer.

Pom. Know then,
I came before you here, a man prepar'd
To take this offer: But *Mark Antony*
Put me to ſome impatience:—Though I loſe
The praiſe of it by telling, you muſt know,
When *Cæſar* and your brother were at blows,
Your mother came to *Sicily*, and did find
Her welcome friendly.

Ant. I have heard it, *Pompey*;
And am well ſtudy'd for a liberal thanks,
Which I do owe you.

Pom. Let me have your hand:
I did not think, ſir, to have met you here.

Ant. The beds i'the eaſt are ſoft: and thanks to you,
That call'd me, timelier than my purpoſe, hither;
For I have gain'd by't.

Cæſ. Since I ſaw you laſt,
There is a change upon you.

Pom. Well, I know not,
What counts harsh fortune casts upon my face;
But in my bosom shall she never come,
To make my heart her vassal.
Lep. Well met here.
Pom. I hope so, *Lepidus*.—Thus we are agreed:
I crave, our composition may be written,
And seal'd between us.
Cæs. That's the next to do.
Pom. We'll feast each other, ere we part; and let us
Draw lots who shall begin.
Ant. That will I, *Pompey*.
" *Pom.* No, noble *Antony*, take the lot: but, first,
" Or last, your fine *Egyptian* cookery
" Shall have the fame. I have heard, that *Julius Cæsar*
" Grew fat with feasting there.
" *Ant.* You have heard much.
" *Pom.* I have fair meaning, sir.
" *Ant.* And fair words to them.
" *Pom.* Then so much have I heard. And I have
" heard,
" *Apollodorus* carry'd—
" *Eno.* No more of that:—He did so.
" *Pom.* What, I pray you?
" *Eno.* A certain queen to *Cæsar* in a matress.
" *Pom.* I know thee now: How far'st thou, soldier?
" *Eno.* Well;
" And well am like to do: for, I perceive,
" Four feasts are toward.
Pom. Let me shake thy hand;
I never hated thee: I have seen thee fight,
When I have envy'd thy behaviour.
Eno. Sir,
I never lov'd you much; but I have prais'd you,
When you have well deserv'd ten times as much
As I have said you did.
Pom. Enjoy thy plainness,
It nothing ill becomes thee.—
Aboard my galley I invite you all:
Will you lead, lords?
Cæs. Ant. Lep. Shew us the way, sir.

Pom. Come. [*Exeunt* Pompey, Cæſar, Antony, Lepidus, *and attendants.*

" * *Men.* Thy father, *Pompey*, would ne'er have " made this treaty.—You and I have known, ſir.

" *Eno.* At ſea, I think.

" *Men.* We have, ſir.

" *Eno.* You have done well by water.

" *Men.* And you by land.

" *Eno.* I will praiſe any man that will praiſe me: " though it cannot be deny'd, what I have done by " land.

" *Men.* Nor what I have done by water.

" *Eno.* Yes, ſomething you can deny for your own " ſafety: you have been a great thief by ſea.

" *Men.* And you by land.

" *Eno.* There I deny my land-ſervice. But give me " your hand, *Menas*; If our eyes had authority, here " they might take two thieves kiſſing.

" *Men.* All men's faces are true, whatſoe'er their " hands are.

" *Eno.* But there is never a fair woman has a true face.

" *Men.* No ſlander; they ſteal hearts.

" *Eno.* We came hither to fight with you.

" *Men.* For my part, I am ſorry it is turn'd to a " drinking. *Pompey* doth this day laugh away his for- " tune.

" *Eno.* If he do, ſure, he cannot weep it back again.

" *Men.* You have ſaid, ſir. We look'd not for *Mark* " *Antony* here; pray you, is he marry'd to *Cleopatra?*

" *Eno. Cæſar's* ſiſter is called *Octavia.*

" *Men.* True, ſir: ſhe was the wife of *Caius Marcellus.*

" *Eno.* But now ſhe is the wife of *Marcus Antonius.*

" *Men.* Pray you, ſir,—

" *Eno.* 'Tis true.

" *Men.* Then is *Cæſar*, and he, for ever knit together.

" *Eno.* If I were bound to divine of this unity, I " would not propheſy ſo.

* This ſcene, as having little matter of any uſe, we conſider much better to be diſpoſed of than retained; for what is mentioned as the conſequence of *Antony*'s marriage with *Octavia*, is ſufficiently and more properly ſhown in the ſequel.

" *Men.* I think the policy of that purpoſe made more
" in the marriage, than the love of the parties.
" *Eno.* I think ſo too. But you ſhall find, the band,
" that ſeems to tye their friendſhip together, will be the
" very ſtrangler of their amity: *Octavia* is of a holy,
" cold, and ſtill converſation.
" *Men.* Who would not have his wife ſo?
" *Eno.* Not he, that himſelf is not ſo; which is *Mark*
" *Antony*. He will to his *Egyptian* diſh again: then
" ſhall the ſighs of *Octavia* blow the fire up in *Cæſar*;
" and, as I ſaid before, that which is the ſtrength of
" their amity, ſhall prove the immediate author of their
" variance. *Antony* will uſe his affection where it is;
" he marry'd but his occaſion here.
" *Men.* And thus it may be. Come, ſir, will you
" aboard? I have a health for you.
" *Eno.* I ſhall take it, ſir: we have us'd our throats
" in *Egypt*.
Men. Come; let's away. [*Exeunt.*

" SCENE VII. *Aboard Pompey's Galley, off* Miſenum.
" *Under a Pavilion upon Deck, a Banquet ſet out: Muſick: Servants attending.*

" 1. *S.* Here they'll be, man: Some o' their plants
" are ill-rooted already, the leaſt wind i' the world will
" blow them down.
" 2. *S. Lepidus* is high-colour'd.
" 1. *S.* They have made him drink alms-drink.
" 2. *S.* As they pinch one another by the diſpoſition,
" he cries out, *no more*; reconciles them to his entreaty,
" and himſelf to the drink.
" 1. *S.* But it raiſes the greater war between him and
" his diſcretion.
" 2. *S.* Why, this it is to have a name in great men's
" fellowſhip: I had as lief have a reed that will do me
" no ſervice, as a partizan I could not heave.
" 1. *S.* To be called into a huge ſphere, and not to
" be ſeen to move in't, are the holes where eyes ſhould
" be, which pitifully diſaſter the cheeks.

" *Music plays.* *Enter* Cæsar, Antony, Lepidus *, Pom-
" pey, Menas, Enobarbus, *and others.*

" *Ant.* Thus do they, sir; [*to* Cæsar.] They take the
" flow o'the *Nile*,
" By certain scales i'the pyramid; they know,
" By the height, the lowness, or the mean, if dearth,
" Or foizon, follow: the higher *Nilus* swells,
" The more it promises: as it ebbs, the seedsman
" Upon the slime and ooze scatters his grain,
" And shortly comes to harvest.
" *Lep.* You've strange serpents there.
" *Ant.* Ay, *Lepidus.*
" *Lep.* Your serpent of *Egypt* is bred now of your mud
" by the operation of the sun: so is your crocodile.
" *Ant.* They are so.
" *Pom.* Sit,—and some wine.—A health to *Lepidus.*
" *Lep.* I am not so well as I should be, but I'll ne'er
" out.
" *Eno.* Not 'till you have slept; I fear me, you'll be
" in 'till then.
" *Lep.* Nay, certainly, I have heard, the *Ptolemies'*
" pyramises are very goodly things; without contradic-
" tion, I have heard that.
" *Men. Pompey*, a word.
" *Pom.* Say in mine ear; what is't?
" *Men.* Forsake thy seat, I do beseech thee, captain,
" And hear me speak a word.
" *Pom.* Forbear me 'till anon.—This wine for *Le-*
" *pidus.*
" *Lep.* What manner o'thing is your crocodile?
" *Ant.* It is shap'd, sir, like itself; and it is as broad
" as it hath breadth: it is just so high as it is, and moves
" with it's own organs: it lives by that which nourish-
" eth it; and, the elements once out of it, it trans-
" migrates.
" *Lep.* What colour is it of?

* This incoherent scene of revelry has very little concern with, or influence upon, the plot; wherefore we think the act should end at the going off of *Cæsar*, *Pompey*, and *Antony*, after their amicable agreement.

" *Ant.* Of it's own colour too.
" *Lep.* 'Tis a ſtrange ſerpent.
" *Ant.* 'Tis ſo, and the tears of it are wet.
" *Cæſ.* Will this deſcription ſatisfy him?
" *Ant.* With the health that *Pompey* gives him, elſe
" he is a very epicure.
" *Pom.* Go, hang, ſir, hang: [*to Men.*] Tell me of
" that! Away:
" Do as I bid you.—Where's this cup I call'd for?
" *Men.* If for the ſake of merit thou wilt hear me,
" Riſe from thy ſtool.
" *Pom.* I think thou'rt mad. [*riſing and ſtepping aſide.*]
" The matter?
" *Men.* I have ever held my cap off to thy fortunes.
" *Pom.* Thou haſt ſerv'd me with much faith: what's
" elſe to ſay?—
" Be jolly, lords.
" *Ant.* Theſe quickſands, *Lepidus*,
" Keep off them, for you ſink.
" *Men.* Wilt thou be lord of all the world?
" *Pom.* What ſay'ſt thou?
" *Men.* Wilt thou be lord of the whole world? That's
" twice.
" *Pom.* How ſhould that be?
" *Men.* But entertain it,
" And, though thou think me poor, I am the man
" Will give thee all the world.
" *Pom.* Thou haſt drunk well.
" *Men.* No, *Pompey*, I have kept me from the cup.
" Thou art, if thou dar'ſt be, the earthly *Jove:*
" Whate'er the ocean pales, or ſky inclips,
" Is thine, if thou wilt ha't.
" *Pom.* Shew me which way.
" *Men.* Theſe three world-ſharers, theſe competitors,
" Are in thy veſſel: let me cut the cable;
" And, when we are put off, fall to their throats:
" All then is thine.
" *Pom.* Ah, this thou ſhould'ſt have done,
" And not have ſpoke of it! In me, 'tis villany;
" In thee, 't had been good ſervice. Thou muſt know,
" 'Tis not my profit that does lead mine honour;
" Mine

" Mine honour, it. Repent, that e'er thy tongue
" Hath ſo betray'd thine act: being done unknown,
" I ſhould have found it afterwards well done;
" But muſt condemn it now. Deſiſt, and drink *.
" *Men.* For this, [*looking contemptibly after him.*
" I'll never follow thy pall'd fortunes more.—
" Who ſeeks, and will not take, when once 'tis offer'd,
" Shall never find it more. [*joins the company.*
" *Pom.* This health to *Lepidus*.
" *Ant.* Bear him aſhore.— [*to an attendant.*
" I'll pledge it for him, *Pompey*.
" *Eno.* Here's to thee, *Menas*.
" *Men.* *Enobarbus*, welcome.
" *Pom.* Fill, 'till the cup be hid. [Lepidus *borne off.*
" *Eno.* There's a ſtrong fellow, *Menas*.
" *Men.* Why?
" *Eno.* He bears
" The third part of the world, man; ſeeſt not?
" *Men.* The third part then is drunk: 'would it were
" all,
" That it might go on wheels.
" *Eno.* Drink thou, encreaſe the reels.
" *Men.* Come.
" *Pom.* This is not yet an *Alexandrian* feaſt.
" *Ant.* It ripens towards it.—Strike the veſſels, ho!
" Here is to *Cæſar*.
" *Cæſ.* I could well forbear't.
" It's monſtrous labour, when I waſh my brain,
" And it grows fouler.
" *Ant.* Be a child o'the time.
" *Cæſ.* Poſſeſs it, I'll make anſwer: but I had rather
" Faſt from all four days, than drink ſo much in one.
" *Eno.* Ha, my brave emperor! [*to* Ant.] ſhall we
" dance now
" The *Egyptian* bacchanals, and celebrate our drink?
" *Pom.* Let's ha't, good ſoldier. [*they riſe.*

* The character of *Pompey* is here ſet in a very amiable light; to decline an unhoſpitable mode of taking off powerful competitors, ſhows very becoming dignity of mind; nothing can manifeſt a baſer principle than taking advantage of friendly confidence.

" *Ant.* Come, let's all take hands;
" 'Till that the conquering wine hath ſteep'd our ſenſe
" In ſoft and delicate lethe.
" *Eno.* All take hands.—
" Make battery to our ears with the loud muſic:—
" The while, I'll place you: then the boy ſhall ſing;
" The holding every man ſhall bear, as loud
" As his ſtrong ſides can volly.
" [*Muſic plays.* Enobarbus *places them hand in hand.*

" SONG.

" *Come, thou monarch of the vine,*
" *Plumpy* Bacchus, *with pink eyne:*
" *In thy vats our cares be drown'd;*
" *With thy grapes our hairs be crown'd;*
" *Cup us, 'till the world go round,*
" *Cup us, 'till the world go round.*

" *Cæſ.* What would you more?—*Pompey*, good night.
" —Good brother,
" Let me requeſt you, off: our graver buſineſs
" Frowns at this levity.—Gentle lords, let's part;
" You ſee, we have burnt our cheeks: ſtrong *Enobarbe*
" Is weaker than the wine; and mine own tongue
" Splits what it ſpeaks: the wild diſguiſe hath almoſt
" Antickt us all. What needs more words? Good
" night.—
" Good *Antony*, your hand.
" *Pom.* I'll try you on the ſhore.
" *Ant.* And ſhall, ſir: give's your hand.
" *Pom.* O *Antony*,
" You have my father's houſe;—but what? we are
" friends.
" Come, down into the boat.
" *Eno.* Take heed you fall not.—
" [*Exeunt* Pom. Cæſ. Ant. *and Attendants.*
" *Menas*, I'll not on ſhore.
" *Men.* No, to my cabin.—
" Theſe drums, theſe trumpets, flutes, what—let *Neptune* hear,

" We bid a loud farewel to theſe great fellows:
" Sound, and be hang'd, ſound out.
" [*Flouriſh of loud Muſic.*
" *Eno.* Ho, ſays' a!—There's my cap.
" *Men.* Ho, noble captain! Come. [*Exeunt* *.

ACT III.

SCENE I. *A Plain in* Syria.

Enter, as from Conqueſt, Ventidius, *with* Silius, *and other* Romans, *Officers and Soldiers, the dead Body of* Pacorus *borne before him.*

VENTIDIUS.

NOW, darting *Parthia*, art thou ſtruck; and now
Pleas'd fortune does of *Marcus Craſſus'* death
Make me revenger.—Bear the king's ſon's body
Before our army:—Thy *Pacorus, Orades*,
Pays this for *Marcus Craſſus.*
Sil. Noble *Ventidius*,
Whilſt yet with *Parthian* blood thy ſword is warm,
The fugitive *Parthians* follow; ſpur through *Media*,
Meſopotamia, and the ſhelters whither
The routed fly: ſo thy grand captain *Antony*
Shall ſet thee on triumphant chariots, and
Put garlands on thy head.
Ven. O *Silius, Silius*,
I have done enough: a lower place, note well,
May make too great an act: for learn this, *Silius*;
Better to leave undone, than by our deed
Acquire too high a fame, when he we ſerve's away.
Cæſar, and *Antony*, have ever won
More in their officer, than perſon: *Soſſius*,
One of my place in *Syria*, his lieutenant,

* This ſecond Act does not contain much matter for repreſentation, any more than the former; but the deſcription of *Cleopatra* by *Enobarbus* will, to a judicious reader, atone for greater deficiencies.

For

For quick accumulation of renown,
Which he atchiev'd by the minute, loſt his favour.
Who does i'the wars more than his captain can,
Becomes his captain's captain: and ambition,
The ſoldier's virtue, rather makes choice of loſs,
Than gain, which darkens him *.
I could do more to do *Antonius* good,
But 'twould offend him; and in his offence
Should my performance periſh.

Sil. Thou haſt, *Ventidius*, that,
Without the which a ſoldier, and his ſword,
Grants ſcarce diſtinction. Thou wilt write to *Antony?*

Ven. I'll humbly ſignify what in his name,
That magical word of war, we have effected;
How, with his banners, and his well-pay'd ranks,
The ne'er-yet-beaten horſe of *Parthia*
We have jaded out o' the field.

Sil. Where is he now?

Ven. He purpoſeth to *Athens*; where, with what haſte
The weight we muſt convey with us will permit,
We ſhall appear before him.—On, there; paſs along.

SCENE II. Rome. *An Anti-room in* Cæſar's *Houſe.*

" *Enter* Agrippa, *and* Enobarbus, *meeting.*

" *Agr.* What are the brothers parted?

" *Eno.* They have diſpatch'd with *Pompey*, he is gone;
" The other three are ſealing. *Octavia* weeps
" To part from *Rome: Cæſar* is ſad; and *Lepidus*,
" Since *Pompey*'s feaſt, as *Menas* ſays, is troubl'd
" With the green ſickneſs.

" *Agr.* 'Tis a noble *Lepidus.*

" *Eno.* A very fine one: O, how he loves *Cæſar!*

" *Agr.* Nay, but how dearly he adores *Mark Antony!*

" *Eno.* *Cæſar?* Why, he's the *Jupiter* of men.

" *Agr.* What's *Antony?* The god of *Jupiter.*

" *Eno.* Spake you of *Cæſar?* O, the non-pareil!

* The greateſt and moſt ambitious ſpirits are extremely apt to envy competitors in glory; therefore *Ventidius* juſtly remarks, that under a warlike employer, it is rather hazardous to gain too great a portion of glory.

" *Agr.* O *Antony!* O thou *Arabian* bird!
" *Eno.* Would you praiſe *Cæſar*, ſay,—*Cæſar*;—go
" no farther.
" *Agr.* Indeed, he ply'd them both with excellent
" praiſes.
" *Eno.* But he loves *Cæſar* beſt;—yet he loves *Antony:*
" Ho! hearts, tongues, figures, ſcribes, bards, poets,
" cannot
" Think, ſpeak, caſt, write, ſing, number, ho, his love
" To *Antony.* But as for *Cæſar*, kneel,
" Kneel down, kneel down, and wonder.
" *Agr.* Both he loves.
" *Eno.* They are his ſhards, and he their beetle:
" [*Trumpet within.*] So,
" This is to horſe:—Adieu, noble *Agrippa.*
" *Agr.* Good fortune, worthy ſoldier; and farewel!

Enter Cæſar, Antony, Lepidus, *and* Octavia*.

Ant. No farther, ſir. [*to* Cæſar.
Cæſ. You take from me a great part of myſelf;
Uſe me well in't.—Siſter, prove ſuch a wife
As my thoughts make thee, and as my fartheſt bond
Shall paſs on thy approof.—Moſt noble *Antony,*
Let not the piece of virtue, which is ſet
Betwixt us, as the cement of our love,
To keep it builded, be the ram, to batter
The fortreſs of it: for far better might we
Have lov'd without this mean, if on both parts
This be not cheriſh'd.
Ant. Make me not offended
In your diſtruſt.
Cæſ. I have ſaid.
Ant. You ſhall not find,
Though you be therein curious, the leaſt cauſe
For what you ſeem to fear: ſo, the gods keep you,
And make the hearts of *Romans* ſerve your ends!
We will here part.

* The ſcene would certainly begin here with more advantage than where it does.

Cæſ. Farewel, my deareſt ſiſter, fare thee well;
The elements be kind to thee, and make
Thy ſpirits all of comfort! fare thee well.
Oct. My noble brother,—
Ant. The *April*'s in her eyes; it is love's ſpring,
And theſe the ſhowers to bring it on:—be chearful.
Oct. Sir, look well to my huſband's houſe; and—
Cæſ. What,
Octavia?
Oct. I'il tell you in your ear. [*taking him aſide.*
Ant. Her tongue will not obey her heart, nor can
Her heart inform her tongue; the ſwan's down feather,
That ſtands upon the ſwell at full of tide,
And neither way inclines *.
" *Eno.* Will *Cæſar* weep?
" *Agr.* He has a cloud in's face.
" *Eno.* He were the worſe for that, were he a horſe;
" So is he, being a man.
" *Agr.* Why, *Enobarbus?*
" When *Antony* found *Julius Cæſar* dead,
" He cry'd almoſt to roaring: and he wept,
" When at *Philippi* he found *Brutus* ſlain.
" *Eno.* That year, indeed, he was troubl'd with a
" rheum;
" What willingly he did confound, he wail'd:
" Believ't, 'till I weep too.
Cæſ. No, ſweet *Octavia*, [*coming forward.*
You ſhall hear from me ſtill; the time ſhall not
Out-go my thinking on you.
Ant. Come, ſir, come;
I'll wreſtle with you in my ſtrength of love:
Look, here I have you; thus I let you go,
And give you to the gods.
Cæſ. Adieu; be happy!
Lep. Let all the number of the ſtars give light
To thy fair way!
Cæſ. Farewel.—Farewel. [*kiſſes* Octavia.
Ant. Farewel. [*Flouriſh. Exeunt.*

* This is a moſt beautiful ſimile, the ſwan's feather being deliciately adapted to the lady's ſoftneſs, and the ſwell of the tide to a ſtagnation of paſſions.

SCENE III. Alexandria. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, *and* Alexas.

Cle. Where is the fellow?
Ale. Half afeard to come.
Cle. Go to, go to:—Come hither, ſir.

Enter Meſſenger.

Ale. Good majeſty,
Herod of *Jewry* dare not look upon you,
But when you are well pleas'd.
Cle. That *Herod*'s head
I'll have: but how? when *Antony* is gone,
Through whom I might command it.—Come thou near.
Meſ. Moſt gracious majeſty,—
Cle. Did'ſt thou behold
Octavia?
Meſ. Ay, dread queen.
Cle. Where?
Meſ. Madam, in *Rome*
I look'd her in the face; and ſaw her led
Between her brother and *Mark Antony.*
Cle. Is ſhe as tall as me?
Meſ. She is not, madam.
Cle. Did'ſt hear her ſpeak? Is ſhe ſhrill-tongu'd, or low?
Meſ. Madam, I heard her ſpeak; ſhe is low-voic'd.
Cle. That's not ſo good:—he cannot like her long.
Cha. Like her? O *Iſis!* 'tis impoſſible.
Cle. I think ſo, *Charmian*; Dull of tongue, and dwarfiſh!—
What majeſty is in her gait? Remember;
If e'er thou look'dſt on majeſty.
Meſ. She creeps;
Her motion and her ſtation are as one:
She ſhews a body, rather than a life;
A ſtatue, than a breather.
Cle. Is this certain?
Meſ. Or I have no obſervance.
Cha. Three in *Egypt*
Cannot make better note.

Cle. He's very knowing,
I do perceive't :—there's nothing in her yet:—
The fellow has good judgment.
Cha. Excellent.
Cle. Guess at her years, I pr'ythee.
Mef. Her years, madam?
She was a widow:
Cle. Widow?—*Charmian*, hark.
Mef. And I do think, she's thirty.
Cle. Bear'ſt thou her face
In mind? is't long, or round?
Mef. Round, even to faultineſs.
Cle. For the moſt part too, they are fooliſh that are ſo.—
Her hair, what colour?
Mef. Brown, madam; and her forehead
As low as ſhe would wiſh it.
Cle. There's gold for thee.
Thou muſt not take my former ſharpneſs ill:
I will employ thee back again; I find thee
Moſt fit for buſineſs: go, make thee ready, while
Our letters are prepar'd. [*Exit* Meſſenger.
Cha. A proper man.
Cle. Indeed, he is ſo: I repent me much
That ſo I harry'd him. Why, methinks, by him,
This creature's no ſuch thing.
Cha. O, nothing, madam.
Cle. The man hath ſeen ſome majeſty, and ſhould know.
Cha. Hath he ſeen majeſty? *Iſis* elſe defend,
And ſerving you ſo long!
Cle. I have one thing more to aſk him yet, good *Charmian*:—
But 'tis no matter; thou ſhalt bring him to me
Where I will write: all may be well enough.
Cha. I warrant you, madam. [*Exeunt* †.

† In this ſhort ſcene *Shakeſpeare* ſhows intimate knowledge of the feelings and caprice of ſuch a woman as *Cleopatra*; one ſo filled with vanity and ambition; her queſtions and concluſions, in her own favour, are admirably thrown out.

SCENE IV. Athens. *A Room in* Antony's *Houſe.*

Enter Antony, *and* Octavia.

Ant. Nay, nay, *Octavia*, not only that,—
That were excuſable, that, and thouſands more
Of ſemblable import,—but he hath wag'd
New wars 'gainſt *Pompey*; made his will, and read it
To public ear:
Spoke ſcant'ly of me: when perforce he could not,
But pay me terms of honour, cold and ſickly
He vented them; moſt narrow meaſure lent me:
When the beſt hint was given him, he not took't,
Or did it from his teeth.

Oct. O my good lord,
Believe not all; or, if you muſt believe,
Stomach not all. A more unhappy lady,
If this diviſion chance, ne'er ſtood between,
Praying for both parts: the good gods will mock me,
When I ſhall pray, O, *bleſs my huſband!* preſently
Undo that prayer, by crying out as loud,
O, *bleſs my brother!* Huſband win, win brother,
Prays, and deſtroys the prayer; no midway
'Twixt theſe extremes at all.

Ant. Gentle *Octavia*,
Let your beſt love draw to that point, which ſeeks
Beſt to preſerve it: if I loſe mine honour,
I loſe myſelf: better I were not yours,
Than yours ſo branchleſs. But, as you requeſted,
Yourſelf ſhall go between us: the mean time, lady,
I'll raiſe the preparation of a war
Shall ſtrain your brother: make your ſooneſt haſte;
So your deſires are yours.

Oct. Thanks to my lord.
The *Jove* of power make me moſt weak, moſt weak,
Your reconciler! Wars 'twixt you twain would be
As if the world ſhould cleave, and that ſlain men
Should ſolder up the rift.

Ant. When it appears to you where this begins,
Turn your diſpleaſure that way; for our faults
Can never be ſo equal, that your love

Can equally move with them. Provide your going;
Chooſe your own company, and command what coſt
Your heart has mind to. [*Exeunt.*

" SCENE V. *The ſame. Another Room in the ſame* *.

" *Enter* Eros, *and* Enobarbus, *meeting.*

" *Eno.* How now, friend *Eros?*
" *Ero.* There's ſtrange news come, ſir.
" *Eno.* What, man?
" *Ero.* *Cæſar* and *Lepidus* have made wars upon
" *Pompey.*
" *Eno.* This is old; what is the ſucceſs?
" *Ero.* *Cæſar*, having made uſe of him in the wars
" 'gainſt *Pompey*, preſently deny'd him rivalry; would
" not let him partake in the glory of the action: and
" not reſting here, accuſes him of letters he had formerly
" wrote to *Pompey*; upon his appeal, ſeizes him: ſo the
" poor third is up, 'till death enlarge his confine.
" *Eno.* Then, world, thou haſt a pair of chaps, no
" more;
" And throw between them all the food thou haſt,
" They'll grind the one the other.—Where is *Antony?*
" *Ero.* He's walking in the garden thus; and ſpurns
" The ruſh that lies before him: cries, *Fool* Lepidus!
" And threats the throat of that his officer,
" That murder'd *Pompey.*
" *Eno.* Our great navy's rigg'd.
" *Ero.* For *Italy*, and *Cæſar*. More, *Domitius*;
" My lord deſires you preſently: my news
" I might have told hereafter.
" *Eno.* 'Twill be naught:
" But let it be.—Bring me to *Antony.*
" *Ero.* Come, ſir. [*Exeunt.*

* This little ſcene ſeems calculated merely to give *Octavia* ſome time for her journey; but the breaches of unity are ſo frequent and ſo violent in this piece, that ſuch a point is of little conſideration.

SCENE VI. Rome. *A Room in* Cæſar's *Houſe.*

Enter Cæſar, Mecænas, *and* Agrippa.

Cæſ. Contemning *Rome*, he has done all this: and more;
In *Alexandria*,—here's the manner of it,—
I' the market-place, on a tribunal ſilver'd,
Cleopatra and himſelf in chairs of gold
Were publicly enthron'd: at the feet, ſat
Cæſarion, whom they call my father's ſon;
And all the unlawful iſſue, that their luſt
Since then hath made between them. Unto her
He gave the 'ſtabliſhment of *Egypt*; made her
Of lower *Syria*, *Cyprus*, *Lydia*,
Abſolute queen.

Mec. This in the public eye?

Cæſ. I' the common ſhew-place, where they exerciſe.
His ſons he there proclaim'd, The kings of kings:
Great *Media*, *Parthia*, and *Armenia*,
He gave to *Alexander*; to *Ptolemy* he aſſign'd
Syria, *Cilicia*, and *Phœnicia*: ſhe
In the habiliments of the goddeſs *Iſis*
That day appear'd; and oft before gave audience,
As 'tis reported, ſo.

Mec. Let *Rome* be thus
Inform'd.

Agr. Who, queaſy with his inſolence
Already, will their good thoughts call from him.

Cæſ. The people know it; and have now receiv'd
His accuſations.

Agr. Whom does he accuſe?

Cæſ. *Cæſar*: and that having in *Sicily*
Sextus Pompeius ſpoil'd, we had not rated him
His part o'the iſle: then does he ſay, he lent me
Some ſhipping unreſtor'd: laſtly, he frets,
That *Lepidus* of the triumvirate
Should be depos'd; and, being, that we detain
All his revenue.

Agr. Sir, this ſhould be anſwer'd.

Cæſ. 'Tis done already, and the meſſenger gone.
I have told him, *Lepidus* was grown too cruel;

That he his high authority abus'd,
And did deſerve his change: for what I have conquer'd,
I grant him part; but then, in his *Armenia*,
And other of his conquer'd kingdoms, I
Demand the like.

Mec. He'll never yield to that.

Caſ. Nor muſt not then be yielded to in this.

Enter Octavia.

Oct. Hail, *Caſar*, and my lord! hail, moſt dear *Caſar!*

Caſ. That ever I ſhould call thee, caſt-away.

Oct. You have not call'd me ſo, nor have you cauſe.

Caſ. Why haſt thou ſtole upon us thus? You come not
Like *Caſar's* ſiſter: the wife of *Antony*
Should have an army for an uſher, and
The neighs of horſe to tell of her approach,
Long ere ſhe did appear: the trees by the way
Should have born men; and expectation fainted,
Longing for what it had not: nay, the duſt
Should have aſcended to the roof of heaven †,
Rais'd by your populous troops: but you are come
A market-maid to *Rome*; and have prevented
The oſtent of our love, which, left unſhewn,
Is often left unlov'd: we ſhould have met you
By ſea, and land; ſupplying every ſtage
With an augmented greeting.

Oct. Good my lord,
To come thus was I not conſtrain'd, but did it
On my free will. My lord *Mark Antony*,
Hearing that you prepar'd for war, acquainted
My grieving ear withal; whereon, I begg'd
His pardon for return.

Caſ. Which ſoon he granted,
Being an obſtruct 'tween his luſt and him.

Oct. Do not ſay ſo, my lord,

† There is great exaltation of idea and ſplendor of expreſſion in this addreſs to *Octavia*: though external pomp is to ſtrand ſenſe very immaterial, yet royal characters, without it, would loſe much of their conſequence.

Cæſ. I have eyes upon him,
And his affairs come to me on the wind:
Where, ſay you, he is now?
Oct. My lord, in *Athens*.
Cæſ. No, my moſt wrong'd ſiſter; *Cleopatra*
Hath nodded him to her. He hath given his empire
Up to a whore; who now are levying
The kings o'the earth for war: he hath aſſembl'd
Bocchus, the king of *Lybia*; *Archelaus*,
Of *Cappadocia*; *Philadelphos*, king
Of *Paphlagonia*; the *Thracian* king, *Adallas*:
King *Malchus* of *Arabia*; king of *Medes*;
Herod of *Jewry*; *Mithridates*, king
Of *Comagene*; *Polemon* and *Amintas*,
The kings of *Pont* and *Lycaonia*;
With a larger liſt of ſcepters.
Oct. Ah me moſt wretched!
That have my heart parted betwixt two friends,
That do afflict each other.
Cæſ. Welcome hither:
Your letters did withold our breaking forth;
'Till we perceiv'd, both how you were wrong'd,
And we in negligent danger. Cheer your heart:
Be you not troubl'd with the time, which drives
O'er your content theſe ſtrong neceſſities;
But let determin'd things to deſtiny
Hold unbewail'd their way. Welcome to *Rome*.
Nothing more dear to me. You are abus'd
Beyond the mark of thought: and the high gods,
To do you juſtice, make them miniſters
Of us, and thoſe that love you. Be of comfort;
And ever welcome to us.
Agr. Welcome, lady.
Mec. Welcome, dear madam.
Each heart in *Rome* does love and pity you:
Only the adulterous *Antony*, moſt large
In his abominations, turns you off;
And gives his potent regiment to a trull,
That noiſes it againſt us.
Oct. Is it ſo, ſir?

Cæſ. Moſt certain. Sifter, welcome: pray you, now
Be ever known to patience: my dear'ſt ſiſter!

SCENE VII. *Near* Actium. Antony's *Camp.*

Enter Cleopatra, *and* Enobarbus.

Cle. I will be even with thee, doubt it not.

Eno. But why, why, why?

Cle. Thou haſt foreſpoke my being in theſe wars;
And ſay'ſt, it is not fit.

Eno. Well, is it, is it?

Cle. Is't not denounc'd 'gainſt us? Why ſhould not we
Be there in perſon?

" *Eno.* Well, I could reply:—
" If we ſhould ſerve with horſe and mares together,
" The horſe were merely loſt; the mares would bear
" A ſoldier, and his horſe.

" *Cle.* What is't you ſay?

" *Eno.* Your preſence needs muſt puzzle *Antony*;
" Take from his heart, take from his brain, from his time,
" What ſhould not then be ſpar'd. He is already
" Traduc'd for levity; and 'tis ſaid in *Rome*,
" That *Phôtinus* an eunuch, and your maids,
" Manage this war.

" *Cle.* Sink *Rome*; and their tongues rot,
" That ſpeak againſt us! A charge we bear i'the war,
" And, as the preſident of my kingdom, will
" Appear there for a man. Speak not againſt it;
" I will not ſtay behind.

" *Eno.* Nay, I have done.
" Here comes the emperor.

Enter Antony, *and* Canidius.

Ant. Is't not ſtrange, *Canidius*,
That from *Tarentum*, and *Brunduſium*,
He could ſo quickly cut the *Ionian* ſea,
And take in *Toryne?*—You have heard on't, ſweet?

Cle. Celerity is never more admir'd,
Than by the negligent *.

* This is a very ſenſible obſervation; for indolence is very apt, upon the moſt probable events, produced by itſelf, to cry out, " Who " would have thought it?" though common ſenſe muſt eaſily have foreſeen the conſequences in their true ſhape.

Ant. A good rebuke,
Which might have well becom'd the beſt of men,
To taunt at ſlackneſs.—My *Canidius*, we
Will fight with him by ſea.
Cle. By ſea! What elſe?
Can. Why will my lord do ſo?
Ant. For that he dares us to't.
Eno. So hath my lord dar'd him to ſingle fight.
Can. Ay, and to wage this battle at *Pharſalia*,
Where *Cæſar* fought with *Pompey*: but theſe offers,
Which ſerve not for his vantage, he ſhakes off;
And ſo ſhould you.
Eno. Your ſhips are not well mann'd;
Your mariners are muliteers, reapers, people
Ingroſt by ſwift impreſs; in *Cæſar*'s fleet
Are thoſe, that often have 'gainſt *Pompey* fought:
Their ſhips are yare; yours, heavy; no diſgrace
Can fall you for refuſing him at ſea,
Being prepar'd for land.
Ant. By ſea, by ſea.
Eno. Moſt worthy ſir, you therein throw away
The abſolute ſoldierſhip you have by land;
Diſtract your army, which doth moſt conſiſt
Of war-mark'd footmen; leave unexecuted
Your own renowned knowledge; quite forego
The way which promiſes aſſurance; and
Give up yourſelf merely to chance and hazard,
From firm ſecurity.
Ant. I'll fight at ſea.
Cle. I have ſixty ſails, *Cæſar* none better.
Ant. Come:
Our over-plus of ſhipping will we burn;
And, with the reſt full-mann'd, from the head of *Actium*
Beat the approaching *Cæſar*. But if we fail,

Enter a Meſſenger.

We then can do't at land.—Thy buſineſs?
Meſ. The news is true, my lord; he is deſcry'd;
Cæſar has taken *Toryne*.
Ant. Can he be there in perſon? 'tis impoſſible;
Strange, that his power ſhould be.—*Canidius*,

Our nineteen legions thou ſhalt hold by land,
And our twelve thouſand horſe:—we'll to our ſhip;

Enter a Soldier.

Away, my *Thetis*.—How now, worthy ſoldier?
Sol. O noble emperor, do not fight by ſea;
Truſt not to rotten planks: do you miſdoubt
This ſword, and theſe my wounds? Let the *Egyptians*,
And the *Phœnicians*, go a ducking; we
Have us'd to conquer, ſtanding on the earth,
And fighting foot to foot.
Ant. Well, well, away *.
[*Exeunt* Antony, Cleopatra, *and* Enobarbus.
" *Sol.* By *Hercules*, I think I am i'the right.
" *Can.* Soldier, thou art; but this whole action grows
" Not in the power on't: ſo our leader's led.
" And we are women's men.
" *Sol.* You keep by land
" The legions and the horſe whole, do you not?
" *Can. Marcus Octavius*, *Marcus Juſteius*,
" *Publicola*, and *Cælius*, are for ſea:
" But we keep whole by land. This ſpeed of *Cæſar's*
" Carries beyond belief.
" *Sol.* While he was yet in *Rome*,
" His power went out in ſuch diſtractions, as
" Beguil'd all ſpies.
" *Can.* Who's his lieutenant, hear you?
" *Sol.* They ſay, one *Taurus*.
" *Can.* Well I know the man.

" *Enter a* Meſſenger.

" *Meſ.* The emperor calls *Canidius*.
" *Can.* With news the time's with labour; and throws forth,
" Each minute, ſome. [*Exeunt.*

* The prejudiced obſtinacy, conſequently the folly, ſhowed by *Antony*, is one out of many thouſand inſtances, that a man of very eminent abilities, is occaſionally capable of moſt glaring errors.

SCENE VIII. *The ſame. Plain between both Camps.*

Enter Cæſar, Taurus, *Officers, and others.*

Cæſ. *Taurus,*—
Tau. My lord.
Cæſ. Strike not by land; keep whole: provoke not battle,
'Till we have done at ſea. Do not exceed
The preſcript of this ſcrowl: our fortune lies
Upon this jump. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Antony, Enobarbus, *and others.*

Ant. Set we our ſquadrons on yon' ſide o'the hill,
In eye of *Cæſar*'s battle; from which place
We may the number of the ſhips behold,
And ſo proceed accordingly. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Canidius, *marching with his land Army, one Way; and* Taurus, *the Lieutenant of* Cæſar, *with his, the other Way. After their going in, is heard the Noiſe of a Sea-fight.*

Alarums. Enter Enobarbus.

Eno. Naught, naught, all naught! I can behold no longer:
The *Antoniad*, the *Egyptian* admiral,
With all their ſixty, fly, and turn the rudder;
To ſee't, mine eyes are blaſted.

" *Enter* Scarus.

" *Sca.* Gods, and goddeſſes,
" All the whole ſynod of them!
" *Eno.* What's thy paſſion?
" *Sca.* The greater cantle of the world is loſt
" With very ignorance; we have kiſs'd away
" Kingdoms and provinces.
" *Eno.* How appears the fight?
" *Sca.* On our ſide like the token'd peſtilence,
" Where death is ſure. Yon' ribbald nag of *Egypt*,
" (Whom leproſy o'er-take!) i'the mid'ſt o'the fight,—
" When vantage like a pair of twins appear'd,

" Both as the ſame, or rather ours the elder,—
" The breeze upon her, like a cow in *June*,
" Hoiſts ſails, and flies.
" *Eno.* That I beheld; mine eyes
" Did ſicken at the ſight of it, and could not
" Endure a further view.
" *Sca.* She once being looſt,
" The noble ruin of her magic, *Antony*,
" Claps on his ſea-wing, and, like a doating mallard
" Leaving the fight in height, flies after her:
" I never ſaw an action of ſuch ſhame;
" Experience, manhood, honour, ne'er before
" Did violate ſo itſelf.
" *Eno.* Alack, alack!

Enter Canidius.

Can. Our fortune on the ſea is out of breath,
And ſinks moſt lamentably. Had our general
Been what he knew himſelf, it had gone well:
O, he has given example for our flight,
Moſt groſsly, by his own.

Eno. Ay, are you thereabouts? Why then, good night, indeed.

Can. Toward *Peloponneſus* are they fled.

Sca. 'Tis eaſy to't: and there I will attend
What further comes. [*Exit.*

Can. To *Cæſar* will I render
My legions, and my horſe; ſix kings already
Shew me the way of yielding. [*Exit.*

Eno. I'll yet follow
The wounded chance of *Antony*, though my reaſon
Sits in the wind againſt me. [*Exit.*

SCENE IX. Alexandria. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter Antony, *with* Attendants.

Ant. Hark, the land bids me tread no more upon't,
It is aſham'd to bear me.—Friends, come hither;
I am ſo lated in the world, that I
Have loſt my way for ever: I have a ſhip
Laden with gold; take that, divide it; fly,
And make your peace with *Cæſar*.

All. Fly! not we.

Ant. I have fled myſelf; and have inſtructed cowards
To run, and ſhew their ſhoulders. Friends, begone:
I have myſelf reſolv'd upon a courſe
Which has no need of you; be gone, be gone:
My treaſure's in the harbour, take it.—O,
I follow'd that, I bluſh to look upon:
My very hairs do mutiny; for the white
Reprove the brown for raſhneſs, and they them
For fear and doating.—Friends, be gone; you ſhall
Have letters from me to ſome friends, that will
Sweep your way for you. Pray you, look not ſad,
Nor make replies of lothneſs: take the hint
Which my deſpair proclaims; let that be left
Which leaves itſelf: to the ſea-ſide ſtraight away;
I will poſſeſs you of that ſhip and treaſure.
Leave me, I pray, a little; pray you now:
Nay, do ſo; for, indeed, I have loſt command,
Therefore I pray you: I'll ſee you by and by *.

[*Exeunt* Attendants. *He throws himſelf on a Couch.*

Enter Eros, *with* Cleopatra, *led by* Iras *and* Charmian.

Ero. Nay, gentle madam, to him, comfort him.
Ira. Do, moſt dear queen.
Cha. Do! why, what elſe?
Cle. Let me ſit down. O *Juno!*
Ant. No, no, no, no, no.
Ero. See you here, ſir?
Ant. O fie, fie, fie.
Cha. Madam,—
Ira. Madam, good empreſs,—
Ero. Sir, ſir,—
Ant. Yes, my lord, yes;—he, at *Philippi*, kept
His ſword even like a dancer; while I ſtrook
The lean and wrinkl'd *Caſſius*; and 'twas I,
That the mad *Brutus* ended: he alone
Dealt on lieutenantry, and no practice had
† In the brave ſquares of war: yet now—No matter.

* There is ſomething pathetically affecting and natural in this addreſs which the defeated *Antony* makes to his followers.

† Adverting to his former martial atchievements is, in his adverſe ſituation, very natural and beautiful.

Cle. Ah me!—Stand by.
Ero. The queen, my lord, the queen.
Ira. Go to him, madam, ſpeak to him; he is unquality'd
With very ſhame.
Cle. Well then,—Suſtain me:—O!
Ero. Moſt noble ſir, ariſe; the queen approaches;
Her head's declin'd, and death will ſeize her; but
Your comfort makes the reſcue.
Ant. I have offended reputation;
A moſt unnoble ſwerving:
Ero. Sir, the queen.
Ant. O, whither haſt thou led me, *Egypt?* [*Starting up.*] See
How I convey my ſhame out of thine eyes,
By looking back on what I have left behind
'Stroy'd in diſhonour.
Cle. O my lord, my lord!
Forgive my fearful ſails; I little thought,
You would have follow'd.
Ant. Egypt, thou knew'ſt too well,
My heart was to thy rudder ty'd by the ſtrings,
And thou ſhould'ſt tow me after: O'er my ſpirit
Thy full ſupremacy thou knew'ſt; and that
Thy beck might from the bidding of the gods
Command me.
Cle. O, my pardon.
Ant. Now I muſt
To the young man ſend humble 'treaties, dodge
And palter in the ſhifts of lowneſs; who
With half the bulk o'the world play'd as I pleas'd,
Making, and marring, fortunes. You did know,
How much you were my conqueror; and that
My ſword, made weak by my affection, would
Obey it on all cauſes.
Cle. Pardon, pardon.
Ant. Fall not a tear, I ſay; one of them rates
All that is won and loſt: Give me a kiſs;
Even this repays me.—We ſent our ſchool-maſter,
Is he come back?—Love, I am full of lead:

Some

Some wine, there, and our viands:—Fortune knows,
We ſcorn her moſt, when moſt ſhe offers blows †.

SCENE X. *A Camp in* Egypt. Cæſar's *Tent.*

Enter Cæſar, Thyreus, Dolabella, *and Others.*

Cæſ. Let him appear that's come from *Antony.*—
Know you him?

Dol. Cæſar, 'tis his ſchool-maſter:
An argument that he is pluck'd, when hither
He ſends ſo poor a pinion of his wing,
Which had ſuperfluous kings for meſſengers,
Not many moons gone by.

Enter Euphronius.

Cæſ. Approach, and ſpeak.

Eup. Such as I am, I come from *Antony:*
I was of late as petty to his ends,
As is the morn dew on the myrtle leaf
To his grand ſea ‡.

Cæſ. Be it ſo; declare thine office.

Eup. Lord of his fortunes he ſalutes thee, and
Requires to live in *Egypt:* which not granted,
He leſſens his requeſts; and to thee ſues
To let him breathe between the heaven and earth,
A private man in *Athens:* This for him.
Next, *Cleopatra* does confeſs thy greatneſs;
Submits her to thy might; and of thee craves
The circle of the *Ptolemies* for her heirs,
Now hazarded to thy grace.

Cæſ. For *Antony,*
I have no ears to his requeſt. The queen
Of audience, nor deſire, ſhall fail; ſo ſhe
From *Egypt* drive her all-diſgraced friend,
Or take his life there: This if ſhe perform,
She ſhall not ſue unheard. So to them both.

Eup. Fortune purſue thee!

† *Antony,* through this ſcene, manifeſts an irreſiſtible attachment, though he feels ſtrongly its diſgraceful ruinous effects.

‡ This is a very extravagant but an admirably fine idea.

Cæſ. Bring him through the bands.
[*Exit* Euphronius, *attended.*
To try thy eloquence, now 'tis time: Diſpatch;
From *Antony* win *Cleopatra:* promiſe,
And in our name, what ſhe requires; add more,
From thine invention offers: Women are not,
In their beſt fortunes, ſtrong; but want will perjure
The ne'er-touch'd veſtal: Try thy cunning, *Thyreus;*
Make thine own edict for thy pains, which we
Will anſwer as a law.
Thy. *Cæſar*, I go.
Cæſ. Obſerve how *Antony* becomes his flaw;
And what thou think'ſt his very action ſpeaks
In every power that moves.
Thy. *Cæſar*, I ſhall. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE XI. Alexandria. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter Cleopatra, Enobarbus, Charmian, *and* Iras.

Cle. What ſhall we do, *Enobarbus?*
Eno. Drink, and die.
Cle. 'Is *Antony*, or we, in fault for this?
Eno. *Antony* only, that would make his will
Lord of his reaſon. What though you fled
From that great face of war, whoſe ſeveral ranges
Frighted each other? why ſhould he follow you?
The itch of his affection ſhould not then
Have nick'd his captainſhip; at ſuch a point,
When half to half the world oppos'd, he being
The meered queſtion: 'Twas a ſhame no leſs
Than was his loſs, to courſe your flying flags,
And leave his navy gazing.
Cle. Pr'ythee, peace.

Enter Antony *with* Euphronius.

Ant. Is that his anſwer?
Eup. Ay, my lord.
Ant. The queen
Shall then have courteſy, ſo ſhe will yield
Us up.
Eup. My lord, he ſays ſo.

Ant. Let her know't.—
To the boy *Cæſar* ſend this grizl'd head,
And he will fill thy wiſhes to the brim
With principalities.

Cle. That head, my lord?

Ant. To him again; tell him, he wears the roſe
Of youth upon him; from which, the world ſhould note
Something particular: his coin, ſhips, legions,
May be a coward's; whoſe miniſtries would prevail
Under the ſervice of a child, as ſoon
As i'the command of *Cæſar:* I dare him therefore
To lay his gay compariſons apart,
And anſwer me declin'd, ſword againſt ſword,
Ourſelves alone: I'll write it; follow me‡.

[*Exeunt* Antony *and* Euphronius.

Eno. Yes, like enough; high-battl'd *Cæſar* will
Unſtate his happineſs, and be ſtag'd to the ſhew
Againſt a ſworder. I ſee, men's judgments are
A parcel of their fortunes; and things outward
Do draw the inward quality after them,
To ſuffer all alike. That he ſhould dream,
Knowing all meaſures, the full *Cæſar* will
Anſwer his emptineſs! *Cæſar*, thou haſt ſubdu'd
His judgment too.

Enter an Attendant.

Att. A meſſenger from *Cæſar*.

Cle. What, no more ceremony?—See, my women,
Againſt the blown roſe may they ſtop their noſe,
That kneel'd unto the buds.—Admit him, ſir.

[*Exit Attendant.*

Eno. Mine honeſty, and I, begin to ſquare.
The loyalty, well held to fools, does make
Our faith meer folly:—Yet, he that can endure
To follow with allegiance a fall'n lord,
Does conquer him that did his maſter conquer,
And earns a place i'the ſtory §.

‡ *Enobarbus*'s remark upon ſo *Quixote* like a propoſition as that of *Antony*, is ſenſible and concluſive.

§ This idea of ſticking to the ſkirts of adverſity, which moſt worldly men eagerly ſhun, is finely conceived and does its author honour.

Enter Thyreus.

Cle. *Cæſar*'s will?

Thy. Hear it apart.

Cle. None but friends; ſay on boldly.

Thy. So, haply, are they friends to *Antony*.

Eno. He needs as many, ſir, as *Cæſar* has;
Or needs not us. If *Cæſar* pleaſe, our maſter
Will leap to be his friend: Or, as you know,
Whoſe he is, we are, and that is, *Cæſar*'s.

Thy. So.—
Thus then, thou moſt renown'd; *Cæſar* entreats,
Not to conſider in what caſe thou ſtand'ſt
Further than he is *Cæſar*.

Cle. Go on: Right royal.

Thy. He knows that you embrace not *Antony*
As you did love, but as you fear'd him.

Cle. O! [*Aſide.*

Thy. The ſcars upon your honour, therefore, he
Does pity, as conſtrained blemiſhes,
Not as deſerv'd.

Cle. He is a god, and knows
What is moſt right: Mine honour was not yielded,
But conquer'd meerly.

Eno. [*Aſide.*] To be ſure of that,
I will aſk *Antony*. Sir, ſir, thou art ſo leaky,
That we muſt leave thee to thy ſinking, for
Thy deareſt quit thee. [*Exit* Enobarbus.

Thy. Shall I ſay to *Cæſar*
What you require of him? for he partly begs
To be deſir'd to give. It much would pleaſe him,
That of his fortunes you would make a ſtaff
To lean upon: but it ſhould warm his ſpirits,
To hear from me you had left *Antony*,
And put yourſelf under his ſhrowd, the great,
The univerſal landlord.

Cle. What's your name?

Thy. My name is *Thyreus*.

Cle. Moſt kind meſſenger,
Say to great *Cæſar* this, In deputation
I kiſs his conquering hand: tell him, I am prompt

To lay my crown at his feet, and there to kneel:
Tell him, from his all-obeying breath I hear
The doom of *Egypt*.
Thy. 'Tis your nobleſt courſe.
Wiſdom and fortune combating together,
If that the former dare but what it can,
No chance may ſhake it. Give me grace to lay
My duty on your hand.
Cle. Your *Cæſar*'s father oft, [*Giving her hand.*
When he hath muſ'd of taking kingdoms in,
Beſtow'd his lips on that unworthy place,
As it rain'd kiſſes.

Re-enter Enobarbus *with* Antony.

Ant. Favours, by *Jove* that thunders!—
What art thou, fellow?
Thy. One, that but performs
The bidding of the fulleſt man, and worthieſt
To have command obey'd.
Eno. You will be whipt.
Ant. Approach, there:—Ah, you kite!—Now, gods and devils!
Authority melts from me of late: when I cry'd, *ho!*
Like boys unto a muſs, kings would ſtart forth,
And cry, *Your will?* Have you no ears? I am

Enter Attendants.

Antony yet. Take hence this *Jack*, and whip him.
Eno. 'Tis better playing with a lion's whelp,
Than with an old one dying.
Ant. Moon and ſtars!—
Whip him: were't twenty of the greateſt tributaries
That do acknowledge *Cæſar*, ſhould I find them
So ſaucy with the hand of ſhe here, (What's her name,
Since ſhe was *Cleopatra?*)—Whip him, fellows,
'Till, like a boy, you ſee him cringe his face,
And whine aloud for mercy: Take him hence ‡.

‡ This inhoſpitable ſavage proceeding, ſo inconſiſtent with the laws of all civiliſed nations, renders *Antony* leſs an object of regard and pity than he otherwiſe muſt have been.

Thy. Mark Antony,—

Ant. I ug him away: being whipt,
Bring him again:—This *Jack* of *Cæsar*'s ſhall
Bear us an errand to him.—

[*Exeunt Attendants with* Thyreus.

You were half blaſted ere I knew you:—Ha!
Have I my pillow left unpreſt in *Rome*,
Forborn the getting of a lawful race,
And by a jem of women, to be abus'd
By one that looks on feeders?

Cle. Good my lord,—

Ant. You have been a bogler ever:—
But when we in our viciouſneſs grow hard,
(O miſery on't!) the wiſe gods ſeal our eyes
In our own filth, drop our clear judgments; make us
Adore our errors; laugh at us, while we ſtrut
To our confuſion.

Cle. O, is't come to this?

" *Ant.* I found you as a morſel, cold upon
" Dead *Cæſar*'s trencher: nay, you were a fragment
" Of *Cneius Pompey*'s; beſides what hotter hours,
" Unregiſter'd in vulgar fame, you have
" Luxuriouſly pick'd out: For, I am ſure,
" Though you can gueſs what temperance ſhould be,
" You know not what it is.

" *Cle.* Wherefore is this?

" *Ant.* To let a fellow that will take rewards,
" And ſay, *God quit you!* be familiar with
" My play-fellow, your hand: this kingly ſeal,
" And plighter of high hearts!—O, that I were
" Upon the hill of *Baſan*, to out-roar
" The horned herd! for I have ſavage cauſe;
" And to proclaim it civilly, were like
" A halter'd neck, which does the hangman thank
" For being yare about him."—Is he whip'd?

Re-enter Attendants with Thyreus ‡.

" 1. *A.* Soundly, my lord.

‡ Would not this ſcene be advantaged by omitting the diſtinguiſhed lines, as well as the return of *Thyreus*, after ſuch an ignominious puniſhment?

" *Ant.* Cry'd he? and beg'd he pardon?
" 1. *A.* He did aſk favour.
" *Ant.* If that thy father live, let him repent
" Thou waſt not made his daughter; and be thou ſorry
" To follow *Cæſar* in his triumph, ſince
" Thou haſt been whip'd for following him: henceforth,
" The white hand of a lady fever thee,
" Shake thou to look on't. Get thee back to *Cæſar*,
" Tell him thy entertainment: Look, thou ſay,
" He makes me angry with him: for he ſeems
" Proud and diſdainful; harping on what I am,
" Not what he knew I was: He makes me angry;
" And at this time moſt eaſy 'tis to do't;
" When my good ſtars, that were my former guides,
" Have empty left their orbs, and ſhot their fires
" Into the abiſm of hell. If he miſlike
" My ſpeech, and what is done; tell him, he has
" *Hipparchus*, my enfranchis'd bondman, whom
" He may at pleaſure whip, or hang, or torture,
" As he ſhall like, to quit me: Urge it thou;
" Hence with thy ſtripes, be gone. [*Exit* Thyreus.
" *Cle.* Have you done yet?
Ant. Alack, our terrene moon
Is now eclips'd; and it portends alone
The fall of *Antony!*
Cle. I muſt ſtay his time. [*To her women.*
Ant. To flatter *Cæſar*, would you mingle eyes
With one that ties his points?
Cle. Not know me yet?
Ant. Cold-hearted toward me?
Cle. Ah, dear, if I be ſo,
From my cold heart let heaven engender hail,
And poiſon it in the ſource; and the firſt ſtone
Drop in my neck: as it determines, ſo
Diſſolve my life! The next *Cæſarion* ſmite!
'Till, by degrees, the memory of my womb,
Together with my brave *Egyptians* all,
By the diſcandying of this pelleted ſtorm,
Lie graveleſs; 'till the flies and gnats of *Nile*
Have buried them for prey ‡!

‡ *Cleopatra* expreſſes herſelf in this ſpeech with much energy of fancy and affection.

Ant. I am ſatisfy'd.
Cæſar ſets down in *Alexandria*; where
I will oppoſe his fate. Our force by land
Hath nobly held; our ſever'd navy too
Have knit again, and float, threat'ning moſt ſea-like.—
Where haſt thou been, my heart?—Doſt thou hear, lady?
If from the field I ſhall return once more
To kiſs theſe lips, I will appear in blood:
I and my ſword will earn our chronicle;
There is hope in it yet.
Cle. That's my brave lord!
Ant. I will be treble-ſinew'd, hearted, breath'd,
And fight maliciouſly: for when mine hours
Were nice and lucky, men did ranſom lives
Of me for jeſts; but now, I'll ſet my teeth,
And ſend to darkneſs all that ſtop me. Come,
Let's have one other gaudy night: call to me
All my ſad captains, fill our bowls; once more
Let's mock the midnight bell ‡.
Cle. It is my birth-day:
I had thought, to have held it poor; but, ſince my lord
Is *Antony* again, I will be *Cleopatra*.
Ant. We'll yet do well.
Cle. Call all his noble captains to my lord.
Ant. Do ſo, we'll ſpeak to them; and to-night I'll force
The wine peep through their ſcars.—Come on, my queen,
There's ſap in't yet. The next time I do fight,
I'll make death love me; for I will contend
Even with his peſtilent ſcythe.
[*Exeunt* Ant. Cle. Cha. Ira. *and Att.*
Eno. Now he'll out-ſtare the lightning. To be furious,
Is, to be frighted out of fear: in that mood,
The dove will peck the eſtridge; and I ſee ſtill.
A diminution in our captain's brain
Reſtores his heart: When valour preys on reaſon
It eats the ſword it fights with. I will ſeek
Some way to leave him §. [*Exit.*

‡ *Antony*, though like a lion in the toils, and ſenſible from whence his dilemma proceeds, perſeveres like all weak men in the gratification of a deluſive injurious appetite.

§ The third Act riſes much above the ſecond, and the ſpirit and expreſſions of *Antony* in this laſt ſcene, are very maſterly.

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *Camp before* Alexandria.

" *Enter* Cæſar, *with a Letter in his Hand*; Mecænas, " *Officers, and others attending.*

" CÆSAR.

" HE calls me boy; and chides, as he had power
" To beat me out of *Egypt*: my meſſenger
" He hath whip'd with rods; dares me to perſonal
" combat,
" *Cæſar* to *Antony*: Let the old ruffian know,
" He hath many other ways to die; mean time,
" I laugh at his challenge.
" *Mec.* *Cæſar* muſt think,
" When one ſo great begins to rage, he's hunted
" Even to falling. Give him no breath, but now
" Make boot of his diſtraction: Never anger
" Made good guard for itſelf.
" *Cæſ.* Let our beſt heads
" Know, that to-morrow the laſt of many battles
" We mean to fight: Within our files there are,
" Of thoſe that ſerv'd *Mark Antony* but late,
" Enough to fetch him in. See it be done;
" And feaſt the army: we have ſtore to do't,
" And they have earn'd the waſte. Poor *Antony*! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. Alexandria. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter Antony *and* Cleopatra, Enobarbus, Iras, Charmian, *and others.*

Ant. He will not fight with me, *Domitius.*
Eno. No.
Ant. Why ſhould he not?
Eno. He thinks, being twenty times of better fortune,
He is twenty men to one.
Ant. To-morrow, ſoldier,
By ſea and land I'll fight: or I will live,
Or bathe my dying honour in the blood
Shall make it live again. Won't thou fight well?

Eno. I'll ſtrike; and cry, *Take all.*
Ant. Well ſaid; come on.—
Call forth my houſhold ſervants; let's to-night

Enter ſome domeſtics.

Be bounteous at our meal.—Give me thy hand,
Thou haſt been rightly honeſt;—ſo haſt thou,—
And thou,—and thou,—and thou:—you have ſerv'd me well,
And kings have been your fellows.
Cle. What means this?
Eno. 'Tis one of thoſe odd tricks, which ſorrow ſhoots
Out of the mind.
Ant. And thou art honeſt too.
I wiſh I could be made ſo many men;
And all of you clapt up together in
An *Antony*; that I might do you ſervice,
So good as you have done.
Dom. The gods forbid!
Ant. Well, my good fellows, wait on me to-night;
Scant not my cups; and make as much of me,
As when mine empire was your fellow too,
And ſuffer'd my command.
Cle. What does he mean?
Eno. To make his followers weep.
Ant. Tend me to-night;
May be, it is the period of your duty:
Haply, you ſhall not ſee me more! or if,
A mangl'd ſhadow: perchance, to-morrow
You'll ſerve another maſter. I look on you,
As one that takes his leave. Mine honeſt friends,
I turn you not away; but, like a maſter,
Marry'd to your good ſervice, ſtay 'till death:
Tend me to-night two hours, I aſk no more,
And the gods yield you for't!
Eno. What mean you, ſir,
To give them this diſcomfort? Look, they weep!
And, I, an aſs, am onion-ey'd: for ſhame,
Transform us not to women.
Ant. Ho, ho, ho!
Now the witch take me, if I meant it thus!

Grace

Grace grow where thoſe drops fall! My hearty friends,
You take me in too dolorous a ſenſe:
I ſpake to you for your comfort; did deſire you
To burn this night with torches: Know, my hearts,
I hope well of to-morrow; and will lead you,
Where rather I'll expect victorious life,
Than death and honour. Let's to ſupper, come,
And drown conſideration. [*Exeunt.*

* " SCENE III. *The ſame. Before the Palace.*

" *Enter two Soldiers to their guard.*

" 1. *S.* Brother, good night: to-morrow is the day,
" 2. *S.* It will determine one way: fare you well.
" Heard you of nothing ſtrange about the ſtreets?
" 1. *S.* Nothing: What news?
" 2. *S.* Belike, 'tis but a rumour: Good night to you.
" 1. *S.* Well, ſir, good night.

" *Enter two other Soldiers.*

" 2. *S.* Soldiers, have careful watch.
" 3. *S.* And you: Good night, good night.
[" *The two firſt go to their poſts.*
" 4. *S.* Here we: [*going to theirs*] and if to-morrow
" Our navy thrive, I have an abſolute hope
" Our landmen will ſtand up.
" 3. *S.* 'Tis a brave army,
" And full of purpoſe.
[" *Muſick of hautboys, as underneath.*
" 4. *S.* Peace, What noiſe?
" 1. *S.* Liſt, liſt!
" 2. *S.* Hark! [*Advancing from their poſts.*
" 1. *S.* Muſic i'the air.
" 3. *S.* Under the earth.
" 4. *S.* It ſigns well, does it not?
" 3. *S.* No.
" 1. *S.* Peace, I ſay.
" What ſhould this mean?

* This, and the two following ſcenes, may be better ſpared than retained in action; they add to a ſuperfluity of buſineſs, and explain nothing new, wherefore we have ventured to mark them for omiſſion.

" 2. *S.* 'Tis the god *Hercules*, whom *Antony* lov'd,
" Now leaves him.
" 1. *S.* Walk: let's ſee if other watchmen
" Do hear what we do. [*Going.*

" *Enter other Soldiers meeting them.*

" 1. 2. 3. 4. *S.* How now, maſters?
" *Sol.* How now?
" How now? Do you hear this?
" 1. *S.* Ay; is't not ſtrange?
" 3. *S.* Do you hear, maſters; do you hear?
" 1. *S.* Follow the noiſe ſo far as we have quarter;
" Let's ſee how 'twill give off.
" *All.* Content: 'Tis ſtrange. [*Exeunt.*

" SCENE IV. *The ſame. A Room in the Palace.*

" *Enter* Antony *and* Cleopatra; Charmian, Iras, *and others attending.*

" *Ant. Eros!* mine armour, *Eros!*
" *Cle.* Sleep a little.
" *Ant.* No, my chuck.—*Eros*, come; mine armour,
" *Eros!*

" *Enter* Eros *with armour.*

" Come, my good fellow, put thine iron on:—
" If fortune be not ours to-day, it is
" Becauſe we brave her.—Come. [Eros *arms him.*
" *Cle.* Nay, I'll help too.
" *Ant.* What's this for? Ah, let be, let be! thou art
" The armourer of my heart: Falſe, falſe; this, this.
" *Cle.* Sooth, la, I'll help: Thus it muſt be.
" *Ant.* Well, well;
" We ſhall thrive now.—Seeſt thou, my good fellow?
" Go, put on thy defences.
" *Eros.* Briefly, ſir.
" *Cle.* Is not this buckl'd well?
" *Ant.* O, rarely, rarely:
" He that unbuckles this, 'till we do pleaſe
" To doff't for our repoſe, ſhall hear a ſtorm.—
" Thou fumbl'ſt, *Eros*; and my queen's a ſquire

" More

" More tight at this, than thou: Diſpatch.—O love,
" That thou could'ſt ſee my wars to-day, and knew'ſt
" The royal occupation! thou ſhould'ſt ſee

" *Enter an Officer armed.*

" A workman in't. Good-morrow to thee; welcome;
" Thou look'ſt like him that knows a warlike charge:
" To buſineſs that we love we riſe betime,
" And go to't with delight.
" 1. *O.* A thouſand, ſir,
" Early though 't be, have on their rivetted trim,
" And at the port expect you. [*Shout within. Trumpets.*

" *Enter other* Officers, Soldiers, *&c.*

" 2. *O.* The morn is fair.—Good-morrow, general.
" *All.* Good morrow, general.
" *Ant.* 'Tis well blown, lads.
" This morning, like the ſpirit of a youth
" That means to be of note, begins betimes.—
" So, ſo; come, give me that: this way, well ſaid.—
" Fare thee well, dame, whate'er becomes of me:
" This is a ſoldier's kiſs: rebukeable,
" And worthy ſhameful check it were, to ſtand
" On more mechanic compliment; I'll leave thee
" Now, like a man of ſteel.—You that will fight,
" Follow me cloſe; I'll bring you to't.—Adieu.
[" *Exeunt* Eros, Antony, *Officers, and Soldiers.*
" *Cha.* Pleaſe you, retire to your chamber.
" *Cle.* Lead me.
" He goes forth gallantly. That he and *Cæſar* might
" Determine this great war in ſingle fight!
" Then, *Antony*,—But now,—Well, on. [*Exeunt.*

" SCENE V. *Under the walls of* Alexandria. An-
" tony's *Camp. Trumpets. Enter* Antony *and* Eros;
" *a Soldier meeting them.*

" *Sol.* The gods make this a happy day to *Antony!*
" *Ant.* 'Would thou and thoſe thy ſcars had once
" prevail'd
" To make me fight at land!

" *Sol.* Had'ſt thou done ſo,
" The kings that have revolted, and the ſoldier
" That has this morning left thee, would have ſtill
" Follow'd thy heels.
" *Ant.* Who's gone this morning?
" *Sol.* Who?
" One ever near thee: Call for *Enobarbus*,
" He ſhall not hear thee; or from *Cæſar*'s camp
" Say, *I am none of thine.*
" *Ant.* What ſay'ſt thou?
" *Sol.* Sir,
" He is with *Cæſar.*
" *Eros.* Sir, his cheſts and treaſure
" He has not with him.
" *Ant.* Is he gone?
" *Sol.* Moſt certain.
" *Ant.* Go, *Eros*, ſend his treaſure after; do it,
" Detain no jot of it, I charge thee: write to him
" (I will ſubſcribe) gentle adieus, and greetings:
" Say, that I wiſh he never find more cauſe
" To change a maſter.—O, my fortunes have
" Corrupted honeſt men.—Diſpatch.—O *Enobarbus!*
" [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. *Before* Alexandria. Cæſar's *Camp.*

Flouriſh. Enter Cæſar, *with* Agrippa, Enobarbus, *and others.*

Cæſ. Go forth, *Agrippa*, and begin the fight:
Our will is, *Antony* be took alive;
Make it ſo known.
Agr. Cæſar, I ſhall. [*Exit* Agrippa.
Cæſ. The time of univerſal peace is near:
Prove this a proſperous day, the three-nook'd world *
Shall bear the olive freely.

* The *three-nooked world* ſeems an odd phraſe, unleſs we conſider that *Antony* ſpeaks of the triple partition between *Octavius*, *Lepidus*, and himſelf; arrogantly and ignorantly preſuming there was no world beyond thoſe bounds which the triumvirate ſwayed.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. Antony
Is come into the field.

Cæſ. Go, charge, *Agrippa.*
Plant thoſe that have revolted in the van;
That *Antony* may ſeem to ſpend his fury
Upon himſelf. [*Exeunt* Cæſar *and train.*

Eno. Alexas did revolt: he went to *Jewry*, on
Affairs of *Antony*; there did perſuade
Great *Herod* to incline himſelf to *Cæſar*,
And leave his maſter *Antony*: for this pains,
Cæſar hath hang'd him. *Canidius* and the reſt
That fell away, have entertainment, but
No honourable truſt. I have done ill;
Of which I do accuſe myſelf ſo ſorely,
That I will joy no more.

Enter a Soldier.

Sol. Enobarbus, Antony
Hath after thee ſent all thy treaſure, with
His bounty over-plus: The meſſenger
Came on my guard; and at thy tent is now,
Unloading of his mules.

Eno. I give it you.

Sol. I mock not, *Enobarbus*,
I tell you true: Beſt you ſee ſafe the bringer
Out of the hoſt; I muſt attend mine office,
Or would have done't myſelf. Your emperor
Continues ſtill a *Jove*. [*Exit Soldier.*

Eno. I am alone the villain of the earth,
And feel I am ſo moſt. O *Antony*,
Thou mine of bounty, how would'ſt thou have pay'd
My better ſervice, when my turpitude
Thou doſt ſo crown with gold! This bows my heart:
If ſwift thought break it not, a ſwifter mean
Shall out-ſtrike thought; but thought will do't, I feel.
I fight againſt thee! no: I will go ſeek
Some ditch, wherein to dye; the foul'ſt beſt fits
My latter part of life †. [*Exit.*

† The contrition here ſhown by *Enobarbus* is very well, becauſe very feelingly expreſſed.

† " SCENE VII. *Between the Camps. Field of Bat-*
" *tle. Alarms. Enter* Agrippa *and his Forces.*

" *Agr.* Retire, we have engag'd ourſelves too far:
" *Cæſar* himſelf has work, and our oppreſſion
" Exceeds what we expected. [*Retreat. Exeunt.*

" *Alarums. Enter* Antony *and Forces, with* Scarus
" *wounded.*

" *Sca.* O my brave emperor, this is fought indeed!
" Had we done ſo at firſt, we had driven them home
" With clouts about their heads.
" *Ant.* Thou bleed'ſt apace.
" *Sca.* I had a wound here that was like a T,
" But now 'tis made an H. [*Retreat afar off.*
" *Ant.* They do retire.
" *Sca.* We'll beat 'em into bench-holes; I have yet
" Room for ſix ſcotches more.

" *Enter* Eros.

" *Eros.* They are beaten, ſir; and our advantage
" ſerves
" For a fair victory.
" *Sca.* Let us ſcore their backs,
" And ſnatch 'em up as we take hares, behind:
" 'Tis ſport to maul a runner.
" *Ant.* I will reward thee
" Once for thy ſprightly comfort, and ten-fold
" For thy good valour. Come thee on.
" *Sca.* I'll halt after. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII. *Gates of* Alexandria.

Enter Antony, *marching*; Scarus *and Forces.*

Ant. We have beat him to his camp;—Run one before,
And let the queen know of our gueſts:—To-morrow,
Before the ſun ſhall ſee us, we'll ſpill the blood
That has to-day eſcap'd. I thank you all;

† This little ſcene of ſkirmiſh, in our view, deſerves no other notice than marks of omiſſion.

For

For doughty-handed are you; and have fought,
Not as you ſerv'd the cauſe, but as 't had been
Each man's like mine; you have all ſhewn you *Hectors*.
Enter the city, clip your wives, your friends,
Tell them your feats; whilſt they with joyful tears
Waſh the congealment from your wounds, and kiſs
The honour'd gaſhes whole.—Give me thy hand;
[*to* Sca.

Enter Cleopatra, *attended*.

To this great fairy I'll commend thy acts,
Make her thanks bleſs thee.—O thou day o' the world,
Chain mine arm'd neck; leap thou, attire and all,
Through proof of harneſs to my heart, and there
Ride on the pants triumphing.
Cle. Lord of lords,
O infinite virtue, com'ſt thou ſmiling from
The world's great ſnare uncaught?
Ant. My nightingale,
We have beat them to their beds. What, girl? though grey
Do ſomething mingle with our brown; yet have we
A brain that nouriſhes our nerves, and can
Get goal for goal of youth. Behold this man,
Commend unto his lips thy favouring hand;—
Kiſs it, my warrior: he hath fought to-day,
As if a god, in hate of mankind, had
Deſtroy'd in ſuch a ſhape.
Cle. I'll give thee, friend,
An armour all of gold; it was a king's.
Ant. He has deſerv'd it, were it carbunel'd
Like holy *Phœbus'* car. Give me thy hand;—
Through *Alexandria* make a jolly march;
Bear our hackt targets like the men that owe them:
Had our great palace the capacity
To camp this hoſt, we all would ſup together;
And drink carouſes to the next day's fate,
Which promiſes royal peril.—Trumpeters,
With brazen din blaſt you the city's ear;
Make mingle with our rattling tabourins;

That heaven and earth may ſtrike their ſounds together,
Applauding our approach *. [*Flouriſh. Exeunt.*

SCENE IX. *Out-ſkirts of* Cæſar's *Camp.*

Sentinels *upon their Poſts. Enter* Enobarbus.

3. *S.* If we be not reliev'd within this hour,
We muſt return to the court of guard: the night
Is ſhiny; and, they ſay, we ſhall embattle
By the ſecond hour i'the morn.

1. *S.* This laſt day was
A ſhrewd one to us.

Eno. O, bear me witneſs, Night,—

2. *S.* What man is this?

1. *S.* Stand cloſe, and liſt him.

Eno. Be witneſs to me, O thou bleſſed moon,
When men revolted ſhall upon record
Bear hateful memory, poor *Enobarbus* did
Before thy face repent.

3. *S. Enobarbus!*

2. *S.* Peace; hark further.

Eno. O ſovereign miſtreſs of true melancholy,
The poiſonous damp of night diſpunge upon me;
That life, a very rebel to my will,
May hang no longer on me: throw my heart
Againſt the flint and hardneſs of my fault;
Which, being dry'd with grief, will break to powder,
And finiſh all foul thoughts. O *Antony*,
Nobler than my revolt is infamous,
Forgive me in thine own particular;
But let the world rank me in regiſter
A maſter-leaver, and a fugitive:
O *Antony!* O *Antony!* † [*dies.*

1. *S.* Let's ſpeak to him.

* In every ſpeech almoſt our author has ſhown *Antony*'s reigning foibles, love, luxury, boaſting, and oſtentation. This ſhort ſcene is moſt ſpiritedly ſupported.

† If we can ſuppoſe, and we have no other intimation, that *Enobarbus* dies through ſheer grief of his ingratitude to *Antony*, it ſhows great and ſenſible feeling; though the corrective part of it ſhould, no doubt, have appeared ſooner, and to more effect.

3. *S.* Let's hear him further, for the things he ſpeaks
May concern *Cæſar*.
2. *S.* Let's do ſo. But he ſleeps.
3. *S.* Swoons rather; for ſo bad a prayer as his
Was never yet for ſleep.
1. *S.* Go we to him.
2. *S.* Awake, ſir, [*to Ant.*
Awake; ſpeak to us.
1. *S.* Hear you, ſir? [*ſhaking him.*
3. *S.* The hand
Of death hath raught him. [*Drum afar off.*
Hark, how the drums demurely wake the ſleepers:
Let's bear him to the court of guard; he is
Of note: our hour is fully out.
2. *S.* Come on then;
He may recover yet. [*Exeunt with the Body.*

SCENE X. *Hills without the City.*

" *Enter* Antony, *and* Scarus, *with Forces, marching.*

" *Ant.* Their preparation is to-day for ſea;
" We pleaſe them not by land.
" *Sca.* For both, my lord.
" *Ant.* I would, they'd fight i'the fire, or i'the air;
" We'd fight there too. But this it is, Our foot,
" Upon the hills adjoining to the city,
" Shall ſtay with us: order for ſea is given;
" They have put forth the haven: hie we on,
" Where their appointment we may beſt diſcover,
" And look on their endeavour. [*Exeunt.*

" *Enter* Cæſar, *and his Forces, marching.*

" *Cæſ.* But being charg'd, we will be ſtill by land,
" Which, as I take't, we ſhall; for his beſt force
" Is forth to man his gallies. To the vales,
" And hold our beſt advantage. [*Exeunt.*

" *Re-enter* Antony, *and* Scarus.

" *Ant.* Yet they're not join'd: where yonder pine
" does ſtand,
" I ſhall diſcover all: I'll bring thee word
" Straight, how 'tis like to go. [*Exit* Antony.

" *Sca.* Swallows have built
" In *Cleopatra's* ſails their neſts: the augurers
" Say, they know not, they cannot tell; look grimly,
" And dare not ſpeak their knowledge. *Antony*
" Is valiant, and dejected; and, by ſtarts,
" His fretted fortunes give him hope, and fear,
" Of what he has, and has not. [*Shouts afar off.*

Re-enter Antony, *haſtily* *.

Ant. All is loſt;
This foul *Egyptian* hath betrayed me:
My fleet hath yielded to the foe; and yonder
They caſt their caps up, and carouſe together
Like friends long loſt.—Triple-turn'd whore! 'tis thou
Haſt ſold me to this novice; and my heart
Makes only wars on thee.—Bid them all fly;
For when I am reveng'd upon my charm,
I have done all; bid them all fly, be gone. [*Exit* Scarus.
O ſun, thy up-riſe ſhall I ſee no more:
Fortune and *Antony* part here; even here
Do we ſhake hands. All come to this? The hearts
That ſpaniel'd me at heels, to whom I gave
Their wiſhes, do diſcandy, melt their ſweets
On bloſſoming *Cæſar*; and this pine is bark'd,
That over-top'd them all. Betray'd I am:
(O this falſe ſoil of *Egypt!*) This grave charm,—
Whoſe eye beck'd forth my wars, and call'd them home;
Whoſe boſom was my crownet, my chief end,—
Like a right gipſy, hath, at faſt and looſe †,
Beguil'd me to the very heart of loſs.—
What, *Eros, Eros!*

Enter Cleopatra.

Ah, thou ſpell! Avant.
Cle. Why is my lord enrag'd againſt his love?
Ant. Vaniſh; or I ſhall give thee thy deſerving,
And blemiſh *Cæſar's* triumph. Let him take thee,

* Would not this ſcene begin better here, than by retaining any of the preceding matter?

† There is an amazing dignity and ſtrength of idea in this ſpeech.

And

And hoiſt thee up to the ſhouting *Plebeians*:
Follow his chariot, like the greateſt ſpot
Of all thy ſex; moſt monſter-like, be ſhewn
For poor'ſt diminutives, for doits; and let
Patient *Octavia* plough thy viſage up
With her prepared nails. [*Exit* Cle.] 'Tis well thou'rt gone,—
If it be well to live: but better 'twere,
Thou fell'ſt into my fury; for one death
Might have prevented many.—*Eros*, ho!—
The ſhirt of *Neſſus* is upon me: teach me,
Alcides, thou mine anceſtor, thy rage:
Let me lodge *Lichas* on the horns o'the moon;
And with thoſe hands that graſp'd the heavieſt club
Subdue my worthieſt ſelf. The witch ſhall die;
To the *Roman* boy ſhe hath ſold me, and I fall
Under this plot: ſhe dies for't.—*Eros*, ho! "[*Exit.*

"SCENE XI. Alexandria. *A Room in the Palace.*

"*Enter* Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, *and* Mardian.

"*Cle.* Help me, my women: O, he is more mad
"Than *Telamon* for his ſhield; the boar of *Theſſaly*
"Was never ſo imboſt.
"*Char.* To the monument;
"There lock yourſelf, and ſend him word you are dead.
"The ſoul and body rive not more in parting,
"Than greatneſs going off.
"*Cle.* To the monument:—
"*Mardian*, go tell him I have ſlain myſelf;
"Say, that the laſt I ſpoke was, *Antony*,
"And word it, pr'ythee, piteouſly: hence, *Mardian*;
"And bring me how he takes my death.—To the mo-
"nument‡.

‡ There is no manner of occaſion for retaining this ſhort ſcene; as the purport of it is afterwards ſufficiently explained: *Eros* may properly, and more ſignificantly, come on at *Antony*'s firſt call.

" SCENE XII. *The ſame. Another Room.*

" *Enter* Antony, *and* Eros.

Ant. Eros, thou yet behold'ſt me?
Ero. Ay, noble lord.
Ant. Sometime, we ſee a cloud that's dragoniſh;
A vapour, ſometime, like a bear, or lion,
A tower'd citadel, a pendant rock,
A forked mountain, or blue promontory
With trees upon't, that nod unto the wind,
And mock our eyes with air: thou haſt ſeen theſe ſigns;
They are black veſper's pageants?
Ero. Ay, my lord.
Ant. That, which is now a horſe, even with a thought
The rack diſſimns; and makes it indiſtinct,
As water is in water.
Ero. It does, my lord.
Ant. My good knave, *Eros*, now thy captain is ‖
Even ſuch a body: here I am *Antony*;
Yet cannot hold this viſible ſhape, my knave.
I made theſe wars for *Egypt*; and the queen,—
Whoſe heart, I thought, I had, for ſhe had mine;
Which, whilſt it was mine, had annext unto't
A million more, now loſt,—ſhe, *Eros*, has
Pack'd cards with *Cæſar*, and falſe-play'd my glory
Unto an enemy's triumph.
Nay, weep not, gentle *Eros*; there is left us
Ourſelves to end ourſelves.—O, thy vile lady!

Enter Mardian.

She has robb'd me of my ſword.
Mar. No, *Antony*;
My miſtreſs lov'd thee, and her fortunes mingl'd
With thine entirely.
Ant. Hence, ſaucy eunuch; peace;
She hath betray'd me, and ſhall die the death.

‖ The diſſolvable, vapouriſh ſtate of fortune's moſt ſtriking appearances, is excellently depicted in the alluſions *Antony* here makes; every ſtate of human nature, almoſt every day, proves the truth of this contracted, but juſt and expletive picture.

Mar. Death of one perſon can be pay'd but once;
And that ſhe hath diſcharg'd: what thou would'ſt do
Is done unto thy hand; the laſt ſhe ſpake
Was, *Antony!* moſt noble *Antony!*
Then in the midſt a tearing groan did break
The name of *Antony*; it was divided
Between her heart and lips: ſhe render'd life,
Thy name ſo bury'd in her.

Ant. Dead then?

Mar. Dead.

Ant. Unarm me, *Eros*; the long day's taſk is done,
And we muſt ſleep:—That thou depart'ſt hence ſafe,
Does pay thy labour richly; go. [*Exit* Mar.] Pluck off;—
The ſevenfold ſhield of *Ajax* cannot keep
The battery from my heart. O, cleave, my ſides!
Heart, once be ſtronger than thy continent,
Crack thy frail caſe!—Apace, *Eros*, apace.—
No more a ſoldier:—bruiſed pieces, go;
You have been nobly born.—From me a while.
[*Exit* Eros.
I will o'er-take thee, *Cleopatra*, and
Weep for my pardon. So it muſt be, for now
All length is torture; ſince the torch is out,
Lie down, and ſtray no farther: now all labour
Marrs what it does; yea, very force entangles
Itſelf with ſtrength: ſeal then, and all is done*.—
Eros!—I come, my queen:—*Eros!*—Stay for me:
Where ſouls do couch on flowers, we'll hand in hand,
And with our ſprightly port make the ghoſts gaze:
Dido and her *Æneas* ſhall want troops,
And all the haunt be ours.—Come, *Eros*, *Eros*.

Re-enter Eros.

Eros. What would my lord?

Ant. Since *Cleopatra* dy'd,
I have liv'd in ſuch diſhonour, that the gods

* Here the portrait of a man, over-powered with amorous credulity, is moſt faithfully deſcribed. *Antony* is by no means a valuable, yet he is occaſionally a pitiable character; upon the ſame principle that we admire heroiſm, we commiſerate, under particular circumſtances, folly.

Deteſt my baſeneſs. I, that with my ſword
Quarter'd the world, and o'er green *Neptune*'s back
With ſhips made cities, condemn myſelf, to lack
The courage of a woman; leſs noble-minded
Than ſhe, which, by her death, our *Cæſar* tells,
I *am conqueror of myſelf.* Thou art ſworn, *Eros*,
That, when the exigent ſhall come, (which now
Is come, indeed) when I ſhould ſee behind me
The inevitable proſecution of
Diſgrace and horror, that, on my command,
Thou then would'ſt kill me: do't, the time is come:
Thou ſtrik'ſt not me, 'tis *Cæſar* thou defeat'ſt.
Put colour in thy cheek.

Eros. The gods withold me!
Shall I do that, which all the *Parthian* darts,
Though enemy, loſt aim, and could not?

Ant. Eros,
Would'ſt thou be window'd in great *Rome*, and ſee
Thy maſter thus with pleach'd arms, bending down
His corrigible neck, his face ſubdu'd
To penetrative ſhame; whil'ſt the wheel'd ſeat
Of fortunate *Cæſar*, drawn before him, branded
His baſeneſs that enſu'd? †

Eros. I would not ſee't.

" *Ant.* Come then; for with a wound I muſt be cur'd.
" Draw that thy honeſt ſword, which thou haſt worn
" Moſt uſeful for thy country.

" *Eros.* O, ſir, pardon me.

" *Ant.* When I did make thee free, ſwor'ſt thou not
" then
" To do this when I bade thee? Do it at once;
" Or thy precedent ſervices are all
" But accidents unpurpos'd." Draw, and come.

Eros. Turn from me then that noble countenance,
Wherein the worſhip of the whole world lies.

† If there can be an argument for a man's deſiring, or contributing to his own death, *Marc Antony* certainly here advances it, and with dignity of feeling: deſiring aſſiſtance in this point from a friend, or a dependant, was common amongſt the *Romans*, but we think not juſtifiable to aſk or be complied with.

Ant. Lo thee. [*turning away his face.*
Ero. My ſword is drawn.
Ant. Then let it do at once
The thing why thou haſt drawn it.
Ero. My dear maſter,
My captain, and my emperor, let me ſay,
Before I ſtrike this bloody ſtroke, farewel.
Ant. 'Tis ſaid, man; and farewel.
Ero. Farewel, great chief. Shall I ſtrike now?
Ant. Now, *Eros.*
Ero. Why, there then: [*falling on his ſword.*] Thus
I do eſcape the ſorrow
Of *Antony*'s death.
Ant. Thrice nobler than myſelf!
Thou teacheſt me, O valiant *Eros*, what
I ſhould, and thou could'ſt not. My queen and *Eros*
Have, by their brave inſtruction, got upon me
A nobleneſs in record: but I will be
A bride-groom in my death, and run into't
As to a lover's bed. Come then; [*taking* Eros' *ſword*]
and, *Eros*,
Thy maſter dies thy ſcholar; to do thus [*running on it.*
I learnt of thee. How! not yet dead? not dead?

Enter Guard, *and* Dercetas.

The guard? how!—O, diſpatch me.
1. *G.* What's the noiſe?
Ant. I have done my work ill, friends; O, make an
end
Of what I have begun.
2. *G.* The ſtar is fallen.
1. *G.* And time is at his period.
All. Alas, and woe!
Ant. Let him, that loves me, ſtrike me dead.
1. *G* Not I.
2 *G.* Nor I.
3. *G.* Nor any one. [*Exeunt* Guard.
Der. Thy death and fortunes bid thy followers fly.
This ſword but ſhewn to *Caſar*, with this tidings,
Shall enter me with him.

Enter Diomede.

Dio. Where's *Antony?*
Der. There, *Diomede*, there.
Dio. Lives he? Wilt thou not anſwer, man? [*Exit* Dercetas, *with the Sword.*
Ant. Art thou there, *Diomede?* Draw thy ſword, and give me
Sufficing ſtrokes for death.
Dio. Moſt abſolute lord,
My miſtreſs *Cleopatra* ſent me to thee.
Ant. When did ſhe ſend thee?
Dio. Now, my lord.
Ant. Where is ſhe?
Dio. Lock'd in her monument. She had a propheſying fear
Of what hath come to paſs: for when ſhe ſaw
(Which never ſhall be found) you did ſuſpect
She had diſpos'd with *Cæſar*, and that your rage
Would not be purg'd, ſhe ſent you word ſhe was dead:
But, fearing ſince how it might work, hath ſent
Me to proclaim the truth; and I am come,
I dread, too late.
Ant. Too late, good *Diomede:* call my guard, I pr'ythee.
Dio. What ho, the emperor's guard! The guard, what ho!

Enter ſome of the Guard.

Come, your lord calls.
Ant. Bear me, good friends, where *Cleopatra* bides;
'Tis the laſt ſervice that I ſhall command you.
1. *G.* Woe are we, ſir, you may not live to wear
All your true followers out.
All. Moſt heavy day!
Ant. Nay, good my fellows, do not pleaſe ſharp fate
To grace it with your ſorrows: bid that welcome
Which comes to puniſh us, and we puniſh it
Seeming to bear it lightly. Take me up:
I have led you oft; carry me now, good friends,
And have my thanks for all. [*Exeunt, bearing* Antony.

" SCENE XIII. *The ſame. A Monument.*

" *Enter, at a Window, above,* Cleopatra, Charmian, *and* Iras.

" *Cle.* O *Charmian,* I will never go from hence.
" *Cha.* Be comforted, dear madam.
" *Cle.* No, I will not:
" All ſtrange and terrible events are welcome,
" But comforts we deſpiſe; our ſize of ſorrow,
" Proportion'd to our cauſe, muſt be as great
" *Enter* Diomede.
" As that which makes it.—How now? is he dead?
" *Dio.* His death's upon him, but not dead. Look
" out
" O' the other ſide your monument,—But ſee,
" His guard have brought him hither.
" *Enter* Antony, *borne by the Guard.*
" *Cle.* O ſun, ſun,
" Burn the great ſphere thou mov'ſt in! darkling ſtand
" The varying ſhore o' the world!—O *Antony,*
" *Antony, Antony!—Charmian,* help; help, *Iras;*
" Help, friends below: let's draw him hither.
" *Ant.* Peace:
" Not *Cæſar*'s valour hath o'er-thrown *Antony,*
" But *Antony*'s hath triumph'd on itſelf.
" *Cle.* So it ſhould be, that none but *Antony*
" Should conquer *Antony*; but woe 'tis ſo!
" *Ant.* I am dying, *Egypt,* dying; only yet
" I here importune death a while, until
" Of many thouſand kiſſes the poor laſt
" I lay upon thy lips: Come down.
" *Cle.* I dare not,
" (Dear, dear my lord, your pardon that I dare not)
" Leſt I be taken: not the imperious ſhew
" Of the full-fortun'd *Cæſar* ever ſhall
" Be brooch'd with me; if knives, drugs, ſerpents, have
" Edge, ſting, or operation, I am ſafe:
" Your wife *Octavia,* with her modeſt eyes,
" And

" And ſtill concluſion, ſhall acquire no honour
" Demuring upon me.—But come, come, *Antony*,—
" Help me, my women,—we muſt draw thee up;—
" Aſſiſt, good friends. [Cleopatra, *and her Women*,
" *throw out certain Tackle, into which the People*
" *below put* Antony, *and he is drawn up.*
" *Ant.* O, quick, or I am gone.
" *Cle.* Here's ſport, indeed! How heavy weighs my
" lord?
" Our ſtrength is all gone into heavineſs,
" That makes the weight: Had I great *Juno*'s power,
" The ſtrong-w'ng'd *Mercury* ſhould fetch thee up,
" And ſet thee by *Jove*'s ſide. Yet come a little,—
" Wiſhers were ever fools;—O, come, come, come;
" And welcome, welcome! die, where thou haſt liv'd:
" Quicken with kiſſing; had my lips that power,
" Thus would I wear them out.
" *All.* A heavy ſight!
" *Ant.* I am dying, *Egypt*, dying:
" Give me ſome wine, and let me ſpeak a little.
" *Cle.* No, let me ſpeak; and let me rail ſo high,
" That the falſe huſwife fortune break her wheel,
" Provok'd by my offence.
" *Ant.* One word, ſweet queen:
" Of *Cæſar* ſeek your honour, with your ſafety. O!
" *Cle.* They do not go together.
" *Ant.* Gentle, hear me:
" None about *Cæſar* truſt, but *Proculeius*.
" *Cle.* My reſolution, and my hands, I'll truſt,
" None about *Cæſar*.
" *Ant.* The miſerable change now at my end
" Lament nor ſorrow at: but pleaſe your thoughts,
" In feeding them with thoſe my former fortunes
" Wherein I liv'd: the greateſt prince o'the world,
" The nobleſt: and do now not baſely die,
" Not cowardly put off my helmet; to
" My countryman, a *Roman* by a *Roman*
" Valiantly vanquiſh'd. Now my ſpirit is going,
" I can no more. [*finks.*
" *Cle.* Nobleſt of men, wou't die?
" Haſt thou no care of me? ſhall I abide

" In

" In this dull world, which in thy abſence is,
" No better than a fty?—O, ſee, my women, [*Ant. dies.*
" The crown o' the earth doth melt:—My lord!—
" O, wither'd is the garland of the war,
" The ſoldier's pole is fall'n; young boys, and girls,
" Are level now with men: the odds is gone,
" And there is nothing left remarkable
" Beneath the viſiting moon*.
" *Cha.* O, quietneſs, lady. [Cleopatra *ſwoons.*
" *Ira.* She is dead too, our ſovereign.
" *Cha.* Lady,—
" *Ira.* Madam,—
" *Cha.* O madam, madam, madam!
" *Ira.* Royal *Egypt!*
" Empereſs!
" *Cha.* Peace, peace, *Iras.* [*Seeing her recovers.*
" *Cle.* No more, but e'en a woman; and commanded
" By ſuch poor paſſion, as the maid that milks,
" And does the meaneſt chares. It were for me,
" To throw my ſcepter at the injurious gods;
" To tell them, that this world did equal theirs,
" 'Till they had ſtol'n our jewel. All's but naught;
" Patience is ſottiſh; and impatience does
" Become a dog that's mad: then is it ſin,
" To ruſh into the ſecret houſe of death,
" Ere death dare come to us?—How do you, women?
" What? what? good cheer! Why, how now, *Char-*
" *mian?*
" My noble girls!—Ah, women, women! look,
" Our lamp is ſpent, it's out:—Good ſirs, take heart:—
" We'll bury him; and then, what's brave, what's
" noble,
" Let's do it after the high *Roman* faſhion,
" And make death proud to take us. Come, away:
" This caſe of that huge ſpirit now is cold.

* Though this ſcene is enriched with ſome great ſentiments as to poetical fancy, and is in favour of *Cleopatra*, yet we are doubtful how it would anſwer in repreſentation, if the plan and directions of the author were followed. There is much more merit than in ſeveral ſcenes, which muſt neceſſarily be retained.

" Ah, women, women! come; we have no friend
" But reſolution, and the briefeſt end.
" [*Exeunt; thoſe above bearing off the body* †.

ACT V.

SCENE I. *Camp before* Alexandria.

Enter Cæſar, *with* Dolabella, Agrippa, Mecænas, Gallus, Proculeius, *and others.*

CÆSAR.

GO to him, *Dolabella*, bid him yield;
Being ſo fruſtrated, tell him, he mocks
The pauſes that he makes.
Dol. Cæſar, I ſhall. [*Exit* Dolabella.

Enter Dercetas, *with* Antony's *Sword.*

Cæſ. Wherefore is that? and what art thou, that dar'ſt
Appear thus to us?
Der. I am call'd *Dercetas*;
Mark Antony I ſerv'd, who beſt was worthy
Beſt to be ſerv'd: whilſt he ſtood up, and ſpoke,
He was my maſter; and I wore my life,
To ſpend upon his haters: If thou pleaſe
To take me to thee, as I was to him
I'll be to *Cæſar*; if thou pleaſeſt not,
I yield thee up my life.
Cæſ. What is't thou ſay'ſt?
Der. I ſay, O *Cæſar*, *Antony* is dead.
Cæſ. The breaking of ſo great a thing ſhould make
A greater crack in nature: the round world
Should have ſhook lions into civil ſtreets,
And citizens to their dens: The death of *Antony*
Is not a ſingle doom; in that name lay
A moiety of the world ‡.

† We have no doubt of pronouncing the fourth Act to be more important than any of the preceding, yet, as it ſtands originally, it is extremely disjointed and tedious: we have, without additions to connect, endeavoured prudently and advantageouſly to retrench it.

‡ *Shakeſpeare* never miſſed any opportunity of advancing or ſupporting the extravaganza ſtile reſpecting prodigies, when he had *Roman* characters to deal with; and to ſay truth, his ideas kept vigorous pace with that ideal nonſenſe.

Der. He is dead, *Cæſar*;
Not by a public miniſter of juſtice,
Nor by a hired knife; but that ſelf hand,
Which writ his honour in the acts it did,
Hath, with the courage which the heart did lend it,
Splitted the heart itſelf. This is his ſword*,
I robb'd his wound of it; behold it ſtain'd
With his moſt noble blood.
Cæſ. Look you ſad, friends?
The gods rebuke me, but it is a tidings
To waſh the eyes of kings.
Agr. And ſtrange it is,
That nature muſt compell us to lament
Our moſt perfifted deeds.
Mec. His taints and honours
Weigh'd equal with him.
Agr. A rarer ſpirit never
Did ſteer humanity: but you, gods, will give us
Some faults to mark us men *Cæſar* is touch'd.
Mec. When ſuch a ſpacious mirror's ſet before him,
He needs muſt ſee himſelf.
Cæſ. O *Antony!*
I have followed thee to this;—but we do lance
Diſeaſes in our bodies. I muſt perforce
Have ſhewn to thee ſuch a declining day,
Or look on thine; we could not ſtall together
In the whole world: but yet let me lament,
With tears as ſovereign as the blood of hearts,
That thou, my brother, my competitor
In top of all deſign, my mate in empire,
Friend and companion in the front of war,
The arm of mine own body, and the heart
Where mine his thoughts did kindle,—that our ſtars,
Unreconcileable, ſhould divide
† Our equalneſs to this.—Hear me, good friends,—

* It was not his own but *Enobarbus*'s ſword ended him, as appears precedently; our author nevertheleſs cannot be deemed guilty of an error or contradiction. It was very natural for *Dercetas* to ſuppoſe he had ſlain himſelf with his own ſword.

† *Octavius*'s panegyric on his deceaſed friend, and late foe, is generous, ſenſible, and manly.

Enter a Meſſenger.

But I will tell you at ſome meeter ſeaſon;
The buſineſs of this man looks out of him,
We'll hear him what he ſays.—Whence are you, ſir?

Meſ. A poor *Egyptian:* The queen, my miſtreſs,
Confin'd in all ſhe has, her monument,
Of thy intents deſires inſtruction;
That ſhe preparedly may frame herſelf
To the way ſhe's forc'd to.

Cæſ. Bid her have good heart;
She ſoon ſhall know of us, by ſome of ours,
How honourably and how kindly we
Determin'd have for her: for *Cæſar* cannot
Leave to be gentle.

Meſ. So the gods preſerve thee! [*Exit* Meſſenger.

Cæſ. Come hither, *Proculeius*; go, and ſay
We purpoſe her no ſhame: give her what comforts
The quality of her paſſion ſhall require;
Leſt, in her greatneſs, by ſome mortal ſtroke
She do defeat us: for her life in *Rome*
Would be eternalizing our triumph: Go,
And, with your ſpeedieſt, bring us what ſhe ſays,
And how you find her.

Pro. Cæſar, I ſhall. [*Exit* Proculeius.

Cæſ. Gallus, go you along. [*Exit* Gall.] Where's Dolabella,
To ſecond *Proculeius?*

All. Dolabella!

Cæſ. Let him alone, for I remember now
How he's employ'd; he ſhall in time be ready.
Go with me to my tent: where you ſhall ſee
How hardly I was drawn into this war;
How calm and gentle I proceeded ſtill
In all my writings: Go with me, and ſee
What I can ſhew in this. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. Alexandria. *A Room in the Monument.*

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, *and* Iras.

Cle. My deſolation does begin to make
A better life: 'Tis paltry to be *Cæſar*;

* *Cæſar* here ſhews double-dealing, ambition, and much more of the politician than the honeſt man.

Not

Not being fortune, he's but fortune's knave,
A miniſter of her will; and it is great
To do that thing that ends all other deeds;
Which ſhackles accidents, and bolts up change;
Which ſleeps, and never palates more the dung,
The beggar's nurſe and *Cæſar's*.

Enter Proculeius, *and* Gallus, *with Soldiers, to the Door of the Monument, without.*

Pro. *Cæſar* ſends greeting to the queen of *Egypt*;
And bids thee ſtudy on what fair demands
Thou mean'ſt to have him grant thee.
Cle. What's thy name?
Pro. My name is *Proculeius*.
Cle. *Antony*
Did tell me of you, bad me truſt you; but
I do not greatly care to be deceiv'd,
That have no uſe for truſting. If your maſter
Would have a queen his beggar, you muſt tell him,
That majeſty, to keep decorum, muſt
No leſs beg than a kingdom: if he pleaſe
To give me conquer'd *Egypt* for my ſon,
He gives me ſo much of mine own, as I
Will kneel to him with thanks.
Pro. Be of good cheer;
You are fall'n into a princely hand, fear nothing:
Make your full reference freely to my lord,
Who is ſo full of grace, that it flows over
On all that need: Let me report to him
Your ſweet dependancy; and you ſhall find
A conqueror, that will pray in aid for kindneſs,
Where he for grace is kneel'd to.
Cle. Pray you, tell him
I am his fortune's vaſſal, and I ſend him
The greatneſs he has got. I hourly learn
A doctrine of obedience; and would gladly
Look him i'the face.
Pro. This I'll report, dear lady.
Have comfort; for, I know, your plight is pity'd
Of him that caus'd it. Fare you well.—Hark, Gallus!
You ſee, how eaſily ſhe may be ſurpriz'd;
Guard her 'till *Cæſar* come. [*Exit* Proculeius.

Gallus *maintains Converſe with* Cleopatra.

Re-enter, into the Monument, from behind, Proculeius, *and Soldiers, haſtily.*

Ira. O royal queen!
Cha. O *Cleopatra!* thou art taken, queen!
Cle. Quick, quick, good hands. [*drawing a Dagger.*
Pro. Hold, worthy lady, hold: [*ſtaying her.*
Do not yourſelf ſuch wrong; who are in this
Reliev'd, but not betray'd.
Cle. What, of death too,
That rids our dogs of languiſh?
Pro. Cleopatra,
Do not abuſe my maſter's bounty, by
The undoing of yourſelf: let the world ſee
His nobleneſs well acted, which your death
Will never let come forth.
Cle. Where art thou, death?
Come hither, come! come, come, and take a queen
Worth many babes and beggars!
Pro. O, temperance, lady.
Cle. Sir, I will eat no meat, I'll not drink, ſir;
If idle talk will once be neceſſary,
I'll not ſpeak neither: this mortal houſe I'll ruin,
Do *Cæſar* what he can. Know, ſir, that I
Will not wait pinion'd at your maſter's court;
Nor once be chaſtis'd with the ſober eye
Of dull *Octavia.* Shall they hoiſt me up,
And ſhew me to the ſhouting varletry
Of cenſuring *Rome?* Rather a ditch in *Egypt*
Be gentle grave unto me; rather on *Nilus'* mud
Lay me ſtark naked, and let the water-flies
Blow me into abhorring; rather make
My country's high pyramides my gibbet,
And hang me up in chains*.
Pro. You do extend
Theſe thoughts of horror farther than you ſhall
Find cauſe for it in *Cæſar.*

* *Cleopatra,* in this ſpeech, diſplays great and becoming magnanimity of ſpirit, finely oppoſed to the equivocal treacherous behaviour of *Octavius.*

Enter Dolabella.

Dol. Proculeius,
What thou haſt done thy maſter *Cæſar* knows,
And he hath ſent for thee: as for the queen,
I'll take her to my guard.
Pro. So, *Dolabella,*
It ſhall content me beſt: be gentle to her.—
To *Cæſar* I will ſpeak what you ſhall pleaſe,
If you'll employ me to him.
Cle. Say, I would die.
[*Exeunt* Proculeius *and Soldiers.*
Dol. Moſt noble empreſs, you have heard of me?
Cle. I cannot tell.
Dol. Aſſuredly, you know me.
Cle. No matter, ſir, what I have heard, or known.
You laugh, when boys, or women, tell their dreams;
Is't not your trick?
Dol. I underſtand not, madam.
Cle. I dreamt there was an emperor *Antony*;—
O, ſuch another ſleep! that I might ſee
But ſuch another man.
Dol. If it might pleaſe you,—
Cle. His face was as the heavens; and therein ſtuck
A ſun and moon: which kept their courſe, and lighted
The little O o'the earth.
Dol. Moſt ſovereign creature,—
Cle. His legs beſtrid the ocean; his rear'd arm
Creſted the world; his voice was property'd
As all the tuned ſpheres, when that to friends;
But when he meant to quail and ſhake the orb,
He was as rattling thunder. For his bounty,
There was no winter in't; an autumn 'twas,
That grew the more by reaping: His delights
Were dolphin-like; they ſhew'd his back above
The element they liv'd in: In his livery
Walk'd crowns and crownets; realms and iſlands were
As plates dropt from his pocket ‖.

‖ This panegyric upon fallen *Antony* is liberal and affectionate; the fancy and imagery are exquiſite, nor does the expreſſion fall ſhort of them.

Del. Cleopatra,—
Cle. Think you, there was, or might be, ſuch a man
As this I dreamt of?
Del. Gentle madam, no.
Cle. You lye, up to the hearing of the gods.
But, if there be, or ever were, one ſuch,
Its paſt the ſize of dreaming: Nature wants ſtuff
To vye ſtrange forms with fancy; yet, to imagine
An *Antony*, were nature's piece 'gainſt fancy,
Condemning ſhadows quite.
Del. Hear me, good madam:
Your loſs is as yourſelf, great; and you bear it
As anſwering to the weight: 'Would I might never
O'er-take purſu'd ſucceſs, but I do feel,
By the rebound of yours, a grief that ſmites
My very heart at root.
Cle. I thank you, ſir.
Know you, what *Cæſar* means to do with me?
Del. I am loth to tell you what I would you knew.
Cle. Nay, pray you, ſir:
Del. Though he be honourable,—
Cle. He'll lead me in triumph:
Del. Madam, he will; I know it.
Within. Make way there,—*Cæſar.*

Enter Cæſar, *and Train of* Romans, *and* Seleucus.

Cæſ. Which is the queen of *Egypt?*
Del. It is the emperor, madam.
Cæſ. Ariſe, you ſhall not kneel: [*To* Cle. *raiſing her.*
I pray you, riſe; riſe, *Egypt.*
Cle. Sir, the gods
Will have it thus; my maſter and my lord
I muſt obey.
Cæſ. Take to you no hard thoughts:
The record of what injuries you did us,
Though written in our fleſh, we ſhall remember
As things but done by chance.
Cle. Sole ſir o'the world,
I cannot project mine own cauſe ſo well
To make it clear; but do confeſs I have

Been

Been laden with like frailties, which before
Have often ſham'd our ſex.
Cæſ. Cleopatra, know,
We will extenuate rather than enforce:
If you apply yourſelf to our intents,
(Which towards you are moſt gentle) you ſhall find
A benefit in this change: but if you ſeek
To lay on me a cruelty, by taking
Antony's courſe, you ſhall bereave yourſelf
Of my good purpoſes, and put your children
To that deſtruction which I'll guard them from,
If thereon you rely. I'll take my leave.
Cle. And may, through all the world: 'tis yours; and we,
Your 'ſcutcheons, and your ſigns of conqueſt, ſhall
Hang in what place you pleaſe. Here, my good lord.
Cæſ. You ſhall adviſe me in all for *Cleopatra*.
Cle. This is the brief of money, plate, and jewels,
I am poſſeſt of: 'tis exactly valu'd;
Not petty things omitted.—Where's *Seleucus?*
Sel. Here, madam.
Cle. This is my treaſurer; let him ſpeak, my lord,
Upon his peril, that I have reſerv'd
To myſelf nothing.—Speak the truth, *Seleucus*.
Sel. Madam,
I had rather ſeal my lips, than, to my peril,
Speak that which is not.
Cle. What have I kept back?
Sel. Enough to purchaſe what you have made known.
Cæſ. Nay, bluſh not, *Cleopatra*; I approve
Your wiſdom in the deed.
Cle. See, *Cæſar!* O, behold,
How pomp is follow'd! mine will now be yours;
And, ſhould we ſhift eſtates, yours would be mine.
"The ingratitude of this *Seleucus* does
"Even make me wild:—O ſlave, of no more truſt
"Than love that's hir'd! What, go'ſt thou back? thou ſhalt
"Go back, I warrant thee; but I'll catch thine eyes,
"Though they had wings: Slave ſoul-leſs villain, dog!
"O rarely baſe! [*Flying at him.*

" *Cæſ.* Good queen, let us intreat you. [*Interpoſing.*
Cle. O *Cæſar*, what a wounding ſhame is this;
That thou vouchſafing here to viſit me,
Doing the honour of thy lordlineſs
To one ſo mean, that mine own ſervant ſhould
Parcel the ſum of my diſgraces by
Addition of his envy! Say, good *Cæſar*,
That I ſome lady trifles have reſerv'd,
Immoment toys, things of ſuch dignity,
As we greet modern friends withal; and ſay,
Some nobler token I have kept apart
For *Livia* and *Octavia*, to induce
Their mediation; muſt I be unfolded
Of one that I have bred? The gods! It ſmites me
Beneath the fall I have.—Pr'ythee, go hence;
Or I ſhall ſhew the cinders of my ſpirits
Through the aſhes of my chance:—Wert thou a man,
Thou would'ſt have mercy on me.
Cæſ. Forbear, *Seleucus.* [*Exit* Seleucus.
Cle. Be it known, that we, the greateſt, are miſthought
For things that others do; and, when we fall,
We anſwer others' merits: in our name
Are therefore to be pity'd.
Cæſ. Cleopatra,
Not what you have reſerv'd, nor what acknowledg'd,
Put we i'the roll of conqueſt: ſtill be it yours,
Beſtow it at your pleaſure; and believe,
Cæſar's no merchant, to make prize with you
Of things that merchants ſold. Therefore be cheer'd:
Make not your thoughts your priſons: no, dear queen;
For we intend ſo to diſpoſe you, as
Yourſelf ſhall give us counſel. Feed, and ſleep:
Our care and pity is ſo much upon you,
That we remain your friend; and ſo, adieu.
Cle. My maſter, and my lord,—
Cæſ. Not ſo Adieu.
[*Exeunt* Cæſar, Dolabella, *and Train.*
Cle. He words me, girls, he words me, that I ſhould not
Be noble to myſelf: But hark thee, *Charmian.*

Ira. Finiſh, good lady; the bright day is done,
And we are for the dark.
Cle. Hye thee again:
I have ſpoke already, and it is provided;
Go, put it to the haſte.
Cha. Madam, I will. [*Going.*

Re-enter Dolabella.

Dol. Where is the queen?
Cha. Behold, ſir. [*Exit* Charmian.
Cle. Dolabella?
Dol. Madam, as thereto ſworn by your command,
Which my love makes religion to obey,
I tell you this: *Cæſar* through *Syria*
Intends his journey; and, within three days,
You with your children will he ſend before:
Make your beſt uſe of this: I have perform'd
Your pleaſure, and my promiſe.
Cle. Dolabella,
I ſhall remain your debtor.
Dol. I your ſervant.
Adieu, good queen; I muſt attend on *Cæſar.*
Cle. Farewel, and thanks. [*Exit* Dolabella.
Now, *Iras*, what think'ſt thou?
Thou, an *Egyptian* puppet, ſhalt be ſhewn
In *Rome*, as well as I: mechanic ſlaves,
With greaſy aprons, rules, and hammers, ſhall
Uplift us to the view; in their thick breaths,
Rank of groſs diet, ſhall we be enclouded,
And forc'd to drink their vapour.
Ira. The gods forbid!
Cle. Nay, 'tis moſt certain, *Iras*: Saucy lictors
Will catch at us, like ſtrumpets; and ſcald rimers
Ballad us out o'tune: the quick comedians
Extemporally will ſtage us, and preſent
Our *Alexandrian* revels; *Antony*
Shall be brought drunken forth, and I ſhall ſee
Some ſqueaking *Cleopatra* boy my greatneſs
I'the poſture of a whore.
Ira. O the good gods!
Cle. Nay, that's certain.

Ira. I'll never see't; for I am sure, my nails
Are stronger than mine eyes.
Cle. Why, that's the way
To fool their preparation, and to conquer
Their ..... assur'd intents.—Now, *Charmian?*—

Re-enter Charmian.

Shew me, my women, like a queen:—Go fetch
My best attires;—I am again for *Cydnus*,
To meet *Mark Antony*:—Sirrah, *Iras*, go.—
Now, noble *Charmian*, we'll dispatch indeed:
And, when thou hast done this chare, I'll give thee leave
To play 'till dooms-day.—Bring our crown and all.
[*Exit* Iras. Charmian *falls to adjusting* Cleopatra's *dress. Noise within.*
Wherefore's this noise?

Enter one of the Guard.

Gua. Here is a rural fellow,
That will not be deny'd your highness' presence;
He brings you figs.
Cle. Let him come in. [*Exit Guard.*] How poor an instrument
May do a noble deed! he brings me liberty.
My resolution's plac'd, and I have nothing
Of woman in me: Now from head to foot
I am marble-constant: now the fleeting moon
No planet is of mine.

Re-enter Guard with a Clown.

Gua. This is the man.
Cle. Avoid, and leave him. [*Exit Guard.*
Hast thou the pretty worm of *Nilus* there,
That kills and pains not?
Clo. Truly, I have him: but I would not be the party that should desire you to touch him, for his biting is immortal; those, that do die of it, do seldom or never recover.
Cle. Remember'st thou any that have dy'd on't?
Clo. Very many, men and women too. I heard of one of them no longer than yesterday: a very honest woman;

woman; but something given to lie; as a woman should not do, but in the way of honesty: how she dy'd of the biting of it, what pain she felt,—Truly, she makes a very good report o'the worm:—But he that will believe all that they say, shall never be saved by half that they do: But this is most fallible, the worm's an odd worm.

Cle. Get thee hence; farewel.

Clo. I wish you all joy of the worm.

[*Setting down his basket.* *Exit.*

Cle. Farewel.

" *Clo.* You must think this, look you, that the worm " will do his kind.

" *Cle.* Ay, ay; farewel.

" *Clo.* Look you, the worm is not to be trusted, but " in the keeping of wise people; for, indeed, there is " no goodness in the worm.

" *Cle.* Take thou no care; it shall be heeded.

" *Clo.* Very good: give it nothing, I pray you, for " it is not worth the feeding.

" *Cle.* Will it eat me?

" *Clo.* You must not think I am so simple, but I " know the devil himself will not eat a woman: I " know, that a woman is a dish for the gods, if the " devil dress her not. But, truly, these same whoreson " devils do the gods great harm in their women; for in " every ten that they make, the devils mar five.

" *Cle.* Well, get thee gone; farewel.

" *Clo.* Yes, forsooth: I wish you joy of the worm.

[*Exit.*

Re-enter Iras, *with Robe, &c.*

Cle. Give me my robe, put on my crown; I have
Immortal longings in me: Now no more
The juice of *Egypt's* grape shall moist this lip:—
Yare, yare, good *Iras*; quick.—Methinks, I hear
Antony call; I see him rouse himself
To praise my noble act; I hear him mock
The luck of *Cæsar*, which the gods give men
To excuse their after wrath: Husband, I come:

[Goes to a bed or ſopha, which ſhe aſcends; her women compoſe her on it: Iras ſets the baſket, which ſhe has been holding upon her own arm, by her.

Now to that name my courage prove my title!
I am fire, and air; my other elements
I give to baſer life.—So, have you done?
Come then, and take the laſt warmth of my lips.
Farewel, kind *Charmian*;—*Iras*, long farewel.
[*Kiſſing them.* Iras *falls.*
Have I the aſpick in my lips? Doſt fall?
If thou and nature can ſo gently part,
The ſtroke of death is as a lover's pinch,
Which hurts, and is deſir'd. Doſt thou lie ſtill?
If thus thou vaniſheſt, thou tell'ſt the world
It is not worth leave-taking.

Cha. Diſſolve, thick cloud, and rain; that I may ſay,
The gods themſelves do weep!

Cle. This proves me baſe:
If ſhe firſt meet the curled *Antony*,
He'll make demand of her; and ſpend that kiſs,
Which is my heaven to have.—Come, mortal wretch,
[*To the Aſp; applying it to her breaſt.*
With thy ſharp teeth this knot intrinſicate
Of life at once untie: poor venomous fool, [*Stirring it.*
Be angry, and diſpatch. O, could'ſt thou ſpeak!
That I might hear thee call great *Cæſar*, aſs,
Unpolicy'd!

Cha. O eaſtern ſtar!

Cle. Peace, peace:
Doſt thou not ſee my baby at my breaſt,
That ſucks the nurſe aſleep?

Cha. O, break! O, break!

Cle. As ſweet as balm, as ſoft as air, as gentle—
O, *Antony!*—Nay, I will take thee too:—
[*Applying another Aſp to her arm.*
What ſhould I ſtay— [*Dies.*

Cha. In this vile world?—So, fare thee well.—
Now boaſt thee, death; in thy poſſeſſion lies
A laſs unparallel'd.—Downy windows, cloſe;
And golden *Phœbus* never be beheld

Of

Of eyes again ſo royal! Your crown's awry;
I'll mend it, and then play.

Enter ſome of the Guard.

1. *G.* Where is the queen?

Cha. Speak ſoftly, wake her not.

1. *G.* *Cæſar* hath ſent—

Cha. Too ſlow a meſſenger.— [*Applying the Aſp.*
O, come, apace, diſpatch; I partly feel thee.

1. *G.* Approach, ho! All's not well: *Cæſar*'s beguil'd.

2. *G.* There's *Dolabella*, ſent from *Cæſar*; call him.

1. *G.* What work is here?—*Charmian*, is this well done?

Cha. It is well done, and fitting for a princeſs
Deſcended of ſo many royal kings.
Ah, ſoldier!

Enter Dolabella.

Dol. How goes it here?

2. *G.* All dead.

Dol. *Cæſar*, thy thoughts
Touch their effects in this: Thyſelf art coming
To ſee perform'd the dreaded act, which thou
So ſought'ſt to hinder.

Within. A way there, way for *Cæſar!*

Enter Cæſar *and train.*

Dol. O, ſir, you are too ſure an augurer;
That you did fear, is done.

Cæſ. Brav'ſt at the laſt:
She level'd at our purpoſes, and, being royal,
Took her own way.—The manner of their deaths?
I do not ſee them bleed.

Dol. Who was laſt with them?

1. *G.* A ſimple countryman, that brought her figs;
This was his baſket.

Cæſ. Poiſon'd then.

1. *G.* O *Cæſar*,
This *Charmian* liv'd but now; ſhe ſtood, and ſpake:
I found her trimming up the diadem
On her dead miſtreſs; tremblingly ſhe ſtood,
And on the ſudden drop'd.

Caſ. O noble weakneſs!—
If they had ſwallow'd poiſon, 'twould appear
By external ſwelling: but ſhe looks like ſleep,
As ſhe would catch another *Antony*
In her ſtrong toil of grace.
Dol. Here, on her breaſt,
There is a vent of blood, and ſomething blown:
The like is on her arm.
1. *G.* This is an aſpick's trail; [*Pointing to the floor.*
And theſe fig-leaves have ſlime upon them, ſuch
As the aſpick leaves upon the caves of *Nile*.
Caſ. Moſt probable,
That ſo ſhe dy'd: for her phyſician tells me,
She hath purſu'd concluſions infinite
Of eaſy ways to die.—Take up her bed;
And bear her women from the monument:—
She ſhall be bury'd by her *Antony*.
No grave upon the earth ſhall clip in it
A pair ſo famous. High events as theſe
Strike thoſe that make them: and their ſtory is
No leſs in pity, than his glory, which
Brought them to be lamented. Our army ſhall,
In ſolemn ſhew, attend his funeral;
And then to *Rome*.—Come, *Dolabella*, ſee
High order in this great ſolemnity*. [*Exeunt.*

* Notwithſtanding the fifth Act wants the aſſiſtance of *Antony*, who, as a main-pillar, ſhould not have been caſt down ſo ſoon, yet it is rather the moſt regular and affecting of the whole: *Cleopatra* in it is very conſiſtent; and ſupported by an actreſs poſſeſſing grace, power, and feeling, muſt work very tragic effects.

End of the SIXTH VOLUME.

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